BARNES'

NEW NATIONAL READERS

NUMBER 4

A. S. BARNES & CO.

Earl McMillin

BARNES'

NEW

NATIONAL FOURTH READER

Destruction of Pompeii by Vesuvius (page 287).

BARNES' NEW NATIONAL READERS.

NEW NATIONAL FOURTH READER

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
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PREFACE

It is thought that the following special features of this book will commend themselves to Teachers and School Officers.

The reading matter of the book is more of a descriptive than conversational style, as it is presumed that the pupil, after having finished the previous books of the series, will have formed the habit of easy intonation and distinct articulation.

The interesting character of the selections, so unlike the reading books of former times.

The large amount of information which has been combined with incidents of an interesting nature, to insure the pupil's earnest and thoughtful attention.

The length of the selections for reading,—the attention of pupils being held more readily by long selections than by short ones, though of equal interest.

The gradation of the lessons, which has been systematically maintained by keeping a careful record of all new words as fast as they appeared, and using only such pieces as contained a limited number.

The simplicity of the lessons, which becomes abso-

lutely necessary in the schools of to-day, owing to the short school life of the pupil, his immature age, and inability to comprehend pieces of a metaphysical or highly poetical nature.

The ease with which pupils may pass from the Third Reader of this series to this book, thereby avoiding the necessity of supplementary reading before commencing the Fourth Reader, or of using a book of another series much lower in grade.

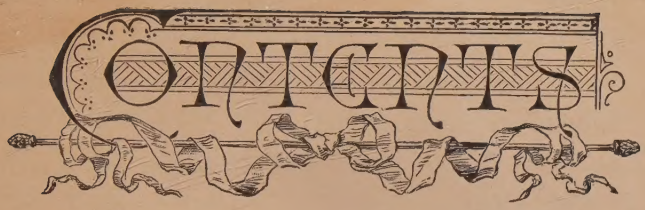
Language Lessons, of a nature to secure intelligent observation, and lead the pupil to habits of thought and reflection. Nothing being done for the learner that he could do for himself.

Directions for Reading, which accompany the lessons—specific in their treatment and not of that general character which young teachers and pupils are unable to apply.

All new words of special difficulty, at the heads of the lessons, having their syllabication, accent, and pronunciation indicated according to Webster. Other new words are placed in a vocabulary at the close of the book.

The type of this book, like that of the previous books of the series, is much larger than that generally used, for a single reason. Parents, every-where, are complaining that the eye-sight of their children is being ruined by reading from small, condensed type. It is confidently expected that this large, clear style will obviate such unfortunate results.

The illustrations have been prepared regardless of expense, and will commend themselves to every person of taste and refinement.



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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The publishers desire to thank Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the Century Co., Roberts Brothers, and Charles Scribner's Sons, for permission to use and adapt some of their valuable copyright matter.

The following suggestions are submitted for the benefit of young teachers.

In order that pupils may learn how to define words at the heads of the lessons, let the teacher read the sentences containing such words and have pupils copy them upon slate or paper.

Then indicate what words are to be defined, and insist upon the proper syllabication, accent, marking of letters, etc.

In this way the pupil learns the meaning of the word as it is used, and not an abstract definition that may be meaningless.

Have pupils study their reading lessons carefully before coming to recitation.

The position of pupils while reading should be erect, easy, and graceful.

Give special attention to the subject of articulation, and insist upon a clear and distinct enunciation.

In order to develop a clear tone of voice, let

pupils practice, in concert, upon some of the open vowel sounds, using such words as *arm, all, old.*

In this exercise, the force of utterance should be gentle at first, and the words repeated a number of times; then the force should be increased by degrees, until "calling tones" are used.

Encourage a natural use of the voice, with such modulations as may be proper for a correct rendering of the thoughts which are read.

It should be remembered that the development of a good tone of voice is the result of careful and constant practice.

Concert reading is recommended as a useful exercise, inasmuch as any feeling of restraint or timidity disappears while reading with others.

Question individual pupils upon the manner in which lessons should be read. In this way they will learn to think for themselves.

Do not interrupt a pupil while reading until a thought or sentence is completed, since such a course tends to make reading mechanical and deprive it of expression.

Errors in time, force of utterance, emphasis, and inflection should be carefully corrected, and then the passage read over again.

The "Directions for Reading" throughout the book are intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive, and can be added to as occasion requires.

The "Language Lessons" in this book should not be neglected. They contain only such matter as is necessary to meet the requirements of pupils.

Words and expressions not readily understood,

must be made intelligible to pupils. This has been done in part by definitions, and in part by interpreting some of the difficult phrases.

After the habit of acquiring the usual meaning has been formed, the original meaning of those words which are made up of stems modified by prefixes or affixes should be shown.

The real meaning of such words can be understood far better by a study of their formation, than by abstract definitions. It will be found, also, that pupils readily become interested in this kind of work.

As the capabilities of classes of the same grade will differ, it may sometimes occur that a greater amount of language work can be done effectively than is laid down in this book. When this happens, more time can be devoted to such special kinds of work as the needs of the classes suggest.

Constant drill upon the analysis of lessons, varied at times by the analysis of short stories taken from other sources and read to the class, will develop the reasoning faculties of pupils and render the writing of original compositions a comparatively easy exercise.

Encourage the habit of self-reliance on the part of pupils. Original investigation, even if followed at first by somewhat crude results, is in the end more satisfactory than any other course.

The Definitions (pages 373-382) and the List of Proper Names (pages 383 and 384) may be used in the preparation of the lessons.

When exercises are written, particular care should be required in regard to penmanship, correct spelling, punctuation, and neatness.

PHONIC CHART.

VOWELS.

ā	as	in	lāke	ạ	as	in	whạt	ŏ	as	in	bŏx
ă	"	"	ăt	ē	"	"	bē	ū	"	"	ūse
ä	"	"	fär	ĕ	"	"	lĕt	ŭ	"	"	ŭp
ạ	"	"	ạll	ī	"	"	īçe	û	"	"	fûr
â	"	"	câre	ĭ	"	"	ĭn	o͞o	"	"	to͞o
å	"	"	åsk	ō	"	"	sō	o͝o	"	"	lo͝ok

DIPHTHONGS.

oi, oy (unmarked), as in oil, boy
ou, ow " " " out, now

CONSONANTS.

b	as	in	băd	m	as	in	mē	y	as	in	yĕs
d	"	"	dọ	n	"	"	nō	z	"	"	frōze
f	"	"	fŏx	p	"	"	pụt	ng	"	"	sĭng
ğ	"	"	ğō	r	"	"	răt	ch	"	"	chĭck
h	"	"	hē	s	"	"	sō	sh	"	"	shē
j	"	"	jŭst	t	"	"	to͞o	th	"	"	thĭnk
k	"	"	kīte	v	"	"	vĕrў	th	"	"	thē
l	"	"	lĕt	w	"	"	wē	wh (hw),	"		whạt

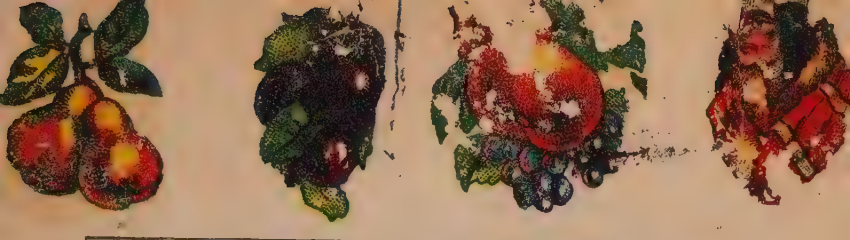
EQUIVALENTS.

VOWELS.

ạ	like	ŏ	as	ụ	whạt	ọ, ụ	like	o͞o	as	in	tọ, rụle
ê	"	â	"	"	whêre	ó	"	ŭ	"	"	cóme
ę	"	ā	"	"	they	ô	"	ạ	"	"	fôr
ĕ	"	û	"	"	hĕr	ụ, ọ	"	o͝o	"	"	pụt, cọuld
ĭ	"	û	"	"	gĭrl	ў	"	ī	"	"	bў
ï	"	ē	"	"	polïçe	ў	"	ĭ	"	"	kĭt'tў

CONSONANTS.

ç	like	s	as	in	rāçe	ụ	like	ng	as	in	thiụk
ċ	"	k	"	"	ċăt	ş	"	z	"	"	hăş
ġ	"	j	"	"	cāġe	x	"	ks, or gz	"		bŏx, exist



Fourth Reader

LESSON I.

spōkĕs'man, *one who speaks for others.*
ĕhō'rus, *a number of speakers or singers.*
ăpt, *likely; ready.*
fōlks, *people; family.*
mĭs'er a blĕ, *very unhappy, very poor.*
lōnĕ'sōmĕ, *without friends; lonely.*
sĕōrĕ, *twenty.*
wrĕtch'ed, *unhappy; very sad.*

"I'M GOING TO."

PART I.

Once upon a time, there was a little boy, whose name was Johnny. "Johnny," said his mamma, one day, "will you bring me an armful of wood?"

"Yes," said Johnny, "I'm going to"; but just then he heard Carlo, the dog, barking at a chipmunk over in the meadow, so he ran off as fast as he could go.

Now this was not the first time that Johnny had said to his mamma, "Yes, I'm

going to." He never thought of that wood again until about dinner-time, when he began to feel hungry.

When he got back, he found that dinner was over, and papa and mamma had gone to ride. He found a piece of bread and butter, and sat down on a large rock, with his back against the stump of a tree, to eat it.

When it was all gone, Johnny began to think what he should do next. He closed his eyes as people are apt to do when they think.

Presently he heard a score of voices about him. One was saying, "Wait a bit"; another, "Pretty soon"; another, "In a minute"; another, "By and by"; and still another, louder than the rest, kept screaming as loud as it could, "Going to, going to, going to," till Johnny thought they were crazy.

"Who in the world are you?" said he, in great surprise, "and what are you making such a noise about?"

"We are telling our names," said they; "didn't you ask us to tell our names?"

"No," said Johnny, "I didn't."

"O what a story!" cried they all in a breath.

"Let's shake him for it," said one.

"No, let us carry him to the king," said another.

So they began to spin about him like so many spiders; for each one of them carried a long web, and when that gets wound around a boy or a girl, it is a very difficult thing to get rid of.

In a few minutes they had him all wound up—hands and feet, nose and eyes, all tied up tight. Then they took him among them, and flew away with him, miles and miles, over the hills, and up to a big cave in the mountain. There he heard ever so many more voices, and it was noisier than ever.

"Where am I?" he said, as soon as he could speak.

"O you're safe at home," answered Wait-a-bit, for he seemed to be the spokesman; "and they have been expecting you for some time."

"This isn't my home," said Johnny, feeling very miserable and beginning to cry.

"O yes, it is," said a chorus of voices. "This is just where such folks as you belong. There are many of your fellows here, and you won't be lonesome a bit."

They had begun to unwind the web from his eyes now, so he opened them and looked

about him. O what a wretched place it was!

Against the sides of the cave, stood long rows of boys and girls, with very sorry faces, all of them saying over as fast as they could speak, "Going to, going to!" "Wait a bit, wait a bit!" "Pretty soon, pretty soon!" "In a minute, in a minute!" studying the names just as hard as if they were lessons.

There were Delays, and Tardys, and Put-offs, with ever so many more; and in a corner by themselves, and looking more unhappy than all the rest, were the poor little fellows whose names were "Too late."

Directions for Reading.—Pupils should read loud enough for all the class to hear them.

The words forming a *quotation* should usually be spoken in a louder tone than the other words in the lesson, as—

"*Johnny*," said his mamma, one day, "*will you bring me an armful of wood?*"

Language Lesson.—Divide into syllables, accent, and mark the sounds of the letters in the following words: *Carlo, armful, mountain, unwind.*

What two words can be used for each of the following: *I'm, didn't, let's, you're, isn't, won't?*

What other words could be used instead of *got* (page 16, line 4)?

Proper names should begin with capital letters: as, *Johnny, Carlo.*

Give three other words used as proper names in this lesson.

LESSON II.

de spâ'ir', *loss of hope.*
pro crăs' ti nā tor, *one who puts off doing any thing.*
rĕs o lū'tions, *promises made to one's self; resolves.*
yŏn'der, *there; in that place.*
mŏn'strous, *of great size.*
ġī'ant, *an unreal person, supposed to be of great size.*
hŏr'rid, *causing great fear or alarm.*
ex pĕct'ed, *thought; looked for.*

"I'M GOING TO."

PART II.

"O dear, dear! Where am I?" said Johnny in despair. "Please let me out! I want my mamma!"

"No, you don't," said Wait-a-bit. "You don't care much about her, and this is really where you belong. This is the kingdom of Procrastination, and yonder comes the king."

"The kingdom of what?" said Johnny, who had never heard such a long word in his life before.

But just then he heard a heavy foot-fall, and a great voice that sounded like a roar, saying, "Has he come? Did you get him?"

"Yes, here he is," said Wait-a-bit, "and he'd just been saying it a little while before we picked him up."

Johnny looked up and saw a monstrous giant, with a bright green body and red legs, and a yellow head and two horrid coal-black eyes.

"Let me have him," said the giant. So he took him up just as if he had been a rag-baby, and looked him all over, turning him from side to side, and from head to feet.

O but Johnny was frightened, and expected every moment to be swallowed!

"Let's see," said the giant; "he always says 'Pretty soon.' No, that isn't it. What is it, my fine fellow, that you always say to your mamma when she asks you to do any thing for her?

"It isn't 'Pretty soon,' nor 'In a minute.' What is it? They all mean about the same thing, to be sure, and bring every body to me in the end; but I must know exactly, or I can't put you in the right place."

Johnny hung his head, and did not want to tell; but an extra hard poke of the giant's big finger made him open his mouth and say with shame, that he always said, "I'm going to."

"O that's it!" said the giant. "Well, then you stand there."

So he unwound a bit of the web from his fingers—just enough so that he could hold the Procrastinator's Primer—and stood him at the end of a long row of children, who were saying over and over again, just as fast as they could speak, "Going to, going to, going to, going to," just that, and nothing else in the world.

Johnny was tired and hungry by this time, and longed to see his mamma, thinking that, if he could only get back to her, he would always mind the very moment she told him to do any thing.

He made a great many good resolutions while he stood there. At last the giant called him to come and say his lesson.

"You shall have a short one to-day," said he, "and need say it only a thousand times, because it is your first day here. To-morrow, you must say it a million."

Johnny tried to step forward, but the web was still about his feet, so he fell with a bang to the floor.

Just then he opened his eyes to find that

he had rolled from the rock to the grass, and that mamma was calling him in a loud voice to come to supper, and this time he didn't say, "I'm going to."

Directions for Reading.—The words in quotation marks should be read in the same manner as in Lesson I.

Read words in dark type in the following sentences with more force than the other words:

"Has he ***come?*** Did you ***get*** him?"

Words that are read more forcibly than other words in a sentence are called ***emphatic words.***

Which are the ***emphatic words*** in the following sentences?

"You shall have a short one to-day."

"I must know exactly."

Language Lesson.—Divide into syllables, accent, and mark the sounds of the letters in the following words: ***extra, primer, moment, coal-black.***

LESSON III.

re märk′ a blȩ, *worthy of notice; unusual.*

moist′ ūrȩ, *wetness; that which makes wet.*

ab sŏrbȩd′, *sucked up; drunk up.*

wĭth′er, *lose freshness.*

stärchȩd, *stiffened, as with starch.*

ģĕrm, *that from which the plant grows; bud.*

hănd′ sŏmȩ, *pleasing in appearance; very pretty.*

ȩlăspȩd, *surrounded; inclosed.*

THE BEAN AND THE STONE.

"I think I ought to be doing something in the world!" said a little voice out in the garden.

"Pray, what can you do?" asked another and somewhat stronger voice.

"I think I can grow," answered the little voice.

If you had seen the owner of the little voice, perhaps you would not have thought him any thing remarkable.

It is true he had on a clean white coat, so smooth and shining that it looked as if it had been newly starched and ironed, and inside of this, he hugged two stout packages.

The coat had only one fastening; but that fastening extended down the back, and was a curious thing to see.

It looked just as if the coat had been cut with a knife, and had afterward grown together again. It was like a scar on your hand; and a scar it is called.

"Yes, I ought to be growing," said the little voice, "for I am a bean, and in the spring a bean ought to grow."

Now you know how the coat came by its scar, for the scar was the spot which showed where the bean had been broken from the pod.

"What do you mean by growing?" said

the other voice, which came from a large red stone.

"Why," said the bean, "don't you know what growing means? I thought every thing knew how to grow. You see, when I grow, my root goes down into the soil to get moisture, and my stem goes up into the light to find heat. Heat and moisture are my food and drink.

"By and by, I shall be a full-grown plant, and that is wonderful! In the ground, my roots will travel far and wide.

"In the air, how happy my stem will be! I shall learn a great deal, and see beautiful things every day. O how I long for that time to come!"

"What you say is very strange," said the red stone. "Here I have been in this same place for many years, and I have not grown at all. I have no root; I have no stem; or, if I have, they never move upward nor downward, as you say. Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"Why, of course I'm not mistaken," cried the bean. "I feel within myself that I can grow; and I have absorbed so much moisture that I must soon begin."

Just then the bean's coat split from end to end, and for one or two minutes neither the stone nor the bean spoke. The stone was astonished, and the bean was a little frightened. However, he soon recovered his courage.

"There!" said he, showing the two packages he had been carrying; "these are my seed-leaves. In them is the food on which I intend to live when I begin growing.

"When my stem is strong enough to do without them, they will wither away. My coat is all worn-out, too. I shall not need it any longer. Look inside the seed-leaves, and you will see the germ. Part of it is root, and part of it is stem. Do you see?"

"I see two little white lumps," replied the stone; "but I can not understand how they will ever be a root and a stem."

"I do believe you are a poor, dull mineral, after all," said the bean; "and if so, of course you can not understand what pleasure a vegetable has in growing.

"I wouldn't be a mineral for the world! I would not lie still and do nothing, year after year. I would rather spread my

branches in the sunshine, and drink in the sweet spring air through my leaves."

"What you say must be all nonsense," said the stone. "I can't understand it."

But the bean grew on without minding him. The roots pushed down into the soil and drank up the moisture from the ground. Then this moisture went into the stem, and the stem climbed bravely up into the light.

"How happy I am!" cried the bean.

It ran over the red stone, and clasped it with long green branches, covered with white bean flowers.

"O indeed!" said the stone. "Is this what you call growing? I thought you were only in fun. How handsome you are!"

"May I hang my pods on you, so that they can ripen in the sun?" said the bean.

"Certainly, friend," said the stone.

He was very polite, now that he saw the bean was a full-grown vine.

Directions for Reading.—Read in a conversational tone of voice, as in Lessons I and II.

What word is emphatic in the third paragraph?

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the words, ***broken, packages, courage, polite.***

Tell in your own words how the bean grew.

LESSON IV.

ĕlf, *a very small person; an unreal being.*
vĕx, *make angry; trouble.*
pŏn'dered, *thought about with care.*
strēak, *line; long mark.*

TO-MORROW.

A bright little boy with laughing face,
Whose every motion was full of grace,
Who knew no trouble and feared no care,
Was the light of our household—the youngest there.

He was too young—this little elf—
With troublesome questions to vex himself;
But for many days a thought would rise,
And bring a shade to the dancing eyes.

He went to one whom he thought more wise
Than any other beneath the skies:
"Mother,"—O word that makes the home!—
"Tell me, when will to-morrow come?"

"It is almost night," the mother said,
"And time for my boy to be in bed;
When you wake up and it's day again,
It will be to-morrow, my darling, then."

The little boy slept through all the night,
But woke with the first red streak of light;
He pressed a kiss on his mother's brow,
And whispered, "Is it to-morrow now?"

"No, little Eddie, this is to-day;
To-morrow is always one night away."
He pondered awhile, but joys came fast,
And this vexing question quickly passed.

But it came again with the shades of night:
"Will it be to-morrow when it is light?"
From years to come, he seemed care to borrow,
He tried so hard to catch to-morrow.

"You can not catch it, my little Ted;
Enjoy to-day," the mother said;
"Some wait for to-morrow through many a year—
It always is coming, but never is here."

Directions for Reading.—In reading poetry, pupils should notice the emphatic words, and give them proper force.

Example. "*Mother*,"—O word that makes the home!—
"*Tell* me, when will *to-morrow* come?"

The two dashes in the first line of the preceding example are used instead of a parenthesis, and have the same value.

When there is no pause at the end of a line (see first line, third stanza), it should be closely joined in reading to the line which follows it, thus making the two lines read as one.

LESSON V.

ăp′pe tīt̤e, *wish for food.*
a mūs̤e′ment, *play; enjoyment.*
ğāu̯nt, *lean; hungry looking.*
spē′çies, *kind.*
oc cûrr̤ed′, *took place; happened.*
en cȣr′aġe̤ment, *hope given by another's words or actions.*
di rēc′tion, *way; course.*
dŭsk′ý, *very dark; almost black.*
sĭn′ğū lar, *unusual; strange.*

AN ADVENTURE WITH DUSKY WOLVES.

PART I.

"During the summer and winter, we had several adventures in the trapping and killing of wild animals. One of them was of such a singular and dangerous kind, that you may feel interested in hearing it.

"It occurred in the dead of winter, when there was snow upon the ground. The lake was frozen over, and the ice was as smooth as glass. We spent much of our time in skating about over its surface, as the exercise gave us health and a good appetite.

"Even Cudjo, our colored servant, had taken a fancy for this amusement, and was a very good skater. Frank was fonder of it than the rest of us, and was, in fact, the best skater among us.

"One day, however, neither Cudjo nor I had gone out, but only Frank and Harry.

The rest of us were busy at some carpenter work within doors.

"We could hear the merry laugh of the boys, and the ring of their skates as they glided over the smooth ice. All at once, a cry reached our ears, which we knew meant the presence of some danger.

"'O Robert!' cried my wife, 'they have broken through the ice!'

"We all dropped what we held in our hands, and rushed to the door. I seized a rope as I ran, while Cudjo took his long spear, thinking it might be of use to us. This was the work of a moment, and the next we were outside the house.

"What was our astonishment to see both the boys, away at the farthest end of the lake, but skating toward us as fast as they could!

"At the same time, our eyes rested upon a terrible sight. Close behind them upon the ice, and following at full gallop, was a pack of wolves!

"They were not the small prairie wolves, which either of the boys might have chased with a stick, but of a species known as the

'Great Dusky Wolf' of the Rocky Mountains.

"There were six of them in all. Each of them was twice the size of the prairie wolf, and their long, dark bodies, gaunt with hunger, and crested from head to tail with a high, bristling mane, gave them a most fearful appearance.

"They ran with their ears set back and their jaws apart, so that we could see their red tongues and white teeth.

"We did not stop a moment, but rushed toward the lake. I threw down the rope, and seized hold of a large rail as I ran, while Cudjo hurried forward armed with a spear. My wife, with presence of mind, turned back into the house for my rifle.

"I saw that Harry was foremost, and that the fierce wolves were fast closing upon Frank. This was strange, for we knew that Frank was by far the better skater. We all called out to him, uttering loud shouts of encouragement. Both were bearing themselves manfully, but Frank was most in danger.

"The wolves were upon his heels! 'O they will kill him!' I cried, expecting the

next moment to see him thrown down upon the ice. What was my joy at seeing him suddenly wheel and dart off in a new direction.

Directions for Reading.—This lesson should be read with spirit, and in a full, clear tone of voice.

Language Lesson.—*Presence of mind* is the power to act quickly when sudden danger threatens.

Upon his heels means very close to.

Dead of winter is the middle of winter, as that is supposed to be the quietest or most lifeless time.

Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: *fancy, gallop, prairie, bristling, rifle.*

LESSON VI.

e lūd′ed, *got away from; avoided.*
ex çīt′ing, *causing deep interest.*
märks′man, *one who shoots well.*
re trēa̤t′ing, *going away from.*
en ā′blẹ̄d, *helped; made able.*
sĭm′i lar, *like; nearly the same.*
pûr sūi̯t′, *following after.*
nĭm′bly, *with a quick motion.*
com mĕnçẹ̄d′, *began.*

AN ADVENTURE WITH DUSKY WOLVES.

PART II.

"The wolves, thus nimbly eluded, now kept on after Harry, who, in turn, became the object of our anxiety.

"In a moment they were close upon him; but he, already warned by his brother,

wheeled in a similar manner, while the fierce brutes, swept along by the force of their running, were carried a long distance upon the ice before they could turn themselves.

"Their long, bushy tails, however, soon enabled them to turn about and follow in the new direction, and they galloped after Harry, who was now the nearest to them.

"Frank, in the meantime, had again turned, and came sweeping past behind them, at the same time shouting loudly, as if to tempt them away from their pursuit of Harry.

"They heeded him not, and again he changed his direction, and, as though he was about to skate into their midst, followed the wolves.

"This time he skated up close behind them, just at the moment when Harry had turned again, and thus made his second escape.

"At this moment, we heard Frank calling out to his brother to make for the shore, while, instead of retreating himself, he stopped until Harry had passed, and

then dashed off, followed closely by the whole pack.

"Another slight turn brought him nearly in our direction; but there was a large hole broken through the ice close by the shore, and we saw that, unless he turned again, he would skate into it.

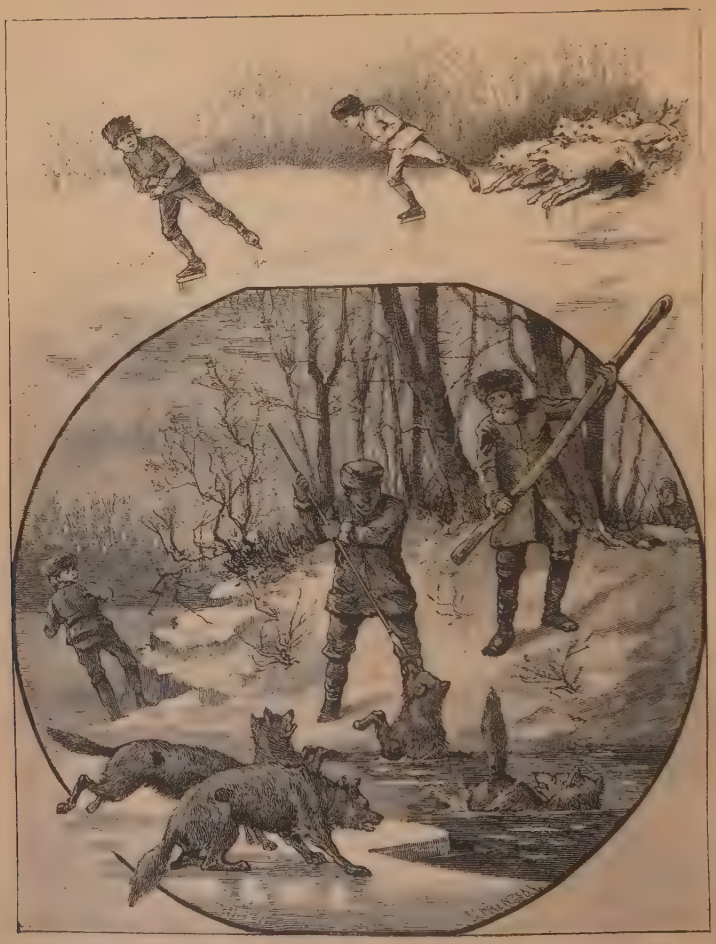
"We thought he was watching the wolves too intently to see it, and we shouted to warn him. Not so; he knew better than we what he was about.

"When he had reached within a few feet of the hole, he wheeled sharply to the left, and came dashing up to the point where we stood to receive him.

"The wolves, too intent upon their chase to see any thing else, went sweeping past the point where he had turned, and the next moment plunged through the broken ice into the water.

"Then Cudjo and I ran forward, shouting loudly, and, with the heavy rail and the long spear, commenced dealing death among them.

"It was but a short, though exciting scene. Five of them were speared and drowned, while the sixth crawled out upon



the ice and was rapidly making off, frightened enough at his cold ducking.

"At that moment I heard the crack of a rifle and saw the wolf tumble over.

"On turning round I saw Harry with my rifle, which my wife had brought down and handed to him, as a better marksman than herself.

"The wolf, only wounded, was kicking furiously about on the ice; but Cudjo now ran out, and, after a short struggle, finished the business with his spear.

"This was, indeed, a day of great excitement in our forest home. Frank, who was the hero of the day, although he said nothing, was no doubt not a little proud of his skating feat.

"And well he might be, as, but for his skill, poor Harry would no doubt have fallen a prey to the fierce wolves."

Language Lesson.—Let pupils use other words to express the meaning of what is given below in dark type.

Again he ***changed his direction.***
He then ***dashed off.***
He wheeled ***sharply*** to the left.
Cudjo and I commenced ***dealing death among them.***
Cudjo ***finished the business*** with his spear.
Harry would have ***fallen a prey to*** the fierce wolves.

Tell the story in your own words, using the points in the following

Analysis.—1. Frank and Harry go to skate. 2. The alarm. 3. The wolves. 4. The pursuit. 5. The escape. 6. Death of the wolves.

LESSON VII.

craft, *ship; a boat of any kind.*
mew'ing, *crying, like a cat.*
a dŏpt'ed, *received as one's own.*
ad mīr'er, *one who likes another.*
voy'age, *journey by water.*
dāin'ty, *nice in form or taste.*
a lŏft', *on high; in the air.*
wind'ward, *the point from which the wind blows.*
stär'bōard, *the right-hand side of a ship.*
brūised, *injured; hurt.*

OUR SAILOR CAT.

She was a sailor cat, indeed, and it was a sailor who first brought her on board.

Our steamer was lying at her pier in the North River, at New York, taking in cargo.

One of our men, who had been ashore, came back with a little gray-and-white kitten in his arms. She was very poor and thin, and her little furry coat was sadly soiled with dirt and grease.

But she had not lost all her fun, for she was making play with her tiny fore-paws at the ends of the sailor's red beard, to honest Jack's great delight.

"Where did you pick that up, Jack?" asked the third officer.

"Well, your honor," said Jack Harmon, touching his cap with a grin, "seems to

me she must have left her ship and gone to look for another, for I found her tramping along the pier there, and mewing as if she was calling out for somebody to show her the road.

"So I thought that, as we have many rats aboard the old craft, she would be able to pick up a good living there; and I called to her, and she came at once, and here she is."

Here she was, sure enough; and as Jack ended his story, she chimed in with a plaintive little "Me-ow," which said, as plainly as ever any cat spoke yet, "I'm very cold and hungry, and I do wish somebody would take me below and give me some food!"

She had not long to wait. Half an hour later she was the best-fed cat in that part of New York City, and that night she lay snugly curled up with a good warm blanket over her.

Of course, the first thing to do with an adopted cat is to give it a name, and Jack Harmon, who was a bit of a wag in his way, and a great admirer of the monster elephant which was just then making such

a stir in New York, called his new pet "Jumbo."

Jumbo soon became the pet of the whole crew, and of the passengers, too, when they came on board, a few days later, for the voyage back to England.

Before we were half-way across the ocean, the bits of meat or cake, and bits of white bread soaked in milk, which were being constantly given her by one and another, had made her look as round as an apple.

The ladies were never tired of stroking her soft fur and admiring her dainty white paws, which were now as spotless as snow. The children romped all day with this new playmate, who seemed to enjoy the sport quite as much as themselves.

But Jumbo was not content with mere play. She seemed to think herself bound to do something to "work her passage." Whenever any of the crew went aloft to take in sail, Jumbo would always climb up, too, as if to help them.

Jack Harmon was still her favorite, and whenever it came his turn to stand at the bow and keep watch, there was Jumbo going backward and forward.

On the eighth night of the voyage, the stars looked dim and watery, and a low bank of clouds began to rise to windward of us, just between sea and sky.

The old sailors shook their heads and looked grave, as if they expected an unusual storm. Suddenly the wind began to blow strongly upon the starboard quarter, stirring up a cross-sea which tossed the great ship like a toy.

Nearly all the passengers had gone below, and the few who remained on deck buttoned their water-proof coats, and held tightly on by any thing they could seize.

Jack Harmon had shut up his cat below, but poor puss escaped somehow, for all at once a shrill cry was heard, and there was Jumbo clinging to a rail, with a great mountain of a wave coming right down upon her.

Several men sprang toward the spot, but Jack was foremost, and he had just reached his little pet when down came the great wave upon them both.

Instantly the whole after-deck was one roaring, foaming waterfall, the flying spray of which blinded one for a moment. But

when it cleared, there stood our brave Jack—dripping, bruised, and bleeding from a cut on the head.

But his little favorite was safe in his arms, and as he came back with her, such a cheer went up from all who were on deck, as the old ship had not heard for many a day.

"Let's send round the hat for him," said one of the passengers.

And the hat was sent around, so successfully that Jack got enough money to give his poor old mother a happy Christmas, and still have something left over for himself and Jumbo, who was his mother's pet ever after.

Directions for Reading.—Should this lesson be read with the same tone of voice as Lessons V. and VI.?

In the first paragraph, do not say *pier rin* for *pier in; dir' tand* for *dirt and.*

Point out two other places in the lesson where mistakes similar to those just given might occur.

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark the sounds of letters in the following words: *cargo, officer, blanket, passengers, instantly, bleeding.*

Work her passage means to pay her fare by making herself useful.

Make out an *analysis* in six parts for this lesson, and use it in telling the story in your own words.

LESSON VIII.

loi'ter ing, *going slowly; lingering.*
pro tĕct'or, *one who keeps another from harm.*
thrŏng'ing, *gathering in large numbers.*
wrĕcked, *dashed to pieces.*
thătched, *covered over with straw or twigs.*
brŏnzed, *brown; dark-colored.*
blēach'ing, *whitening.*
văn'ished, *gone out of sight; departed suddenly.*
răpt'ūre, *great joy; delight.*

RESCUED.

"Little lad, slow wandering across the sands so yellow,
Leading safe a lassie small—O tell me, little fellow,
Whither go you, loitering in the summer weather,
Chattering like sweet-voiced birds on a bough together?"

"I am Robert, if you please, and this is Rose, my sister,
Youngest of us all"—he bent his curly head and kissed her,
"Every day we come and wait here till the sun is setting,
Watching for our father's ship, for mother dear is fretting.

"Long ago he sailed away, out of sight and hearing,
Straight across the bay he went, into sunset steering.
Every day we look for him, and hope for his returning,
Every night my mother keeps the candle for him burning.

"Summer goes, and winter comes, and spring returns, but never
Father's step comes to the gate. O, is he gone forever?
The great, grand ship that bore him off, think you some tempest wrecked her?"
Tears shone in little Rose's eyes, upturned to her protector.

Eagerly the bonny boy went on: "O, sir, look yonder!
In the offing see the sails that east and westward wander;
Every hour they come and go, the misty distance thronging,
While we watch and see them fade, with sorrow and with longing."

"Little Robert, little Rose!" The stranger's eyes were glistening,
At his bronzed and bearded face, upgazed the children, listening;

He knelt upon the yellow sand, and clasped them to his bosom,
Robert brave, and little Rose, as bright as any blossom.

"Father, father! Is it you?" The still
air rings with rapture;
All the vanished joy of years the waiting
ones recapture!
Finds he welcome wild and sweet, the low-
thatched cottage reaching,
But the ship that into sunset steered, upon
the rocks lies bleaching.

Directions for Reading.—Read the conversational parts of this poem like conversation in prose.

Point out the ***emphatic words*** in the first line of the last stanza.

Language Lesson.—***Into sunset steering,*** means sailing westward.

The misty distance thronging, means gathering together in the distance.

The still air rings with rapture, means that the air becomes full of joyful shouts.

All the vanished joy of years the waiting ones recapture, means that the children regain the happiness lost during their father's absence.

LESSON IX.

im pōs'ing, *grand looking; of great size.*
glâr'ing, *fierce looking.*
lĭm'its, *space.*
e nôr'mo̤ŭs, *very large; huge.*
stärt'le̤d, *suddenly alarmed; surprised.*
a̤ŭ'di ble̤, *that may be heard.*
măj'es ty, *greatness; nobility.*
in crēa̤s'ing, *growing larger.*

THE LION.

There is, in the appearance of the lion, something both noble and imposing. Na-

ture, has given him wonderful strength and beauty.

His body, when full grown, is only about seven feet long and less than four feet high; but his large and shapely head, with its powerful jaws, his glaring eye, and long, flowing mane, give him an air of majesty that shows him worthy of the name—"King of Beasts."

Yet we are told that a lion will not willingly attack man, unless first attacked himself or driven by hunger to forget his habits.

On meeting man suddenly, he will turn, retreat slowly for a short distance, and then run away.

The lion belongs to the cat family, and his teeth and claws are similar in form and action to those of the house cat.

His food is the flesh of animals; and so great is his appetite, that it must require several thousand other animals to supply one lion with food during his life-time.

His strength is so enormous that he can crush the skull of an ox with a single blow of his powerful paw, and then grasp it in his jaws and bound away.

Unless driven by hunger to bolder measures, he will hide in the bushes, or in the tall reeds along the banks of rivers, and spring suddenly upon the unlucky animal that chances to come near him.

Many lions have been captured, and their habits and appearance carefully studied. Although there is a difference in color—some being of a yellowish brown, others of a deep red, and a few silvery gray—the general form and appearance of all lions is the same.

The mane is of a dark brown, or of a dusky color, and the tail nearly three feet long, with a bunch of hair at the tip.

The lioness, or female lion, is smaller in every way than the male, and has no mane.

It is in the night-time that the lion goes out from his den to seek for food, and his color is so dark and his movements so silent, that his presence is not known even at the distance of a few yards.

These dangerous beasts are no longer found in Europe, although they lived there in numbers many hundred years ago. It is only in the deserts and rocky hills of Asia and Africa that they are met with.

Those who have visited a menagerie, and have seen a lion within the limits of a narrow iron cage, can form no idea of the majesty of the brute when roaming about freely on his native soil.

The voice of the lion is loud and strong. It is likely to strike terror to the bravest heart.

"It consists," says a well-known writer, "at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, and ending in scarcely audible sighs; at other times, the forest is startled with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, and then dying away in sounds like distant thunder."

Directions for Reading.—This lesson should be read a little more slowly than conversation. When we wish to describe any thing, we must give time for those who listen to us to get the meaning of what we say.

Do not run the words together when reading. (See Directions for Reading, page 42.)

Example.—"There is, in the appearance of the lion, something both noble and imposing."

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: ***meeting, require, Europe, idea, terror, measures, unlucky, narrow, bolder.***

Air of majesty means the noble appearance supposed to belong to kings.

LESSON X.

ăr ti fĭ′ çial, *not real; made by human skill.*
ex ĕr′ tion, *great effort; attempt.*
de stroy̆ed′, *killed; put an end to.*
cle̊an̊se̊d, *cleaned; freed from dirt.*
sit ū ā′ tion, *position.*
fā′ mo̊ŭs, *much talked of; well known.*
frē′ quĕnt ly, *often.*
ĭn′ çi dent, *adventure; event.*
nar rāt′ ed, *told.*
hûrle̊d, *thrown with force.*
stū′ por, *sleepy feeling.*

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

The dangers of lion-hunting may be understood from the following incident, narrated by Livingstone, the famous African traveler:

"The villagers among whom I was staying were much troubled by lions, which leaped into their cattle-pens and destroyed their cows.

"As I knew well that, if one of a number of lions is killed, the others frequently take the hint and leave that part of the country, I gave the villagers advice to that end, and, to encourage them, offered to lead the hunt.

"The lions were found hiding among the rocks on a hill covered with trees, and about a quarter of a mile in length. The men

circled the hill, and slowly edged in closer and closer, so that the lions might be completely surrounded.

"Presently one of the natives spied a lion sitting on a piece of rock, and fired at him, the ball missing the beast and striking the rock.

"The lion turned, bit like a dog at the spot where the bullet had struck, and then bounded off to the shelter of the brushwood.

"Soon I saw another lion in much the same situation as the former, and, being not more than thirty yards from it, let fly with both barrels.

"As the lion was still on its legs, I hastened to reload my gun; but hearing a sudden and frightful cry from the natives, I looked up and saw the wounded lion springing upon me.

"I was caught by the shoulder and hurled to the ground. Growling terribly in my ear, the lion shook me as a dog does a rat.

"The shock produced a stupor, similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat.

"The lion then leaped upon one of the natives who had tried to shoot at him, and

then sprung at the neck of a second native who, armed with a spear, was rushing to the rescue.

"The exertion was too much for the wounded beast, and so, with his claws bedded in the spearman's shoulder, he rolled over and died.

"I had escaped, but with a shoulder so broken as to need an artificial joint, and with eleven teeth wounds in my arm.

"These wounds were less severe than they would have been, had not a heavy jacket which I had on, cleansed the teeth of the lion in their passage. As it was, they were soon cured and gave me no trouble afterward."

Directions for Reading.—Read this lesson in a full and clear conversational tone of voice.

Those parts of the lesson to which we wish to call attention, should be read slowly.

Example.—"The men edged in closer and closer, so that the lions might be completely surrounded."

Should the slow and clear reading be kept up throughout pages 51 and 52, or should those pages be read more rapidly?

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: ***Livingstone, bullet, growling, jacket, offered, advice, severe.***

Edged in closer and closer means went slowly nearer and nearer.

Let fly with both barrels means fired both barrels of his gun at the same time.

Still on its legs means not so badly wounded but that it was able to stand up.

Tell the story in your own words.

LESSON XI.

en rĭchĕd′, *made rich.*
de tĕe′tion, *being found out.*
dis mount′ed, *got down from.*
săt′is fīĕd, *supplied with all one wants.*
sŭm′mit, *top; highest point.*
en trŭst′ed, *gave the care of.*
em ploy̆ĕd′, *used; made use of.*
im pôr′tant, *worthy of attention.*
ad drĕs̆s̆ĕd′, *spoke to.*
dĭ′a mond, *a very valuable stone.*
in ẽlūd′ed, *put in as a part.*

THE NOBLEST DEED OF ALL.

A rich Persian, feeling himself growing old, and finding that the cares of business were too great for him, resolved to divide his goods among his three sons, keeping a very small part to protect him from want in his old age.

The sons were all well satisfied, and each took his share with thanks, and promised that it should be well and properly employed. When this important business was thus finished, the father addressed the sons in the following words:

"My sons, there is one thing which I have not included in the share of any one of you. It is this costly diamond which you see in my hand. I will give it to that one of you who shall earn it by the noblest deed.

"Go, therefore, and travel for three

months; at the end of that time, we will meet here again, and you shall tell me what you have done."

The sons thereupon departed, and traveled for three months, each in a different direction. At the end of that time they returned; and all came together to their father to give an account of their journey. The eldest son spoke first.

"Father, on my journey a stranger entrusted to me a great number of valuable jewels, without taking any account of them. Indeed, I was well aware that he did not know how many the package contained.

"One or two of them would never have been missed, and I might easily have enriched myself without fear of detection. But I gave back the package exactly as I had received it. Was not this a noble deed?"

"My son," replied the father, "simple honesty cannot be called noble. You did what was right, and nothing more. If you had acted otherwise, you would have been dishonest, and your deed would have shamed you. You have done well, but not nobly."

The second son now spoke. He said: "As I was riding along on my journey, I one day saw a poor child playing by the shore of a lake; and just as I rode by, it fell into the water, and was in danger of being drowned.

"I at once dismounted from my horse, and plunging into the water, brought it safe to land. All the people of the village where this happened will tell you that what I say is true. Was it not a noble action?"

"My son," replied the old man, "you did only what was your duty. You could hardly have left the child to die without exerting yourself to save it. You, too, have acted well, but not nobly."

Then the third son came forward to tell his tale. He said: "Father, I had an enemy, who for years had done me much harm and tried to take my life.

"One evening during my journey, I was passing along a dangerous road which ran beside the summit of a cliff. As I rode along, my horse started at sight of something in the road.

"I dismounted to see what it was, and

found my enemy lying fast asleep on the very edge of the cliff. The least movement in his sleep and he must have rolled over and been dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

"His life was in my hands. I drew him away from the edge and then woke him, and told him to go on his way in peace."

Then the old Persian cried out with great joy, "Dear son, the diamond is yours, for it is a noble and godlike thing to help an enemy and return good for evil."

Directions for Reading.—Read this lesson in a conversational tone of voice, and somewhat more slowly than Lesson III.

Read what is said by each one of the four different persons, as you think each one of them would speak.

How would you read the third and fourth paragraphs?—the last paragraph?

Point out the *emphatic words* in the last paragraph.

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: ***Persian, therefore, valuable, account, jewels, aware, contained, dishonest, duty, enemy.***

Let pupils use other words, to express the following:

To go on his way in peace. **Return good for evil.**

Tell the story in your own words, using the points in the following

Analysis.—1. The father divides his goods. 2. What he said to his sons. 3. What the eldest son did. 4. What the second son did. 5. What the third son did. 6. What the father said.

LESSON XII.

a new′, *over again.*
al′ ma năc, *a book giving days, weeks, and months of the year.*
rŭs′ tling, *shaking with a gentle sound.*
sçĕnts, *smells.*
drow′ sy, *sleepy; making sleepy.*
lärch, *a kind of tree.*
flūe, *an opening for air or smoke to pass through.*
häunt′ ing, *staying in; returning often.*
mûr′ mur, *a low sound.*
frā′ grant, *sweet smelling.*

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC.

Robins in the tree-top,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Every-where you pass;
Sudden fragrant breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew;
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringed elm and larch,—
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard
Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;

Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day,—
Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon,—
Don't you think that autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow-flakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?

Twilight and firelight,
  Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh-bells
  Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings
  (Pussy's got the ball!)—
Don't you think that winter's
  Pleasanter than all?

Directions for Reading.—Read the lesson with spirit, and avoid any thing like sing-song.

Do not make the last word of each line *emphatic*, unless it is really an *emphatic word*.

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: *Marjorie's, chestnuts, peaches, afternoon.*

What part of the year is described in each stanza?

What two words can be used for each of the following: *May-time's, summer's.*

LESSON XIII.

cŏl′o ny, *a number of people living together in one place.*
sĕt′tlers, *those people who form a colony.*
shȳ, *easily frightened; timid.*
es tăb′lished, *formed; settled.*
wär′rĭor, *a soldier; one who fights in war.*
fûr′ni tûre, *articles used in a house.*
drĕad′ed, *feared very much.*
prŏs′per ous, *successful; rich.*

THE STORY OF INDIAN SPRING.

PART I.

"You want to know why this is called Indian Spring, Robbie? I will tell you.

"When Mary and I were little girls, father moved away from our pleasant home on the bank of the Delaware River, and came to this part of the country. There were five of us: father, mother, Mary, our dear nurse Lizzie, and I.

"Lizzie was a colored woman who had lived with us a long time. She was very handsome, and straight as an arrow. She was a few years older than mother.

"Grandfather Thorpe, your great grandfather, boys, gave her to mother when she was married. Your grandfather was a miller. The old mill that I went to see to-day, was his. It was the first mill built in this part of Pennsylvania.

"O, this was a beautiful country! my eyes never were tired of looking out over these mountains and valleys. But I saw that mother's face was getting thinner and whiter every day; they said she was homesick, and before we had been in the colony a year, a grave was made under an elm-tree close by, and that grave was mother's.

"I thought my heart was broken then, but I soon forgot my sorrow: I still had father, sister Mary, and Lizzie.

"In this part of Pennsylvania at that time there were very few white people, and besides our own, there was no other colony within ten miles. But our people being so near together, and well armed, felt quite safe.

"Ten miles away on the Susquehanna, was a small village established by a colony from the north, which was used as a trading-post. There the friendly Indians often came to trade.

"Father went twice a year to this village to get supplies that came up the river. He often spoke of Red Feather, an old Indian warrior. Father liked Red Feather, and he learned to trust him almost as he would have trusted a white man.

"Time passed on until I was thirteen years old, a tall, strong girl, and very brave for a girl. I could shoot almost as well as father.

"Little Mary was very quiet and shy, not like me at all. I loved fishing, and often went out hunting with father, but she staid at home with Lizzie, or sat down under the trees by the spring, watching the shadow of the trees moving in it.

"Our colony had by this time become quite prosperous. A good many of the settlers had built houses for themselves more like those they had left behind on the Delaware.

"The spring that I was fourteen, father built this house. The mill had already been grinding away for two years. We were very happy when we moved out of our little log cabin into this pleasant house.

"We had but little furniture, but we had plenty of room. Up to this time, there had not been much trouble with the Indians, and though we had often dreaded it, and lived in fear many days at a time, only four of our men had been killed by them.

"We had trusted many of the friendly Indians, and Red Feather had frequently spent days at our settlement. He seemed to like the mill.

"I became quite attached to the old man; but Mary was always afraid of him, and Lizzie kept her sharp eyes on him whenever he came into the house. She hated him, and he knew it.

"One beautiful clear morning in August of that year, father went down to the mill as usual. Lizzie was busy with her work, and little Mary was playing with some tame doves, when looking up, I saw Lizzie start suddenly.

"She had seen something in the woods that frightened her. Without speaking, she went to the door, closed and fastened it, then turned and looked out of the window. She never told me what she saw.

"Father came home early that day; he looked anxious, and I knew that something troubled him. Without waiting to eat his supper, he went out, and very soon most of the men of the colony had gathered round him at the spring."

Directions for Reading.—With what tone of voice should this lesson be read?

What other lessons before this, have been read with the same tone of voice?

Name two *emphatic words* in the following *exclamation:*

"O, this was a beautiful country!"

Language Lesson.—Change the *exclamation* given above to a *statement.* What word would be omitted? How would the punctuation be changed?

Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: ***Delaware, thinner, Susquehanna, grinding.***

LESSON XIV.

con fū′sion, *disorder.*
sĕnse′less, *without the power of thinking or acting; seemingly lifeless.*
re vīved′, *came back to life; recovered.*
cŭn′ning, *slyness; skill.*
pro vōke′, *make angry.*
stŭnned, *made senseless by a blow on the head.*
mēek′ly, *in a gentle manner.*
hĭs′to ry, *what is told of the past; a story.*
tŏt′ter, *shake as if about to fall.*

THE STORY OF INDIAN SPRING.

PART II.

"It was as I had feared; we were in danger of an attack from the Indians.

"Something had happened at the trading-post to provoke them, and rouse their thirst for blood. But a quiet night passed by and the sun shone again over the hills in wonderful beauty.

"Suddenly, there sounded from the forest a scream. I had never heard it before, but I knew it. It was the terrible war-whoop. Then all was confusion and horror.

"I saw Nanito, an Indian that I knew, who had eaten at our table. I saw him strike down our father, while Lizzie fought to save him.

"But it was no use, there was no mercy in the heart of the Indian. They carried

Lizzie away from us, and we never saw her again.

"Poor little frightened Mary and I were tied together, our hands fastened behind us, and we were given to—whom do you think, Robbie?—to Red Feather. Then I hated him, and resolved that I would kill him if I could.

"After a while he took us out of the house, and then I saw that most of the houses in the little village were burning. The women and children were saved alive, but nearly all the men were killed.

"I was very quiet, for I wanted my hands untied, and I thought perhaps Red Feather would pity me and unfasten them.

"Little Mary was frightened nearly to death. She had not spoken since she saw the Indian strike father down,—when she screamed and fell senseless.

"For a good while I thought she was dead. She had revived a great deal, but had not spoken.

"About sundown Red Feather led us down past the spring, out into the woods, but not far away. We could still see the smoke rising from the burning houses.

The Indians had gone some distance farther and camped with the white prisoners.

"Red Feather could speak English, so I told him if he would untie my hands, I would make his fire, and bake his corn cake for him.

"He was old and feeble, and had lost much of his natural cunning. He knew me, and trusted me; so without speaking, he took his hunting knife from his belt, cut the cords, and I was free.

"I took the hatchet that he gave me to cut some branches for a fire, and went to work very meekly, with my head down.

"I dared not speak to Mary, for fear he might see me, for his eyes were fixed on me every moment. I baked his corn cake in the ashes, and gave it to him. By this time it was dark, but the light from our fire shone far out into the woods.

"I noticed Red Feather did not watch me so closely, and his eyes would now and then shut, for he was very tired.

"He leaned forward to light his pipe in the ashes, when instantly, almost without thinking, I seized the hatchet, and struck him with all my might.

"With a loud scream, I plunged into the woods toward home. Turning an instant, I saw Mary spring up, totter, and fall. With another sharp report came a twinge of pain in my side. Suddenly I fell, and in the darkness of the woods, they passed on, leaving me stunned and nearly dead.

"I will not tell you now, my dear Robbie, how I was cared for, and who brought home little Mary and laid her to rest under the elm, beside mother—but the bullet that struck me then, I still carry in my side, and shall as long as I live.

"Many years have passed since that terrible day, but I can never forget it. As long as the history of this country lasts, Indian Spring will be remembered, and other boys will listen, with eyes as wide open as yours, to the tale it has to tell."

Directions for Reading.—Should the second or third paragraph of the lesson be read the faster?

When do we speak more rapidly—in telling an exciting story, or in common conversation?

Do our feelings guide us when we speak slowly or rapidly?—when we speak quietly or forcibly?

Point out three paragraphs in the lesson that you would read as slowly as Lesson XIII.; three that you would read more rapidly.

In reading rapidly, be careful not to omit syllables, and not to run words together. (See Directions for Reading, page 42.)

LESSON XV.

åft, *near the stern of a ship.*
ăn-ĕk′or, *a large iron for holding a ship.*
ā-ĭmĕd, *directed or pointed at, as a gun.*
căr′trĭdġe, *a small case containing powder and ball.*
mo͝od, *state of mind; temper.*
sŭl′try, *very hot.*
clēăv′ing, *cutting through; dividing.*
dis-co͝v′erĕd, *found out; seen clearly.*
buoy̆s, *floats, made of wood, hollow iron, or copper.*
re-sŭlts′, *what follows an act.*

AN ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Tangiers, a town in the north-west part of Africa.

The day had been very mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and westward. Toward the close of the day the sea-breeze died away, and hot, sultry breathings came from the great, sunburnt desert of Sahara.

Half an hour before sundown, the captain gave the cheering order to call the hands to "go in swimming"; and, in less than five minutes, the forms of our sailors were seen leaping from the arms of the lower yards into the water.

One of the sails, with its corners fastened from the main yard-arm and the swinging

boom, had been lowered into the water, and into this most of the swimmers made their way.

Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily were two boys, one of whom was the son of our old gunner; and, in a laughing mood, they started out from the sail on a race.

There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their lips as they put off; they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long, heavy swells that set in from the ocean.

One of the buoys which was attached to the anchor, to show where it lay, was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swell of the waves.

Towards this buoy the two lads made their way, the old gunner's son taking the lead; but, when they were within about sixty yards of the buoy, the other boy shot ahead and promised to win the race.

The old gunner had watched the progress of his son with great pride; and when he saw him drop behind, he leaped upon

the quarter-deck, and was just upon the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry was heard that struck him with instant horror.

"A shark! a shark!" shouted the officer of the deck; and, at the sound of those terrible words, the men who were in the water, leaped and plunged toward the ship.

Three or four hundred yards away, the back of a monster shark was seen cleaving the water. Its course was for the boys.

For a moment the gunner stood like one who had lost his reason; then he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn; but they heard him not.

Stoutly the two swimmers strove, knowing nothing of the danger from the shark. Their merry laughter still rang over the waters, as they were both nearing the buoy.

O, what anxiety filled the heart of the gunner! A boat had put off, but he knew it could not reach the boys in time to prevent the shark from overtaking them.

Every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight,—then he knew all

hope would be gone. At this moment a cry was heard on board the ship, that reached every heart,—the boys had discovered their enemy.

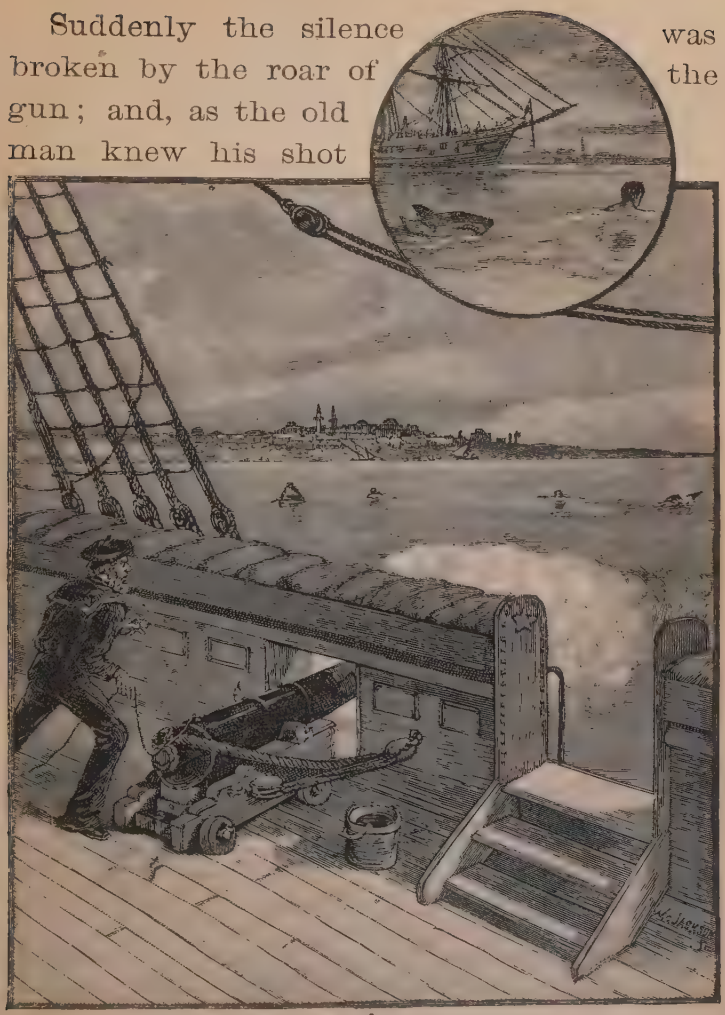
The cry startled the old gunner, and, quicker than thought, he sprung from the quarter-deck. The guns were all loaded and shotted, fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he.

With steady hand, made strong by sudden hope, the old gunner pricked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; then he took from his pocket a percussion cap, fixed it on its place, and set back the hammer of the gun-lock.

With great exertions, the old man turned the heavy gun to its bearing, and then seizing the string of the lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark; but yet a moment would settle his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrid sea-monster was fearfully near.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the roar of the gun; and, as the old man knew his shot



was gone, he covered his face with his hands, as if afraid to see the result. If he had failed, he knew that his boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was an unbroken silence; but, as the thick smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was, at first, a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men,—that murmur grew louder and stronger, till it swelled to a joyous, deafening shout.

The old gunner sprung to his feet, and gazed off on the water, and the first thing that met his sight was the huge body of the shark floating on its back, the shot aimed by him having instantly killed it.

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and, greatly frightened, they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then, overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned upon a gun for support.

Directions for Reading.—What paragraphs should be read rapidly? Does the feeling require it?

Use ***calling tones*** for the words, "A shark! A shark!"

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: ***Tangiers, Sahara, percussion, excitement, support.***

Tell the story in your own words, using the points in the following

Analysis.—1. Where the ship was. 2. The race. 3. The shark. 4. The gunner's trial. 5. The result.

LESSON XVI.

scănt'y, *not enough for use.*
hū'man, *belonging to man or mankind.*
cŭbs, *the young of wild animals.*
lē'gend, *a story; a tale.*
sōōt'y, *blackened with smoke.*
scär'let, *of a bright red color.*
sĕlf'ish ly, *as if caring only for one's self.*
knēad'ed, *pressed and rolled with the hands.*
dōugh, *unbaked bread or cake.*

A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND.

Away, away in the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are few,
And the nights are so long in winter,
They can not sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges when it snows;
And the children look like bear's cubs,
In their funny, furry clothes:

They tell them a curious story—
I don't believe 'tis true;
And yet you may learn a lesson
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter
Lived in the world below,
And walked about it, preaching,
Just as he did, you know;

He came to the door of a cottage,
  In traveling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making cakes,
  In the ashes on the hearth.

And being faint with fasting—
  For the day was almost done—
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
  To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
  But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
  Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
  And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
  As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
  And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer—
  But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem so small
  When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away."
  So she put them on a shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,
Never speaking a word;
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school-boy
Has seen her in the wood;
Where she lives in the trees till this very day
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches:
Live not for yourselves alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress,
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird, though you live
As selfishly as you can;
But you will be changed to a smaller thing—
A mean and selfish man.

Directions for Reading.—In what manner should this lesson be read at the beginning—quietly, or with much spirit?

On page 77, beginning with the second stanza, is what Saint Peter says quiet and slow, or emphatic and somewhat rapid?

Point out three places where two lines are to be joined and read as one.

What two lines in each stanza end with similar sounds?

LESSON XVII.

ex prĕs'sion, *a look showing feeling.*
a māzẹ'ment, *great surprise; astonishment.*
măg'net ism, *an unknown power of drawing or pulling.*
con tĭn'ūẹd, *went on; stayed.*
tĕst'ing, *trying.*
con vĕn'ienẹe, *ease; the saving of trouble.*
ex pĕr'i ments, *the trials made to find out facts.*

A FUNNY HORSESHOE.

"What a funny horseshoe!" said Charlie, "It has no holes for the nails!"

I looked up and saw that he had taken up a small "horseshoe magnet."

"Why that isn't a horseshoe," I said. "It's a magnet."

"Magnet! What's that?"

Charlie turned it over in his hands, and pulled the bar a little. The bar slipped so that it hung only by a corner.

"Never mind," I said, as he looked up with a scared expression. "It isn't broken. Put the bar back."

Charlie put it back, and it sprung into place with a sharp click.

"That's funny!" he cried again. "What made it jump so? And what makes it stick? It doesn't feel sticky."

"We call it magnetism," I said. "Now, take hold of the bar, and see if you can pull it straight off."

"I can't. It sticks fast."

"Pull harder."

Charlie braced himself for a strong pull. Suddenly the bar came off, and he went tumbling backward.

"What did you say makes it hold so hard?" said he, getting up.

"Magnetism," said I again.

"But what is magnetism?"

"I couldn't tell you if I tried; but I think you could learn a great deal about it with that magnet. You will find a lot of things in that box that may help you."

Saying this, I left him to pursue his studies as best he could. When I came back, I found him more puzzled than when I left him.

"That's the queerest thing I ever saw," he said. "Some things just jump at it as though they were alive; some things it pulls; and some things it doesn't pull a bit."

"That's a very long lesson you have learned," I said. "What does it pull?"

"These," he said, pointing to a pile of things on one side of the box. "And these things it doesn't pull."

"Let us see what you have in this pile," I said, looking at the first little heap; "keys?"

"Trunk keys," said Charlie. "It doesn't pull door keys. I tried ever so many."

"Try this key," said I, taking one from my pocket. "This is a trunk key. See if the magnet pulls it."

"No-o," said Charlie, thoughtfully, "it doesn't; but it pulled all the rest of the trunk keys I could find."

"Try this key to my office door."

Charlie tried it, and to his great amazement the key stuck fast to the magnet.

"Surely," said I, "it pulls some door keys, and fails to pull some trunk keys."

Charlie was more puzzled than ever. He looked at the keys, thought a moment, then picked up my trunk key, and said: "This key is brass; the rest are iron."

"That's so," I said.

"And all these door keys that the magnet didn't pull," he continued, "are brass, too. Perhaps it can't pull brass things."

"Suppose you try. But first see if there are any brass things that the magnet pulled."

Charlie looked them over. Then we tried the casters of my chair, and all the other brass things we could find, none of which the magnet would pull.

"There's no use in trying any longer," said Charlie. "It won't pull brass."

"Then, there's another matter settled," I said. "The magnet does not pull brass. Is there any thing else it does not pull?"

"Wood," said Charlie. "I tried lots of pieces."

"Any thing else?"

"Stones," said Charlie, eagerly.

"What are these?" I asked, holding up a couple of heavy stones he had put among the things the magnet pulled.

"I guess I put those there by mistake," said Charlie, testing with the magnet a number of stones in the other pile.

"Try them," I said.

"O!" he said, as the magnet lifted them; "I forgot. It does lift some stones."

"Well, what else have you in that pile of things the magnet did not pull?"

"Glass, leather, lead, bone, cloth, tin, zinc, corn, and a lot of things."

"Very well. Now let us see what the magnet does pull."

"Iron keys," said Charlie, "and nails."

"Here's a nail in this other pile."

"That's a brass nail. The magnet pulls only iron nails."

"What else have we in this pile?"

"Needles, hair-pins, screws, wire—iron wire," he added quickly. "Brass wire doesn't stick, you know."

"How about this?" I asked, taking a small coil of copper wire from my desk.

"I guess that won't stick," said Charlie. "Because that's copper wire, and the magnet doesn't seem to pull any thing that isn't iron."

Much to Charlie's satisfaction, the magnet did not pull the copper wire. Then I took up two stones, one rusty red, the other black, and said: "What about these?"

"I guess they must have iron in them too," said Charlie. "Have they?"

"They have," I replied. "They are iron ores from which iron is made. Why did you think there was iron in them?"

"Because they wouldn't have stuck to the magnet if there wasn't."

"Quite true. So you have learned another very important fact. Can you tell me what it is?"

"The magnet pulls iron," said Charlie.

"Good," said I; "and it is also true that the magnet does not pull——"

"Things that are not iron," said Charlie.

"True again," I said. "So far as our experiments go, the magnet pulls iron always, and never any thing else."

"But what makes it pull iron?"

"That I can not tell. We see it does pull, but just how the pulling is done, or what makes it, no one has yet found out.

"For convenience we call the pulling power magnetism. You may keep the magnet, and at some other time, I will tell you more about it."

Language Lesson.—Name six words in the lesson, each of which is made up of two words by leaving out letters.

Write out the two words in each case.

What is the name of the mark which shows the omission of letters?

Point out the ***statement, command, question,*** and ***exclamation*** in the sentences given below.

"O, isn't it a funny horseshoe!" "Put the bar back."

"What made it jump so?" "The magnet pulls iron."

LESSON XVIII.

ex pŏş′eş, *shows.*
mī mō′sa, *a tree that grows in Africa.*
mŏt′tl̤d, *marked with spots of different color.*
re şĕm′bling, *looking like.*
ap prō̤ch′, *coming near.*
pŭb′li¢, *open to all; free.*
vā′ri ə̤ŭs, *different; unlike in kind.*
de fĕnd′, *take care of; protect.*
gā̤t, *manner of stepping.*
pre vĕnts′, *keeps from; stops.*
¢ā′pa bl̤, *having power; able.*

THE GIRAFFE OR CAMELOPARD.

There are few sights more pleasing than a herd of tall and graceful giraffes.

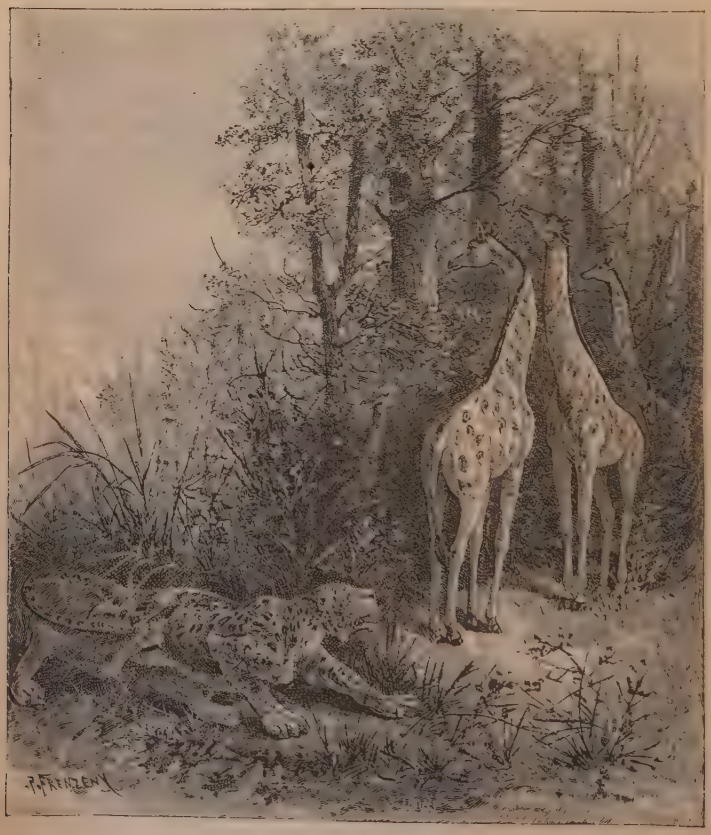
With their heads reaching a height of from twelve to eighteen feet, they move about in small herds on the open plains of Africa, eating the tender twigs and leaves of the mimosa and other trees.

The legs of a large giraffe are about nine feet long, and its neck nearly six feet; while its body measures only seven feet in length and slopes rapidly from the neck to the tail.

The graceful appearance of the giraffe is increased by the beauty of its skin, which is orange red in color and mottled with dark spots.

Its long tail has at the end a tuft of thick hair which serves the purpose of

keeping off the flies and stinging insects, so plentiful in the hot climate of Africa.



Its tongue is very wonderful. It is from thirteen to seventeen inches in length, is slender and pointed, and is capable of being moved in various ways. It is almost

as useful to the giraffe as the trunk is to the elephant.

The horns of the giraffe are very short and covered with skin. At the ends there are tufts of short hair. The animal has divided hoofs somewhat resembling those of the ox.

The head of the giraffe is small, and its eyes, large and mild looking. These eyes are set in such a way that the animal can see a great deal of what is behind it without turning its head.

In addition to its wonderful power of sight, the giraffe can scent danger from a great distance; so there is no animal more difficult of approach.

Strange to relate, the giraffe has no voice. In London, some years ago, two giraffes were burned to death in their stables, when the slightest sound would have given notice of their danger, and saved their lives.

The giraffe is naturally both gentle and timid, and he will always try to avoid danger by flight. It is when running that he exposes his only ungraceful point.

He runs swiftly, but as he moves the

fore and hind legs on each side at the same time, it gives him a very displeasing and awkward gait.

But though timid, he will, when overtaken, turn even upon the lion or panther, and defend himself successfully by powerful kicks with his strong legs.

The natives of Africa capture the giraffe in pitfalls, which are deep holes covered over with branches of trees and dirt. When captured, he can be tamed, and gives scarcely any trouble during captivity.

Fifty years ago, but little was known about giraffes in Europe or America. Now we can find them in menageries and the public gardens of our large cities.

The giraffe thrives in captivity and seems to be well satisfied with a diet of corn and hay. It is a source of great satisfaction to those who admire this beautiful animal, that there is no reason which prevents him from living in a climate so different from that of his African home.

Language Lesson.—Write statements containing each of the following words, used in such a manner as to show their proper meaning: ***feet, feat; red, read; fore, four; gait, gate.***

Model.—We are coming to ***see*** you to-morrow.
He stood watching the ships sailing on the ***sea.***

LESSON XIX.

ex pĕrt′, *skillful.*
ad vīs̱e′, *offer advice; give notice of what has happened.*
çĭv′il ĭzed, *having laws, learning, and good manners.*
quan′tĭ tў, *a large amount; part.*
in dūçe′, *lead one to think or act.*
pre pâred′, *made ready for use.*
de pärt′ed, *went away.*
hĕnçe fōrth′, *from this time forward.*
pärt′ner, *one who shares with another, as a partner in business.*
ar rīv′ing, *coming to; reaching a point.*
con vĭnçe′, *make one believe.*

THE TRADER'S TRICK.

Out in the West, where many Indians live, there are white men who go among them to trade for furs and skins of animals.

These furs and skins are collected and prepared by the Indians, and serve the purpose of money when the traders visit them to dispose of various kinds of goods.

In old times, before the white men came to this country, the Indians had only bows and arrows, and spears with which to hunt.

But the white men soon taught them to use guns, and to-day, nearly all the tribes in America are well supplied with rifles or shotguns.

They are very expert with these fire-arms, and as they use them a great deal, must

have a large and constant supply of gunpowder.

A story is told of how, at one time, a tribe of Indians tried to raise gunpowder by planting seed. This shows how little they knew of civilized life and habits.

A trader went to a certain Indian nation to dispose of a stock of goods. Among other things he had a quantity of gunpowder.

The Indians traded for his cloths, hats, axes, beads, and other things, but would not take the powder, saying: "We do not wish for the powder; we have plenty."

The trader did not like to carry all the powder back to his camp; so thought he would play a trick on the Indians, and induce them to buy it.

Going to an open piece of ground near the Indian camp, he dug some little holes in the soft, rich soil; then mixing a quantity of onion seed with his powder, he began to plant it.

The Indians were curious to know what he was doing, and stood by greatly interested.

"What are you doing?" said one.

"Planting gunpowder," replied the trader.

"Why do you plant it?" inquired another.

"To raise a crop of powder. How could I raise it without planting?" said the trader. "Do you not plant corn in the ground?"

"And will gunpowder grow like corn?" exclaimed half a dozen at once.

"Certainly it will," said the trader. "Did you not know it? As you do not want my powder, I thought I would plant it, and raise a crop which I could gather and sell to the Crows."

Now the Crows were another tribe of Indians, which was always at war with this tribe. The idea of their enemies having a large supply of powder increased the excitement, and one of the Indians said:

"Well, well, if we can raise powder like corn, we will buy your stock and plant it."

But some of the Indians thought best to wait, and see if the seed would grow. So the trader agreed to wait a few days.

In about a week the tiny sprouts of the onion seed began to appear above the ground.

The trader calling the Indians to the spot, said: "You see now for yourselves. The powder already begins to grow, just as I told you it would."

The fact that some small plants appeared where the trader had put the gunpowder, was enough to convince the Indians.

Every one of them became anxious to raise a crop of gunpowder.

The trader sold them his stock, in which there was a large mixture of onion seeds, at a very high price, and then left.

From this time, the Indians gave no attention to their corn crop. If they could raise gunpowder, they would be happy.

They took great care of the little plants as they came up out of the ground, and watched every day for the appearance of the gunpowder blossoms.

They planned a buffalo hunt which was to take place after the powder harvest.

After a while the onions bore a plentiful crop of seeds, and the Indians began to gather and thresh it.

They believed that threshing the onion seeds would produce the powder. But

threshing failed to bring it. Then they discovered that they had been cheated.

Of course the dishonest trader avoided these Indians, and did not make them a second visit.

After some time, however, he sent his partner to them for the purpose of trading goods for furs and skins.

By chance they found out that this man was the partner of the one who had cheated them.

They said nothing to him about the matter; but when he had opened his goods and was ready to trade, they coolly helped themselves to all he had, and walked off.

The trader did not understand this. He became furiously angry, and went to make his complaint to the chief of the nation.

"I am an honest man," said he to the chief. "I came here to trade honestly. But your people are thieves; they have stolen all my goods."

The old chief looked at him some time in silence, and then said: "My children are all honest. They have not stolen your goods. They will pay you as soon as they gather their gunpowder harvest."

The man had heard of the trick played upon the Indians; but did not know before this, that his partner was the one who had cheated them. He could not say a word. He departed at once. Arriving at his home, he said to his partner:

"We must separate. I have learned a lesson. I can not remain in business with a dishonest man. You cheated the Indians for a little gain. You have lost it, and I advise you, henceforth, to deal honestly with all men."

Directions for Reading.—In the first paragraph of the lesson, notice the places marked below where words are likely to be run together in reading, and avoid making such errors.

"Out in the West, there are men who trade for furs and skins of animals."

Point out similar places in the second paragraph.

Name four ***emphatic words*** occurring in the last sentence of the lesson.

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: ***dispose, gunpowder, complaint, henceforth.***

Give reasons for the capital letters and marks of punctuation used in the last paragraph of the lesson.

Tell the story in your own words, using the points given in the following

Analysis.—1. Trading with the Indians. 2. The use of fire-arms among the Indians. 3. The trader's trick. 4. Visit of the trader's partner. 5. What the Indians did. 6. The return of the partner. 7. What he said to the trader.

LESSON XX.

flŏss'y, *made of silk.*
măġ'ic, *unnatural power.*
wạr'bling, *singing.*
mōpe, *become stupid or dull.*
boun'ty, *what is given freely.*
lăn'guish, *become weak; wither*

A HAPPY PAIR.

Over my shaded doorway
Two little brown-winged birds
Have chosen to fashion their dwelling,
And utter their loving words;
All day they are going and coming
On errands frequent and fleet,
And warbling over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Their necks are changeful and shining,
Their eyes like living gems;
And all day long they are busy
Gathering straws and stems,
Lint and feathers and grasses,
And half forgetting to eat,
Yet never failing to warble,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

I scatter crumbs on the doorstep,
And fling them some flossy threads;
They fearlessly gather my bounty,
And turn up their grateful heads.

And chatter and dance and flutter,
And scrape with their tiny feet,
Telling me over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

What if the sky is clouded?
What if the rain comes down?
They are all dressed to meet it,
In water-proof suits of brown.
They never mope nor languish,
Nor murmur at storm or heat;
But say, whatever the weather,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,
Dear little brown-winged birds!
Teach me the happy magic
Hidden in those soft words,
Which always, in shine or shadow,
So lovingly you repeat,
Over and over and over,
"Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Language Lesson.—Let pupils express, in their own language the words given below in dark type.

Their eyes are like ***living gems.***
Which you always repeat ***in shine or shadow.***

What kind of birds are described in the lesson?
Why did they gather straws, stems, lint, feathers, and grasses?

LESSON XXI.

mĕs'saġe, *word; notice.*
mēr'chan dīze, *things traded; goods.*
ġuīd'ançe, *leading; directing.*
halt, *stop.*
de çīd'ed, *made up their minds.*
rē trāç'ing, *going back over.*
ho rī'zon, *line where the earth and sky seem to meet.*
en cămped', *set up tents.*
sōle, *only.*
gŭshed, *flowed rapidly; poured.*

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.

PART I.

Hassan was a camel-driver who dwelt at Gaza. It was his business to go with caravans, backwards and forwards, across the desert to Suez, to take care of the camels. He had a wife and one young son, called Ali.

Hassan had been absent for many weeks, when his wife received from him a message, brought by another camel-driver, who had returned with a caravan from Suez.

It said: "Send the boy with the camel to Suez with the next caravan. I have some merchandise to bring home, and I will stop at Suez till he comes."

Ali's mother was pained at the thought of sending her young son away to such a distance for the first time; but she said to

herself that Ali was now quite old enough to be helping his father, and she at once set about doing what was required for his journey.

Ali got out the trappings for the camel, and looked to the water-bottles to see that they did not leak. His mother did all that was needed to make him quite ready to join the next caravan that started.

Ali was delighted to think that he was to go to his father, and that at last the day was come when he too was to be a camel-driver, and to take a journey with the dear old camel which he was so fond of.

He had long wanted to ride on its back across the desert, and to lie down by its side to rest at night. He had no fear.

The camel, of which Ali was so fond, had been bought by his father with the savings of many a year's hard work, and formed the sole riches of the family.

Hassan was looked upon as quite a rich man by the other camel-drivers, and Ali, besides having a great love for the animal, was proud of his father being a camel owner.

Though it was a great creature by the

side of the young boy, it would obey the voice of Ali, and come and go at his bidding, and lie down and rise up just as he wished. Hassan called his camel by an Arabian word, which meant "Meek-eye."

At last, there was a caravan about to start for Suez which Ali could join. The party met near the gates of the city, where there were some wells, at which the water-bottles could be filled. Ali's mother attended, and bid her son a loving farewell.

The caravan started. The camels which were to lead the way, had around their necks jingling bells, which the others hearing, followed without other guidance.

Ali looked about and saw his mother standing near the city gate. He took his cap off and waved it above his head, and his mother took off the linen cloth which she wore over her head, and waved it.

Tramp, tramp, tramp went the camels, their soft spongy feet making a noise as they trod the ground. The camel-drivers laughed, and talked to each other.

Ali was the only boy in the caravan, and no one seemed to notice him. He had a stout heart, and tried not to care.

He could talk to Meek-eye, and this he did, patting the creature's back, and telling him they would soon see his father.

The sun rose higher and higher, and the day grew hotter and hotter. The morning breeze died away, and the noon was close and sultry.

The sand glowed like fire. There was nothing to be seen but sand and sky. At mid-day a halt was made at one of the places well known to the drivers, where shade and water could be had.

The water-bottles were not to be touched that day, for at this place a little stream, which gushed from a rock, supplied enough for the men, while the camels needed no water for many days.

After resting a short time, the kneeling camels were made to rise, the riders first placing themselves on their backs, and the caravan then moved on.

At night the party encamped for rest, the camels lying down, while fires were lighted and food was prepared.

Several days were thus passed, and Ali found that he liked this kind of life as well as he thought he should.

No Arabs were met with, nor even seen; but a danger of the desert, worse than a party of Arabs, came upon them.

There arose one day at noon, one of those fearful burning winds which do such mischief to the traveler and his camel. The loose sand was raised like a cloud. It filled the nostrils and blinded the eyes.

The only thing to be done, was for the men to get off the backs of the camels, and lie down with their faces to the earth.

After the storm had passed, they arose to continue their journey. But the sand had been so blown as to cover the beaten track, and thus all trace of the road was lost.

The camel-drivers who led the way stood still, and said that they did not know which way to turn.

No distant rock or palm-tree was to be seen, and no one could say which was the south, towards which their faces ought to be turned.

They wandered on, now turning to the right, and now to the left; and sometimes, when they had gone some distance in one direction, retracing their steps and trying another.

The caravan made a halt, and it was now decided to journey towards the setting sun, in hopes of finding once more the right track.

Night came on, however, and they had not found it, nor had they reached any place where they could fill their water-bottles, which were empty.

Once or twice, some one of the party fancied that he saw in the distance the top of a palm-tree; but no, it turned out to be but a little cloud upon the horizon.

They had not yet found the old track; neither had they supplied themselves with water to cool their parched lips.

Directions for Reading.—Always take breath before beginning to read a sentence. If the sentence is a long one, choose such places for breathing as will not injure the sense.

When we are out of breath, we are likely either to read too fast, or stop to breathe at such places as to injure the sense.

In the first sentence of the second paragraph on page 101, we may make slight pauses to take breath after ***noon*** and after ***winds***.

Point out breathing-places in the last paragraph on page 100.

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: ***jingling, nostrils, farewell.***

Let pupils use other words to express the following:

A stout heart. **Towards the setting sun.**

LESSON XXII.

pro pōsē', *offer; advise.*
grōup, *a number of persons or things together.*
grief, *great sorrow; distress.*
draughts (drafts), *quantities of water taken at one time.*
quĕnched, *satisfied; put out.*
rē'çent ly, *newly; lately.*
flĭck'er ing, *fluttering; keeping in motion.*
grēed'i ly, *very eagerly.*
prĕ'çious, *of great price; costly.*
wēa'ry, *very tired.*
re frĕsh'ing, *cooling; reviving.*

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL DRIVER.

PART II.

Poor Ali suffered like the rest from terrible thirst. He drank the last drop of water from his water-bottle, and thought of the morrow with fear.

He was so tired when night came, he was glad to lie down by the side of Meek-eye and go to sleep. Ali slept, but before morning, was awakened by the sound of voices.

He listened, and heard the chief driver tell one of the merchants that, if they did not find water very soon, the next day a camel must be killed, in order to get the water contained in its stomach.

This is often done in cases of great need in the desert, the stomach of the camel being so formed as to hold a great quantity of water.

Ali was not surprised to hear such a thing spoken of; but what was his distress and alarm, when he heard the merchant propose that it should be "the boy's camel" that should be killed!

The merchant said the other camels were of too good a kind, and of too much value; while, as to this young boy, what business had he to have a camel of his own?

It would be better far, they said, for him to lose his camel than for him to die, like the rest, of thirst. And so it was decided that Meek-eye should be killed, unless water were found the next morning.

Ali slept no more. His heart was full of grief; but his grief was mixed with courage and resolution. He said to himself that Meek-eye should not die.

His father had trusted him to bring the camel, and what would he say if he should arrive at Suez without it? He would try to find his way alone, and leave the caravan as soon as possible.

That night when all was quiet, and the merchant and camel-driver had gone to sleep, Ali arose, and gently patting the neck of Meek-eye, awoke him.

He placed his empty bag and water-bottles on his back, and seating himself on him, made signs for the creature to rise, and then suddenly started off.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, went Meek-eye over the soft sand. The night was cool and refreshing, and Ali felt stronger and braver with every tramp. The stars were shining brightly, and they were his only guides.

He knew the star which was always in the north, and the one which was in the west after the sun had gone down. He must keep that star to the right, and he would be sure to be going towards the south.

He journeyed on till day began to dawn. The sun came up on the edge of the desert, and rose higher and higher. Ali felt faint, weary, and thirsty, and could scarcely hold himself on to Meek-eye. When he thought of his father and mother, he took courage again, and bore up bravely.

The sun was now at its height. Ali fancied he saw a palm-tree in the distance. It seemed as if Meek-eye saw it also, for he raised his head and quickened his step.

It was not long before Ali found himself at one of those pleasant green islands

which are found throughout the desert, and are called oases.

He threw himself from the camel's back, and hunted out the pool of water that he knew he should find in the midst of the reeds and long grass which grew there.

He dipped in his water-bottle and drank, while Meek-eye, lying down, stretched out his long neck, and greedily sucked up great draughts of the cool water.

How sweet was the sleep which crept over them as they lay down in the shade of the great palm-tree, now that they had quenched their thirst!

Refreshed and rested, Ali was able to satisfy his hunger on some ripe dates from the palm-tree, while Meek-eye began to feed upon the grass and leaves around.

Ali noticed, while eating his dates, that other travelers had been there recently; as the grass at the side of the pool was trampled down. This greatly cheered him. He quickly followed in their track, still going in a southerly direction.

He kept the setting sun to his right, and when it had gone down, he noticed the bright star that had guided him before.

He traveled on, tired and faint with hunger for many a mile, till at last he saw, a long way off, the fires of a caravan which had halted for the night.

Ali soon came up to them. He got down from Meek-eye, and leading him by the bridle, came towards a group of camel-drivers, who were sitting in a circle.

He told them his story, and asked permission to join the party, and begged a little rice, for which he was ready to pay with the piece of money that his mother had given him when he left home.

Ali was kindly received by them, and allowed to partake of their supper. The men admired the courage with which he had saved his favorite camel. After supper Ali soon closed his weary eyes, and slept soundly by the side of Meek-eye.

In the midst of a pleasant dream, Ali was suddenly aroused by the sound of tinkling bells, and on waking up he saw that another caravan had arrived, which had come from the south.

The merchants sat down to wait until their supper was brought to them, and a party of camel-drivers drew round the fire

near which Ali had been sleeping. They raked up its ashes, put on fresh fuel, and then prepared to boil their rice.

What voice was that which roused Ali just as he was falling asleep again? He listened, he started to his feet, he looked about him, and waited for a flash of flame from the fire to fall on the faces of the camel-drivers who stood around it.

It came flickering up at first, and then all at once blazing out, flashed upon the camel-driver who stood stooping over it, and lighted up the face of Ali's father!

The father had waited at Suez many days, wondering why Ali did not come; and then, thinking there had been some mistake, determined to return home with the caravan which was starting for Gaza.

We need hardly describe the joy of both father and son at thus meeting, nor the pleasure with which the father listened to the history of all the fears and dangers to which his young son had been exposed. He was glad, too, that their precious Meek-eye had been saved.

There was no one in the whole caravan so happy as Hassan, when, the next morn-

ing, he continued his journey to Gaza in company with Meek-eye and his beloved son Ali.

Language Lesson.—Syllabify, accent, and mark sounds of letters in the following words: ***suffered, permission, partake, merchants, beloved.***

Let pupils use other words to express the meaning of what is given below in dark type.

Ali ***bore up bravely.***
Meek-eye ***quickened his step.***
The sun was now ***at its height.***

Write statements containing each of the following words, used in such a manner as to show their proper meaning: ***herd, heard; need, knead; no, know; way, weigh; knew, new.***

Make out an ***analysis*** of the two lessons, and use it in telling the story in your own words.

LESSON XXIII.

ob ṣẽrvẹ̀d′, *saw; noticed.*
trans pâr′ent, *clear; easily seen through.*
ma tē′ri al, *that of which any thing is made or to be made.*
ob tā̇ṇẹ̀d′, *taken from; received.*
gär′ments, *articles of clothing.*
vẽrd′ūrẹ̀, *any green growth.*
a dôrn′, *dress with taste; beautify.*
par tĭc′ū lar, *of an unusual kind.*
va rī′e ty, *a number of different kinds.*
dĕl′i cate, *gentle; tender.*
ca rĕs̈ṣẹ̀d′, *treated with fondness.*

A QUEER PEOPLE.

One evening, as Captain Perry was sitting by the fireside at his home in Liverpool, his children asked him to tell them a story.

"What shall it be about?" said the captain.

"O," said Harry, "tell us about other countries, and the curious people you have seen in them."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Mary. "We were much interested, while you were away the

last time, in reading 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'Sindbad the Sailor.'"

"You have seen as wonderful things as they did, haven't you, father?" said Harry.

"No, my dears," said the captain. "I never met such wonderful people as they tell about, I assure you; nor have I seen the 'Black Loadstone Mountain' or the 'Valley of Diamonds.'"

"But," said Mary, "you have seen a great many people, and their different manners and ways of living."

"Yes," said the captain, "and if it will interest you, I will tell you some of the curious things that I have observed."

"Pray, do so!" cried Harry, as both the children drew close to him.

"Well, then," began the captain, "I was once in a country where it was very cold, and the poor people could scarcely keep themselves from starving.

"They were clothed partly in the skins of beasts, made smooth and soft by some particular art; but chiefly in garments made from the outer covering of an animal, cruelly stripped off its back while alive.

"They lived in houses partly sunk below the ground. These houses were mostly built of stones or of earth hardened by fire.

"The walls of the houses had holes to let in light; but to prevent the cold air and rain from coming in, they were covered with a sort of transparent stone, made of melted sand.

"As wood was rather scarce, they used for fuel a certain kind of stone which they dug out of the earth, and which, when put among burning wood, catches fire and makes a bright flame."

"Dear me!" said Harry. "What a wonderful stone! Why didn't you bring a piece home with you, father?"

"I have a piece which I will show you some time," replied the captain. "But to go on with my story.

"What these people eat is remarkable, too. Some of the poor people eat fish which had been hung up and smoked until quite dry and hard, and along with it they eat the roots of plants, or coarse, black cake made of powdered seeds.

"The rich people have a whiter kind of cake upon which they spread a greasy

matter that is obtained from a large animal. They eat also the flesh of many birds and beasts when they can get it, and the leaves and other parts of a variety of vegetables—some raw and others cooked.

"For drink they use the water in which certain dry leaves have been steeped. These leaves, I was told, came from a country a great distance away.

"I was glad to leave this country because it was so very cold; but about six months after, I was obliged to go there again. What was my surprise to find that great changes had taken place!

"The climate was mild and warm, and the country was full of beauty and verdure. The trees and shrubs bore a great variety of fruits, which, with other vegetable products, were used largely as food.

"The people were gentle and civilized. Their dress was varied. Many wore cloth woven from a sort of wool grown in pods on bushes.

"Another singular material was a fine, glossy stuff used chiefly by the rich people. I was told that it was made out of the webs of caterpillars, which to me seemed

quite wonderful, as it must have taken a great number of caterpillars to produce the large quantity of the stuff that I saw.

"These people have queer ideas about their dress. The women wear strangely figured garments, and adorn their heads, like some Indian nations, with feathers and other fanciful head-dresses.

"One thing surprised me very much. They bring up in their houses an animal of the tiger species, having the same kind of teeth and claws as the tiger.

"In spite of the natural fierceness of this little beast, it is played with and caressed by the most timid and delicate of their women and children."

"I am sure I would not play with it," said Harry.

"You might get an ugly scratch, if you did," said the captain.

"Aha!" cried Mary; "I've found you out: you have been telling us of our country and what is done at home all this while!"

"But we don't burn stones, or eat grease and powdered seeds, or wear skins and caterpillars' webs, or play with tigers," said Harry.

"No?" said the captain. "Pray, what is coal but a kind of stone; and is not butter, grease; and wheat, seeds; and leather, skins; and silk, the web of a kind of caterpillar; and may we not as well call a cat an animal of the tiger kind, as a tiger an animal of the cat kind?

"So, if you will remember what I have been describing, you will find that all the other wonderful things that I have told you of, are well known among ourselves.

"I have told you the story to show that a foreigner might easily represent every thing among us as equally strange and wonderful, as we could with respect to his country."

Directions for Reading.—Point out breathing-places in the last paragraph.

Name the ***emphatic words*** in the last paragraph.

Pronounce carefully the following words: ***vegetable, foreigner, beasts, products, across, again, also, apron.***

Language Lesson.—Let pupils express the meaning of what is given below in dark type, using a single word for each example.

Houses built of ***earth hardened by fire.***
The walls have ***holes to let in the light.***
They were covered with ***a sort of transparent stone.***
They drink ***water in which dry leaves have been steeped.***
Many wore cloth woven from ***a sort of wool grown in pods.***

LESSON XXIV.

lĭn'net, *a kind of bird.*
com pârę', *be equal; have similar appearance.*
wôr'rĭęd, *troubled; anxious.*
hŭm'blę, *meek; lowly.*
mĭs'chĭęv ǫŭs, *full of mischief; troublesome.*
grŭb, *dig up by the roots.*

THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

Little Miss Brier came out of the ground,
She put out her thorns, and scratched ev'ry thing 'round.
"I'll just try," said she,
"How bad I can be;
At pricking and scratching, there are few can match me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green, and her flowers pure white;
But all who came nigh her
Were so worried by her,
They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor, the Violet, over the way;
"I wonder," said she,
"That no one pets me,
While all seem so glad little Violet to see."

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered he:
"'Tis not that she's fair,
For you may compare
In beauty with even Miss Violet there;

"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,
E'en the worms at her feet
She would never ill-treat,
And to Bird, Bee, and Butterfly always is sweet."

Then the gardener's wife the pathway came down,
And the mischievous Brier caught hold of her gown;
"O dear, what a tear!
My gown's spoiled, I declare!
That troublesome Brier!—it has no business there;
Here, John, grub it up; throw it into the fire."
And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.

Directions for Reading.—This lesson should be read in a spirited manner.

It is suggested to vary the reading exercise by having one pupil read each stanza, and the class repeat it in concert.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils use other words to express the meaning of what is given below in dark type.

There are few can ***match*** me.
They'd go out of their way to ***keep clear of*** the Brier.

Supply letters omitted from the following words: ***they'd, gown's, e'en, 'round.*** Write the words in full.

LESSON XXV.

plȳ, *make regular journeys.*
cŏm'mercȩ, *trade between places or peoples.*
mīg̱ht'y, *of great power.*
trăv'erse, *pass over; cross.*
rē'al īze, *understand the truth of.*
pro pĕl', *drive forward.*
prŏp'er ty, *any thing that belongs to a person.*
ôr'chards, *numbers of fruit-trees.*
im mĕnse', *very large.*
glĭt'ter ing, *sparkling with light.*

WATER.

It is difficult to realize that nearly three-fourths of the surface of the earth is water; yet it is a fact.

Think of the immense space covered by oceans, seas, lakes, and rivers, and how useful all this water is to mankind.

Sailing ships and steam-ships traverse the oceans and lakes. Steam-boats ply along the rivers, carrying people and merchandise to and fro, going sometimes as far as three thousand miles from their starting point.

It is by water that men float their rafts of logs or lumber to distant places. Water turns the great wheels of many of our mills, and thus harnessed to mighty machines, does more work than thousands of men and horses.

These machines produce paper, cloth, flour, lumber, and many other useful articles.

When water is heated and turned into steam, it moves powerful engines. These engines propel our great steam-ships and steam-boats and drive machines of all kinds in mills and factories.

Many of you have seen water, clear and cool, trickling from the rocks in the side of a hill. This water first forms a spring.

From this spring, the water escapes in a tiny stream, called a rivulet or creek, and flows along until it enters a river. Many springs make many rivulets; many rivulets make large rivers.

Rivers sometimes receive such great quantities of water that they overflow their banks, and destroy much valuable property. This is called a freshet or a flood.

Many people who live near some of our rivers have lost their houses, furniture, and cattle, which were all swept away by these floods.

In the winter of 1883, the Ohio River received so much water from the thousands of rivulets flowing into it, that it overflowed its banks.

The result of this overflow was one of the greatest floods ever known, and many, no

doubt, who read this, were there to see its terrible effects.

But where does all this water come from? you may ask.

Let me see if I can explain it to you. The water in all these rivers, lakes, and oceans is constantly rising into the air in what is called moisture or vapor. We can not see this moisture, neither can we see the air.

If the air is cold, moisture does not rise rapidly; but, as the air becomes heated, it takes up more moisture, so that the more heat there is in the air, the more moisture rises.

Heated air is light, and rises higher and higher from the ground, taking the moisture with it, until it reaches a point where it begins to cool.

Then as the air cools, the moisture forms into clouds, and these clouds are, in a certain sense, floating water.

Floating water! How can water float! do you ask?

Well, I will tell you. Cold air is heavier than heated air, and until the clouds become so full of moisture as to return some

of it to the earth in the shape of rain, they float because they are lighter than the air underneath them.

The winds, by the flapping of their mighty wings, drive the clouds over the land to the hills and the mountains and the thirsty fields; and there they pour their blessings on the farms, pastures, orchards, and the dusty roads and way-side grass, bringing greenness and gladness everywhere.

Without water nothing would grow; every thing would dry up and wither.

All animals drink water, for it forms a part of their blood and thus helps to keep them alive. All trees and plants drink it by drawing it through their roots or leaves, for it helps to form their sap.

Sometimes on a summer morning you will see drops of clear sparkling water on flowers and grass.

To look at them you would think it had rained during the night; but, noticing that the ground is dry, you know that no rain has fallen.

What then are these glittering drops of water? Where do they come from?

I will tell you. These drops are called dew. As night comes on, the grass and the leaves of flowers and plants become cool.

When the warm air touches them, it becomes chilled, and as the air can not then carry so much moisture as before, it leaves some of its moisture on the flowers and grass.

A moisture like dew sometimes collects in the house. Did you ever observe it in drops on the outside of a pitcher of cold water? Some people suppose that the water comes through the pitcher, but it does not.

The water being cold makes the pitcher cold, and as the warm air of the room strikes it, a moisture like dew is left on the pitcher, in the same manner as dew is left on grass, leaves, and flowers.

In cold weather, when the dew gathers on plants and flowers, it sometimes freezes and forms frost, and when the clouds throw off their moisture in rain drops, the rain becomes sleet, hail or snow.

So you see that dew, rain, frost, sleet, snow, and hail are only different forms of water.

LESSON XXVI.

trĕȧs'ūrę, *a large quantity of money; valuable things.*
fôr'mer ly, *in time past; heretofore.*
nĭŏd'er atę, *not great; limited in quantity.*
ôr'phan, *a child whose father and mother are dead.*
at trăct'ĭvę, *inviting; having power to draw toward.*
ĕm'er y, *a kind of hard, sharp sand.*
ex trēmę', *last point or limit.*
rŭb'bish, *things of no value.*
fĭt'tingş, *things needed in making an article ready for use.*

THE HIDDEN TREȦSURE.

PART I.

On a pleasant street in the old town of Fairfield, stands a neat, little cottage. This was formerly the home of Mrs. Reed, an old lady respected by her neighbors and loved by all the young people of the place.

There was about Mrs. Reed a kindly manner which pleased all who knew her. Although very poor, she took much interest in her young friends and tried to make them happy.

Mrs. Reed had not always been poor. Her husband when alive was supposed to be rich; but after his death, it was found that nothing was left to his widow but two small cottages.

In one of these cottages, Mrs. Reed lived:

the other, she rented. But the rent received was no more than enough to enable her to live with moderate comfort. She had little or nothing left with which to do for others.

One cold winter morning, two persons were talking together in the cozy sitting-room of the cottage. One was Mrs. Reed, and the other, Alice Brown, a poor orphan girl, who lived with some distant relatives in Fairfield.

"You are very kind to come to see me so often, Alice," said Mrs. Reed. "I wonder why you do; because there is nothing attractive here."

"Why, Mrs. Reed!" replied Alice; "how can you talk so? are you not here? do I not always receive a kind word and a welcome smile from you?"

"Well, you know I love you, Alice, and am always delighted to have you come," said Mrs. Reed; "I am sure that were it in my power to do so, I would have you here all the time.

"I would like to give you books, have you attend school, and do every thing to make you happy. But alas! Alice, you

know I am too poor to do what I wish, and at times it makes me feel very sad."

"O, indeed you are too good, Mrs. Reed! My greatest pleasure is to come and see you, and I hope you will always love me.

"I wish I could stay here all day; but you know that the day after to-morrow will be Christmas, and I must hurry home now, as auntie wants me to help her prepare for it. So good-by."

"But, Alice, you will come to see me Christmas morning, will you not?" asked Mrs. Reed.

"Yes," replied Alice, "for a little while." And with a kiss and another good-by, she left Mrs. Reed alone.

"What a dear good girl she is," said Mrs. Reed to herself, as she watched Alice tripping down the street toward her home.

"She was so good to me last summer when I was ill! and here is Christmas and I have no money with which to buy her a present.

"O dear, dear! why was I left so poor! I am sure my husband had some money; what could he have done with it!"

Mrs. Reed sat down in her rocking-chair

and for a full half hour looked thoughtfully into the fire. Starting up suddenly, she again exclaimed to herself:

"I do really believe that if I go up into the garret, I can find something for a Christmas present, that will please Alice.

"I remember a curious old box that Mr. Reed had, that was sent to him from India. If I can find some bits of ribbon and silk, I will line it and make it into a nice little work-box for Alice."

Then Mrs. Reed climbed up the narrow stairway into the garret, and, after searching some time among the rubbish that lay around in all the nooks and corners, discovered the box.

Taking it down-stairs and finding some pieces of silk, she spent the rest of the day in making it into a work-box.

She made a pretty needle-book, a tiny pincushion, and an emery bag like a big strawberry. Then from her own scanty stock she added needles, pins, thread, and her only pair of small scissors, scoured to the last extreme of brightness.

One thing only she had to buy—a thimble; and that she bought for a penny. The

thimble was of brass and so bright that it was quite as handsome as gold.

When full, the little box was very pretty. In the bottom lay a quilted lining, which had always been there, and upon which she had placed the fittings.

Directions for Reading.—The conversational parts of this lesson may be read as a dialogue by two pupils.

Which is the most *emphatic word* in the following sentence?

"O dear, dear! Why was I left so poor!"

Point out the *emphatic words* in the third paragraph of the lesson.

LESSON XXVII.

hănd'y, *convenient; ready for use.*
ad join'ing, *next to; neighboring.*
sin çēr'ly, *honestly; truly.*
fôrt'ū nate, *favored; lucky.*
ăct'ū al ly, *really; truly.*
suf fĭ'çient, *enough; plenty.*
cärv'ings, *figures cut in wood or stone.*
mỹs'ter y, *something entirely unknown.*
thrĕsh'ōld, *a piece of board which lies under a door.*
tīle, *a thin piece of baked clay.*
ex ăm'ine, *look at with care.*

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

PART II.

Christmas morning came, and soon Alice Brown entered Mrs. Reed's cottage and received a warm welcome.

"Merry Christmas! Mrs. Reed," said Alice.

"Thank you, my dear," replied Mrs. Reed; "it will indeed be a 'Merry Christmas' if you can remain with me this forenoon."

"Well, I can stay till dinner-time," said Alice. "See what a pretty present cousin John sent me!" and Alice held up a new pocket-book.

"That is very nice, Alice," said Mrs. Reed; "now if you had some one to fill it with money, it would be better still."

"Yes, indeed," cried Alice, laughingly; "but as I was not so fortunate as to receive any money, and have none of my own to put in it, the pocket-book is not likely to be worn out for a long time."

"Well, well, Alice," replied Mrs. Reed, "it is always handy to have things in the house; for some time they may be needed.

"Excuse me a moment, Alice," continued Mrs. Reed; "sit down here by the fire and warm yourself."

Alice took a seat by the fire and warmed her fingers; for, although it was a bright sunshiny day, it was very cold.

Mrs. Reed stepped into the adjoining

room, and with a light heart and an expression on her face that no one had seen for many a day, took up the little work-box she had prepared for Alice.

Returning again to the sitting-room with the box in her hand, she approached Alice and said;

"Here, my dear, is a little Christmas present I have for you. I sincerely wish it were something better. It will be useful, I know, and I hope it will please you."

"O how beautiful!" exclaimed Alice, as she caught sight of the curious carvings on the outside of the box. "And a work-box, too!" she continued, as she took it in her hands and lifted the cover; "is it really for me?"

"For no one else, I assure you," replied Mrs. Reed, as her face lighted up with joy, at seeing Alice so happy.

"O how can I ever thank you enough!" exclaimed Alice, as she threw her arms around Mrs. Reed's neck and kissed her again and again.

Then taking a seat by Mrs. Reed, Alice began to examine the contents of the new

work-box, lifting out the articles one by one, and placing them in her lap.

She then admired the beautiful lining which Mrs. Reed had put in the box, asking her where she got such pretty pieces of silk.

"That piece of silk at the top, Alice, is a bit of my wedding-dress; and that on the sides, is a part of my wedding-sash. Those remind me of happy days, Alice.

"I had plenty then: a good husband, a happy home, and never thought that I should come to poverty."

"What is this from?" asked Alice, touching the silk lining at the bottom of the box.

"O that was always in the box, Alice. It was there when my husband received it, and must be a piece of India silk.

"Is any thing the matter with it?" continued Mrs. Reed, as she noticed Alice picking at one corner of it.

"O nothing is the matter," replied Alice; "it only seemed to me to be a little loose."

"Let me look," said Mrs. Reed. "I don't think it can be loose, or I should have seen it when I was lining the box."

"It is actually quite loose," said Alice, as she examined it further, and picked up one corner with a pin; "and here is a little piece of paper underneath it."

"That is remarkable," said Mrs. Reed, as she put on her spectacles and drew up her chair a little closer to Alice.

"And there is some writing on it too," said Alice, as she drew it from its hiding-place and handed it to Mrs. Reed.

"Why, it's my husband's writing!" exclaimed Mrs. Reed, as she closely examined the faded letters. "What can it mean? I never saw it before. Read it, Alice; your eyes are younger than mine."

Alice read: "'Look and ye shall find,' and underneath this," continued Alice, "is a picture of a mantel-piece, and underneath that, it reads: 'A word to the wise is sufficient.'"

Mrs. Reed again took the paper. Her hand trembled and her face became a little pale.

"Alice," said she, "this is a picture of the old tile mantel-piece in the other room. There is some mystery about this. What can it mean?"

"Yes," said Alice, "the tiles in that mantel have quotations on them."

In an instant, Alice was on her feet and sprung into the other room, leaving Mrs. Reed in a state of wonderment.

Hastily examining the tiles in the mantel, Alice cried out: "O Mrs. Reed, do come! Here is a tile with exactly the same words on it!"

Mrs. Reed hurried into the room, and had scarcely passed the threshold, when the tile fell to the hearth and broke into a dozen pieces.

Directions for Reading.—Point out breathing-places in the last paragraph.

Pronounce carefully the following words: ***fortunate, adjoining, clothes, hearth, sitting-room, wedding-dress.***

Language Lesson.—Let pupils use other words to express the meaning of the following sentences.

Alice received a warm welcome.
Mrs. Reed stepped into the adjoining room with a light heart.
Her face lighted up with joy.
Those things remind me of happy days.
"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Change the ***statements*** given above to ***questions.***

Change the following ***exclamations*** to complete ***statements.***

Do come! Let me look! Read it, Alice!

Model.—See my pocket-book! = I wish you would look at my pocket-book.

LESSON XXVIII.

be fall'en, *happened to.*
thrust, *move suddenly or with force.*
mis'hap', *something which has occurred to cause pain or sorrow.*
ex'cit ed ly, *in a very earnest manner.*
min'gled, *joined closely; united.*
le'gal ly, *as the law requires.*
a bun'dant, *beyond one's need; plentiful.*
com'fort a ble, *having every thing needed to keep one from pain or want.*
re la'tions, *the feelings or acts of people toward each other.*
charm'ing, *very pleasant.*

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

PART III.

"O what have I done! what have I done!" cried Alice. "O Mrs. Reed, I'm so sorry—I have broken the tile!"

"How did it happen, Alice? Was it loose?"

"Why yes," replied Alice; "I put my hand on it, and thought it appeared to move a little. Having my scissors with me, I, through curiosity, ran the points in between that tile and the next one."

"Never mind, child," said Mrs. Reed kindly, seeing that Alice was feeling sad over the mishap; "perhaps the tile can be mended—let us see."

As they both stooped down to pick up

the pieces, Alice noticed that there was a hollow space back of where the tile had been, and that it contained something of a dingy white color.

"O Mrs. Reed!" cried she; "there is something in there! See, it looks like a bag tied up! May I take it out?"

Mrs. Reed turned deadly pale. "Yes," she replied, scarcely knowing what she expected or dared hope.

Alice thrust her hand into the hole to pull the bag out, but as it was very old, it fell apart, and O wonder of wonders! as many as a hundred pieces of gold coin fell with a jingle on the hearth and rolled every way.

"My husband's money!" exclaimed Mrs. Reed, as she leaned on Alice to keep from falling.

Alice was nearly wild and talked like a crazy person.

"O goody, goody!" she cried, clapping her hands and jumping up and down. "Now you can have every thing you want! you won't be poor any longer!"

But Mrs. Reed was too much overcome to hear what Alice said.

She could scarcely realize the good fortune that had so suddenly befallen her.

Presently, however, with the tenderness of a mother, she placed her arms around Alice and said: "O you precious child! but for you, I should never have known this!"

"And if you had not given me the

work-box," said Alice, "perhaps no one would ever have found it out.

"But," continued she, excitedly, "let us see if there is any thing more in there."

Again reaching into the hole in the mantel-piece, she sprung back with a look of amazement that frightened Mrs. Reed.

"Why, Alice, what is the matter?" inquired the old lady.

"Matter!" exclaimed Alice. "Why, dear me! Mrs. Reed, there are lots and lots of bags in there yet!"

"Is it possible!" said Mrs. Reed hoarsely. Then reaching her hand into the hole, she drew out bag after bag, handling them very carefully, so that they would not fall to pieces as the first one had done.

In the meantime Alice had pushed a table up near the fire-place. The bags were emptied upon it, until the glittering gold made a heap that struck Mrs. Reed and Alice with greater amazement than ever.

"Alice," said Mrs. Reed, "this is a blessing from Heaven that I do not deserve. I can not tell you how thankful I am for it. My happiness now will be in doing for others."

Alice said nothing; her heart was too full. A look of sadness came over her face. She was wondering whether Mrs. Reed would continue to love her, and thinking, with a mingled feeling of fear and dread, that now her friend was rich, perhaps she, the poor orphan girl, might not be so welcome at the cottage as before.

Mrs. Reed seemed to understand somewhat the nature of Alice's thoughts. "Cheer up, Alice," said she; "this is not a time to be sad! Come, help me put away this gold.

"By the way, Alice, now is the time to use your pocket-book; you know I told you it was handy to have things in the house, they might be needed," she continued, smilingly.

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Reed; do you want to borrow my pocket-book? here it is."

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Reed, "I shall want a new one myself, and I want to see yours. I wonder how many pieces of gold it will hold."

Then Mrs. Reed crammed the pocket-book full of gold pieces.

"There!" said she, handing it to Alice; "that is the Christmas present I wanted

to give you this morning, but did not have it."

"What! this for me! O no, no! I do not deserve it!" cried Alice.

"But you must take it, Alice, and listen; for I have something to tell you. I want you to be my daughter now. I will have abundant means to make both of us comfortable and happy."

"O Mrs. Reed," said Alice, bursting into tears; "I would love to be your daughter, nothing could make me happier."

In a very short time every thing was changed in the little cottage. Mrs. Reed had legally adopted Alice as her daughter and was sending her to school.

Fresh paint, inside and out, and many new comforts, made the old house charming and bright. But nothing could change the happy relations between the two friends, and a more contented and cheerful household could not be found anywhere.

Language Lesson.—Tell the story in your own words, using the points given in the following

Analysis.—1. Mrs. Reed's home. 2. Her talk with Alice. 3. Mrs. Reed prepares a present for Alice. 4. Alice receives the work-box. 5. What was found in it. 6. The broken tile and the discovery of the money. 7. What happened after that.

LESSON XXIX.

dĕlls, *small valleys.*
bow'ers, *covered places made of boughs.*
troupe, *a number of living beings; a company.*
dăf'fo dils, *yellow flowers.*
shēēn, *brightness; splendor.*
sprīte, *an unreal person.*
sus pĕnd'ed, *stopped for a time; hung.*
vā'rĭes, *is different; changes.*
blūē'bĕll, *a kind of flower.*
răm'bling, *wandering.*
rĕv'el, *play in a noisy manner.*

LOOKING FOR THE FAIRIES.

I've peeped in many a bluebell,
  And crept among the flowers,
And hunted in the acorn cups,
  And in the woodland bowers;
And shook the yellow daffodils,
  And search'd the gardens round,
A-looking for the little folk
  I never, never found.

I've linger'd till the setting sun
  Threw out a golden sheen,
In hope to see a fairy troupe
  Come dancing on the green;
And marveled that they did not come
  To revel in the air,
And wondered if they slept, and where
  Their hiding-places were.

I've wandered with a timid step
Beneath the moon's pale light,
And every blazing dew-drop seemed
To be a tiny sprite;
And listened with suspended breath,
Among the grand old trees,
For fairy music floating soft
Upon the evening breeze.

Ah me! those pleasant, sunny days,
In youthful fancies wild,—
Rambling through the wooded dells,
A careless, happy child!
And now I sit and sigh to think
Age from childhood varies,
And never more may we be found
Looking for the fairies.

Directions for Reading.—Which one of the stanzas should be read more slowly than the others?

Point out the *emphatic words* in the last four lines of the lesson.

Language Lesson.—Which lines in each stanza end in similar sounds?

Let pupils explain the meaning of what is given below in dark type.

I've hunted in the ***acorn cups.***
I've wandered with a ***timid step.***
Age from childhood varies.

LESSON XXX.

poi'şon ọŭs, *likely to do great harm or injury.*
sĕp'a ratę, *apart from other things.*
con dĭ'tion, *state; situation.*
nĕç'es sa ry, *really needed.*
dis a grēę'a blę, *very unpleasant.*
sĕn'sĭ blę, *wise; knowing what is proper.*
ac cŭs'tomęd, *being used to.*
es pē'çial ly, *more than usual.*

AIR.

We all know very well that we can not live without breathing.

What we do not all know, or do not all think of, is that we want not only air, but good air. We are apt to take it for granted that any air will do for us; stale air, dirty air, even poisonous air.

What makes the matter worse is, that we can not help spoiling air ourselves by the very act of breathing.

If people are shut up in rooms where the bad air can not get out and the good air can not get in at all, they are sure to be made ill.

Some people in Scotland thought they would have a merry Christmas party, and invited their friends to come to a dance.

As it was very cold weather, they shut all the doors and windows tight, and then they began to dance.

It was a small room with a low ceiling, and there were thirty-six people dancing in it all night. By the time morning came the air was so bad that it was really like poison; and very soon seven of the poor dancers were seized with a terrible fever, and two of them actually died.

The air we breathe out is different from the air we take in. We send away some things with our breath which were not in the air when we took it in.

One of these is water. Sometimes you can see this for yourself. On a cold, frosty day, you know we can see the clouds of steam coming out of our mouths. This steam is only very fine particles of water.

In warm weather we do not see the steam, but the water is there all the same; if you will breathe on a looking-glass at any time, you will make it dim and damp directly with the water that is contained in your breath.

We also breathe out animal matter, little particles of our own bodies just ready to decay. We can not see them, but they soon give the air a close, disagreeable smell. Good air has no smell at all.

And now I have something to say to you about the use of noses.

I dare say you can not see much use in the sense of smell. Seeing, hearing, touching, are very needful to us, we all know; but as to smelling, that does not seem to have any particular value.

It is pleasant to smell a sweet rose or violet; and, I believe, smelling really forms a good part of what we call tasting.

Of all our senses, smell is the one that soonest gets out of practice. If people would always accustom themselves to use their noses, they never would consent to live in the horrid air they do.

If you go from the fresh air into a close room, you will notice the smell at once. Then, if you remain there, you will soon get accustomed to the smell and not notice it; but it will still be there, and will be doing you a great deal of harm.

In good air there are, mainly, two sorts of gas.

The first is a very lively sort of gas, called oxygen; it is very fond of joining itself with other things, and burning them, and things burn very fast indeed in oxygen.

The second is a very slow, dull gas, called nitrogen; and nothing will burn in it at all. Pure oxygen would be too active for us to live in, so it is mixed with nitrogen.

When we breathe, the air goes down into our lungs, which are something like sponges, inside our chests.

These sponges have in them an immense quantity of little blood-vessels, and great numbers of little air-vessels; so that the blood almost touches the air; there is only a very, very thin skin between them.

Through that skin, the blood sends away the waste and useless things it has collected from all parts of the body, and takes in the fresh oxygen which the body wants.

You have often heard man's life compared to a candle. I will show you some ways in which they are much alike.

When a candle or lamp burns, if we keep it from getting any new air, it soon uses all the lively gas, or oxygen, and then it goes out. This is easily shown by placing a glass jar over a lighted candle.

If the candle gets only a little fresh air, it burns dim and weak. If we get only a little fresh air, we are sickly and weak.

The candle makes another kind of gas. It is called carbonic acid gas, which is unhealthy and not fit for breathing. The heat of our bodies also makes this gas, and we throw it off in our breath.

Oxygen and carbon, in a separate condition, make up a good part of our flesh, blood, and bones; but when they are joined together, and make carbonic acid gas, they are of no further use to us.

You might go to a store and buy sand and sugar; but if they became mixed together as you brought them home, you would not be able to use either one of them, unless some clever fairy could pick them apart for you.

You see now one great way of spoiling the air. How are we to get rid of this bad air, and obtain fresh air, without being too cold?

In summer time this is quite simple, but in winter it is more difficult; because it is a very bad thing to be cold, and a thin, cold draught of air is especially bad.

The bad air loaded with carbonic acid gas, when we first breathe it out, is warm. Warm gases are much lighter than cold

ones, therefore the bad air at first goes up to the ceiling.

If there is an opening near the top of the room, the bad air goes out; but if there is no opening, it by and by grows cold and heavy, and comes down again. Then we have to breathe it.

If you open the window at the top, it will let out the bad air, and you will not feel a draught. It is not often so very cold that you cannot bear the window open, even a little way from the top, and that is the best way of airing a room.

This is just as necessary by night as by day. People who shut in the bad air, and shut out the good air, all night long, can never expect to awake refreshed, feeling better for their sleep.

What becomes of the carbonic acid gas which the body throws off through our breath? Can any thing pick the carbon and oxygen in it apart, and make them fit for us to use again?

Yes. Every plant, every green leaf, every blade of grass, does that for us. When the sun shines on them, they pick the carbon out and send back the oxygen for us to

breathe. They keep the carbon and make that fit for us and animals to eat.

The grass makes the carbon fit for sheep and cows, and then we eat their flesh or drink their milk; and the corn makes the carbon fit to eat; so do potatoes, and all the other vegetables and fruits which we eat. Is not this a wonderful arrangement?

But perhaps you think, considering what an amazing number of people there are in the world, besides all the animals—for all creatures that breathe, spoil the air just as we do—there can hardly be trees and plants enough to set all the air right again.

Round about cities and large towns there are certainly more people than there are trees, but in many other parts of the world there are a great many more trees than there are people.

I have heard of forests in South America so thick and so large, that the monkeys might run along the tops of the trees for a hundred miles. So you see there are plenty of trees in the world to do the work.

But then, how does all the bad air leave the towns and cities where men live, and get to the forests and meadows?

The air is constantly moving about; rising and falling, sweeping this way or that way, and traveling from place to place.

Not only the little particles out of our breath, but any thing that gives the air any smell, does it some harm. Even nice smells, like those of roses, are unhealthy, if shut up in a room for some time.

Dirty walls, ceilings, and floors give the air a musty, close smell; so do dirty clothes, muddy boots, cooking, and washing. Some of these ought not to be in the house at all; others remind us to open our windows wide.

All the things I have been saying to you about pure air, apply still more to sick people than to healthy ones.

Directions for Reading.—Read the following sentences carefully, and avoid running the words together.

The good air can not get in at all.
We are apt to take it for granted.
It is sure to make them ill.

Point out three other places in the lesson where similar errors are likely to occur.

Language Lesson.—Add *ment* to each of the following words, and then give the meaning of the words so formed,

arrange **move** **settle** **encourage**

LESSON XXXI.

dis tĭn-et'ly, *clearly; plainly.*
a rouşĕd', *wakened.*
re çēd'ing, *going backward or away from.*
vĭg'i lant, *watchful; careful.*
ex haŭst'ed, *tired out with work.*
pre çēd'ing, *going before.*
fôrt'nĭght, *two weeks' time.*
con vŭl'sĭve, *irregular in movement.*
tăr'rĭed, *delayed; remained.*
grăd'ū al ly, *step by step; slowly.*

A TIMELY RESCUE.

It was in the month of February, 1831, a bright moonlight night, and extremely cold, that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at her anchors inside the bay.

We had had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days, with cutting north-easters blowing, and snow and sleet falling for the greater part of the time.

When at length we made the port, all hands were almost exhausted, and we could not have held out two days longer without relief.

"A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate, as I tarried for a moment on deck to finish my pipe. "The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp look-out for this floating ice, Mr. Larkin."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the mate, and I went below.

Two hours afterwards I was aroused from a sound sleep by the vigilant officer. "Excuse me for disturbing you, captain," said he, as he detected an expression of vexation on my face; "but I wish you would turn out, and come on deck as soon as possible."

"Why—what's the matter, Mr. Larkin?"

"Why, sir, I have been watching a cake of ice that swept by at a little distance a moment ago; I saw something black upon it—something that I thought moved."

We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out, with no little difficulty, the cake of ice floating off to leeward, and its white, glittering surface was broken by a black spot.

"Get me a spy-glass, Mr. Larkin—the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment, and then we can see distinctly." I kept my eye on the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working its way through a heavy bank of clouds.

The mate stood by with a spy-glass. When the full light fell at last upon the

water, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

"Forward, there!" I shouted at the top of my voice; and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away the ship's cutter. Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand to take a look for himself.

"O, pitiful sight!" he said in a whisper, as he set to work to aid me in getting out the boat; "there are two children on that cake of ice!"

In a very short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by two men, who took the oars. I held the tiller, and the mate sat beside me.

"Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it, lads?" I cried; "put me alongside of that, and I will give you a month's extra wages when you are paid off."

The men were worn out by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight; and, though they did their best, the boat made little more way than the tide. This was a long chase; and Mr. Larkin, who was

suffering as he saw how little we gained, cried out—

"Pull, lads—I'll double the captain's prize. Pull, lads, for the sake of mercy, pull!"

A convulsive effort at the oars told how willing the men were to obey, but their strength was gone. One of the poor fellows splashed us twice in recovering his oar, and then gave out; the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprung forward and seized the deserted oar.

"Lie down in the bottom of the boat," said he to the man; "and, captain, take the other oar; we must row for ourselves." I took the second man's place.

Larkin had stripped to his Guernsey shirt; as he pulled the bow I waited the signal stroke. It came gently, but firmly; and the next moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke, gradually increasing in rapidity until the wood seemed to smoke in the oar-locks.

We kept time with each other by our long, deep breathing. Such a pull! At every stroke the boat shot ahead like an arrow. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes—it seemed to me as many hours.

"Have we almost come to it, Mr. Larkin?" I asked.

"Almost, captain,—don't give up: for the love of our dear little ones at home, don't give up, captain," replied Larkin.

The oars flashed as the blades turned up to the moonlight. The men who plied them were fathers, and had fathers' hearts; the strength which nerved them at that moment was more than human.

Suddenly Mr. Larkin stopped pulling, and my heart for a moment almost ceased its beating; for the terrible thought that he had given out crossed my mind. But I was quickly reassured by his saying—

"Gently, captain, gently—a stroke or two more—there, that will do"—and the next moment the boat's side came in contact with something.

Larkin sprung from the boat upon the ice. I started up, and, calling upon the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed.

We ran to the dark spot in the centre of the mass, and found two little boys—the head of the smaller nestling in the bosom of the larger. Both were fast asleep!

They were benumbed with cold, and would surely have frozen to death, but for our timely rescue.

Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, cut off his shoes, tore off his jacket; and then, loosening his own garments to the skin, placed the chilled child in contact with his own warm body, carefully wrapping over him his great-coat.

I did the same with the other child; and we then returned to the boat; and the men having partly recovered, pulled slowly back.

The children, as we learned when we afterwards had the delight of returning them to their parents, were playing on the ice, and had ventured on the cake.

A movement of the tide set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away on that cold night, and would certainly have perished, had not Mr. Larkin seen them as the ice was sweeping out to sea.

"How do you feel?" I said to the mate, the next morning after this adventure.

"A little stiff in the arms, captain," the noble fellow replied, while the big tears

of grateful happiness gushed from his eyes—"a little stiff in the arms, captain, but very easy here," and he laid his hand on his manly heart.

Language Lesson.—Change the following ***commands*** to ***statements.***

Take the other oar. Don't give up!

Give the meaning of the word ***lads*** in the third and fourth lines of page 152, and in the fourth line of page 154.

Make out an ***analysis*** of the lesson, and use it in telling the story in your own words.

LESSON XXXII.

rē′gĭon, *place; space.*
fûrze, *a thorny shrub with yellow flowers.*
lĭst′eth, *wishes; pleases.*
mĭrth, *joy; fun.*
bo͞on, *gay; merry.*
shaft, *an arrow; the stem of an arrow.*
up bōrne′, *held or borne up.*
ĕrĕst′ing, *touching the tops of.*

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;—
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds, as they wander by!

They have left their nests in the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;

And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How, one to the other, they lovingly call:
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree;
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun, face to face,
And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee:
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing down, 'mong the waterfalls;
Then wheeling about, with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter among the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath,
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,

And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old.
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

Directions for Reading.—The words of the first line of the poem, when repeated on pages 157 and 158, should be slightly emphasized.

Point out the lines on page 157 which would be joined in reading.

Let the class read one or more stanzas of the poem in concert.

LESSON XXXIII.

strōl'ing, *wandering on foot.*
quāint, *unusual; curious looking.*
con sŭlt'ed, *asked advice of.*
roy'al, *belonging to a king or a queen.*
ĕn ter tāin', *receive and care for.*
cŏurt'e sy, *politeness of manners.*
bŏd'ĭce, *an article of clothing.*
loy'al ty, *love of one's country or ruler.*
a mĭss', *out of the way; wrong.*
trĭ'flĕs, *articles small in size or value.*
mŭt'tered, *said in a low voice.*
ad mĭs'sion, *permission to enter.*

TRUE COURTESY.

PART I.

Prince George, the husband of Queen Anne of England, one time visited the town of Bristol, having with him as a companion, an officer of his household.

While strolling about the town, looking at the people and the quaint old buildings, they stepped into the Exchange, where all the great merchants of the town had come together doing business.

Prince George walked about, talking quite freely, first to one and then to another. As the towns-people had not expected him, no preparation had been made to receive him with honor; and the merchants stood in little groups, and consulted together with a look of anxiety upon their faces.

"What is to be done?" asked one.

"I do not know," replied another. "If his Royal Highness does not give us notice of his coming, how can we entertain him in a proper manner?"

"Would it be well to ask him to come to one of our homes?" inquired a third.

"No, no!" cried another. "We could not ask him to partake of our humble fare, or even come to our homes, after the splendor to which he has been accustomed. For my part, I shall go home to dinner."

"And I also," said the first one. "I do not care to remain here, and stare at the Prince, when we have nothing to offer."

Then one by one, the merchants slipped away, afraid or ashamed to ask the great Prince to their homes.

Prince George and the officer wondered at seeing the merchants disappear. At last there was but one man left, and as he walked toward the Prince, he bowed low, and said—

"Excuse me, sir; are you the husband of our Queen Anne, as folks here say you are?"

"Yes, I am," was the answer; "and have come for a few hours to see the sights of the good town of Bristol."

"Sir," said the man, "I have seen with much distress that none of our great merchants have invited you to their homes. Think not, sir, that it is because they are wanting in love and loyalty. They doubtless were all afraid to ask one so high as yourself to dine with them.

"I am one John Duddlestone, sir, only a bodice-maker, and I pray you not to take it amiss if I ask you and the gentleman who is with you, to come to my humble home, where you will be most welcome."

"Indeed," answered the Prince, laughing,

"I am only too delighted to accept your kind invitation, and I thank you for it very heartily. If you lead the way, we will follow at once."

So Prince George, the officer, and Duddlestone, passed out of the Exchange together.

"Ours is but humble fare," said Duddlestone; "for, sir, I can offer you only roast beef and plum-pudding."

"Very good, very good indeed!" exclaimed the Prince; "it is food to which I bring a hearty appetite."

They stopped before a small house. John pulled the latch, and, walking in, looked for his wife; but she was upstairs.

"Here, wife, wife!" he called in a loud whisper, as he put his head up the narrow staircase; "put on a clean apron, and make haste and come down, for the Queen's husband and a soldier-gentleman have come to dine with us."

As you may think, Mrs. Duddlestone was strangely surprised at the news; but she did not become excited; she very seldom did, I believe.

"Ay, ay!" she called. "I'm coming;"

and then muttered, "The Queen's husband! the Queen's husband! Sure, that can never be—however, I'll go down and see."

She ran to her closet, and pulled out a nice, clean apron and cap, and tied the one round her waist, and the other round her comely face, saying all the time, "Dear me, dear me, to think of it!" and away she ran down stairs, where stood her husband and the two gentlemen.

The good woman bowed low, first to one and then to the other.

"Indeed, but I'm proud," she said, turning to Prince George, "to welcome you to our home. 'Tis but poor and humble, but we shall think more of it after this. I'll hurry and get dinner at once. I dare say you are hungry, gentlemen."

Prince George laughed gayly, as he thanked her for her kind welcome, and sat down.

The table was soon spread, and the Prince ate well, and appeared to enjoy himself so much, that Mrs. Duddlestone could scarcely believe he had always been accustomed to lords and ladies and footmen, and had never before sat down in such an humble way.

Prince George inquired about their business and pleasures.

"Do you never come up to London?" he asked; "I think you would find it worth your while to take a holiday some time, and see the great city."

"Ah well," said Mrs. Duddlestone, "if that is not just the thing I long for. I've never been yet, nor am I likely to go, but John has been once or twice."

"And why, John, have you never taken your wife as well, to see the great sights?"

"Well, to say the truth," answered John, "I do not go to see the sights; for though I've been two or three times, I don't think I've seen any.

"I must needs go sometimes to buy whalebone, and other trifles which I must have for my business here. So I just go and come back, and meddle with none."

"Well, well," said the Prince, "the next time you come to London, you must bring your wife with you, and pay me a visit."

Mrs. Duddlestone clasped her fat little hands with delight.

"And shall I see the Queen?" she exclaimed.

"And see both the Queen and myself," answered the Prince. "Come, John, say you will do so!"

"Surely, sir," said John, "I should like to give the good woman a bit of pleasure in that way, but your grand servants would shut the doors before us, and never let us in, perhaps."

"I can soon set that right!" and taking a card from his pocket, Prince George wrote a few words on it, and gave it to them.

"That will gain you ready admission," he said, "and now I must leave you. Next time we meet, I shall entertain and care for you. For the present, I thank you for your kind welcome and good dinner, which I have heartily enjoyed."

Then rising, he and the officer bade farewell to the good people and took their leave.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils use other words to express what is given below in dark type.

I ***must needs go.*** He ***pulled the latch.***
Indeed, ***but I'm proud.*** So I ***meddle with none.***
Ours is ***but humble fare.*** To see ***the great sights.***

Notes.—Queen Anne ruled over England from 1702 to 1714.
Royal Highness is a title belonging to all persons in a royal family.

LESSON XXXIV.

de ṣīrḛd′, *asked; expressed a wish.*
as sĕm′blḛd, *come together.*
ĭn tro dūçḛ′, *make known.*
sŭm′monḛd, *called.*
ḳnīg̱ht, *a man of noble position.*
grăt′i tūdḛ, *thankfulness.*
ĕl′e gant, *beautiful; handsome.*
pos sĕs̱′ing, *having; holding.*
dis plāy′, *a grand show.*
e vĕnt′, *any thing that takes place.*

TRUE COURTESY.

PART II.

It was some weeks later that John Duddlestone found his stock of whalebone was growing low.

"Wife," said he, "the whalebone's nearly gone, and I must have some more at once."

"Surely, John, I know well it's nearly gone!" she answered. "Haven't I watched every bit as you've used it? and haven't I pretty near cried to see it go so slowly?"

"Pooh! you foolish woman!" he cried.

"But, John, you'll take me, and go to see the King and Queen?" she inquired.

"Why, you silly woman, do you think I should leave you behind, when I know you're nearly crazed to go?"

"O John, John, you dear, good man! I've mended all my dresses, and made myself trim and neat. I've seen to your coats;

and all's done; and I feel as if I could scarcely live till I see the Queen."

"You'd best keep alive," said her husband; "and if all goes well we'll start by the coach on Monday."

Monday was as lovely a day as heart could wish; and John and his wife walked down the Bristol streets to the public-house from which the coach was to start.

It was a great event in Mrs. Duddlestone's life, for she had never been beyond her own town, except for a drive into the country in a neighbor's cart.

They were quiet people; but it had got about the town that they were going to London to visit the Queen, and numbers came out to see them go.

Perhaps some of the great merchants wished they had been simple and humble enough to offer to entertain Prince George when he had visited their town.

They journeyed straight to London, where John bought his whalebone, and then found their way to St. James' Palace, where, presenting the Prince's card, they gained ready admittance.

They were shown into a room, more

beautiful than any that they had ever seen. Very shortly the door opened, and the well-remembered face of their guest appeared. Almost before he had greeted them, a quiet-looking lady followed him, and came smilingly to greet them.

"This is the Queen," said Prince George; and then, turning to her, he added, "These are the good people who showed me such kindness in Bristol."

The Queen was so gentle and courteous that neither John nor his wife felt confused in her presence. She talked kindly to them, asking after their trade, and how they had fared in their journey.

She then asked them to dine with her that evening, and said dresses would be provided for them, so that they should not feel strange by seeing that they were dressed differently from all her other guests.

She then called an attendant, and desired that refreshment should be given them, and that they should be well cared for, and shown all that might interest them until dinner time.

It was a long, wonderful day to them, as they walked about from place to place.

Before dinner they were taken to the room that was prepared for them, and there they found elegant court dresses of purple velvet ready to put on.

"Surely, John, they can not be for us!" cried Mrs. Duddlestone.

"Yes, but they must be! Did not the Queen say she would give us dresses? and do not these dresses look as if they had been given by a queen?"

"John, I shall feel very strange before all the grand ladies!"

"Then you need not, wife, for the Queen and Prince will be there; and the others will not trouble you; but this is a queer dress. It's like being somebody else."

And very queer they felt, as for the first time they walked down the grand stairs, in such splendid dresses, to dine at the Queen's table, with the Queen's servants to wait on them.

"You must go first, John," said his wife, for shyness came over her.

"Be not so foolish, wife," whispered John; and, though feeling rather awkward in his new dress, he walked simply forward, as he might have done in a friend's house.

The Queen met them at the door, and, turning to her other guests, who were assembled, she said, "Gentlemen, I have to introduce to you, with great pleasure, the most loyal people in the town of Bristol."

At these words they all rose and bowed low, while John and his wife did the same, and then sat down, and ate a good dinner.

After the dinner was over, the Prince summoned John Duddlestone to the Queen.

At her command John knelt before her, and she laid a sword lightly on his shoulder, with the words, "Rise up, Sir John Duddlestone"; and the simple, kind-hearted bodice-maker of Bristol rose up a knight.

His wife stood by, watching with eagerness, and could hardly believe that from plain Mistress Duddlestone she had become Lady Duddlestone.

She would have been very proud if the Queen had laid the sword upon her also; but she heard that was not needed. However, she was made very happy by being called to the Queen's side.

"Lady Duddlestone," said Her Majesty, "allow me to present you with my gold watch, in remembrance of your visit to St.

James' Palace, and of the Prince's visit to Bristol, which led to our knowing two such loyal and courteous subjects."

Lady Duddlestone bowed lower and lower, almost unable to find any words in which to express her gratitude.

A gold watch! Was it possible? Watches were not common in those times. She had heard of watches, and had even seen some; but had never dreamt of possessing one.

Such a big beauty it was! She was glad to fall back behind the other guests, and get time to think quietly, and realize that all was true, and not a dream from which she would wake, and find herself in her little attic bed-room at Bristol.

Queen Anne then spoke to Sir John, offering to give him a position under Government; but he begged to be excused.

"It would be strange, your Majesty, very strange, up in London, and my work at Bristol suits me far the best. We want for nothing, and should never feel so well and home-like as in our little house at Bristol."

The Queen understood him, and did not press him; and in another day or two the couple were again on their way home.

"You're glad, wife, that we're going home?" John asked; "and you think I did well not to take some office in London?"

"Well! You could have done no better. It's been grand to see, and grand to hear; but it would be very strange and uncomfortable to live always like that, and I'll be right glad to be back once more.

"I'm more than proud of it all. But I should never like our own room, in which Prince George sat so home-like with us, to belong to another."

"No, no—we will keep our own snug home," replied John with earnestness.

And so they did, living on quietly as of old; and the only display ever made by Lady Duddlestone was, that whenever she went to church or to market, she always wore the Queen's big gold watch.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils use other words to express the meaning of what is given below in dark type.

You'd ***best keep*** alive. It's been ***grand*** to see.
Then you need not. You're ***nearly crazed to go.***

Attendant is made up of two parts—the stem, ***attend,*** and the ending, ***ant*** (meaning one who).

The meaning of the word ***attendant*** is ***one who attends.***

Make out an ***analysis*** of the last two lessons, and use it in telling the story in your own words

LESSON XXXV.

pre sūmē', *suppose; think without being sure.*
mŭs'clēs, *those parts of the body which give us motion, and by which we exert our strength.*
ex tĕnt', *space; distance.*
ôr'di na ry, *common; usual.*
knŏw'ledge, *that which is known through study.*
de grēē', *measure, as of space or time.*
spĕnt, *used up; exhausted.*
snăpped, *broken off.*
de tăchēd', *taken away from.*

WHY AN APPLE FALLS.

"Father," said Lucy, "I have been reading to-day that Sir Isaac Newton was led to make a great discovery, by seeing an apple fall from a tree. What was there wonderful about the apple falling?"

"Nothing very wonderful in that," replied her father; "but it set him to thinking of what made it fall."

"Why, I could have told him that," said Lucy; "because the stem snapped and there was nothing to support it."

"And what then?" asked her father.

"Why, then, of course it must fall."

"Ah!" said her father, "that is the point: why must it fall?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Lucy. "I presume it was because there was nothing to keep it up."

"Well, Lucy, suppose there was not—does it follow that it must come to the ground?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Lucy, wonderingly.

"Let us see," said her father; "but first answer this question: What is an animate object?"

"Any thing that has animal life, and power to move at will," replied Lucy.

"Very good," said her father; "now, what is an inanimate object?"

"Any thing that does not possess animal life, or can not move at will."

"Very good again," said her father. "Now an apple is, of course, an inanimate object; and therefore it could not move itself, and Sir Isaac Newton thought that he would try to find out what power moved it."

"Well, then," said Lucy; "did he find that the apple fell, because it was forced to fall?"

"Yes," replied her father; "he found that there was some force outside of the apple itself that acted upon it, otherwise it would have remained forever where it

was, no matter if it were detached from the tree."

"Would it, indeed?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, without doubt," replied her father, "for there are only two ways in which it could be moved—by its own power of motion, or the power of something else moving it. Now the first power, you know it does not have; so the cause of its motion must be the second."

"But every thing falls to the ground as well as an apple, when there is nothing to keep it up," said Lucy.

"True. There must therefore be some power or force which causes things to fall," said her father.

"And what is it?" asked Lucy.

"If things away from the earth can not move themselves to it," said her father, "there can be no other cause of their falling than that the earth pulls them."

"But," said Lucy, "the earth is no more animate than they are; so how can it pull?"

"That is not an ordinary question, but I will try an explanation," said her father. "Sir Isaac Newton discovered that there was a law in nature called attraction, and

that all bodies exert this force upon each other. The greater the body, the greater is its power of attraction.

"Now, the earth is an immense mass of matter, with which nothing near it can compare in size. It draws therefore with mighty force all things within its reach, which is the cause of their falling. Do you understand this?"

"I think that I do," said Lucy; "the earth is like a great magnet."

"Yes," said her father; "but the attraction of the magnet is of a particular kind and is only over iron, while the attraction of the earth acts upon every thing alike."

"Then it is pulling you and me at this moment!" said Lucy.

"Certainly it is," replied her father; "and as I am the larger, it is pulling me with more force than it is pulling you. This attraction is what gives every thing weight.

"If I lift up any thing, I am acting against this force, for which reason the article seems heavy; and the more matter it contains, the greater is the force of attraction and the heavier it appears to me."

"Then," said Lucy, "if this attraction is so powerful, why do we not stick to the ground?"

"Because," replied her father, "we are animate beings, and have the power of motion, by which, to a limited degree, we overcome the attraction of the earth."

"Well then, father," said Lucy, "if our power of motion can overcome the attraction, why can not we jump a mile high as well as a foot?"

"Because," replied her father, "as I said before, we can only overcome the attraction to a certain extent. As soon as the force our muscles give to the jump is spent, the attraction of the earth pulls us back."

"Did Sir Isaac Newton think of all these things, because he saw the apple fall?" inquired Lucy.

"Yes; of all these and many more. He was a man of great knowledge. The name by which the force he discovered is generally known is the Attraction of Gravitation, and some time you will learn how this force keeps the earth, and the sun, moon, and stars, all in their places."

LESSON XXXVI.

ĕn' vy, *wish one's self in another's place.*
dŏf' fed, *took off, as an article of dress.*
blīthe, *very happy; gay.*
fēe, *what is received as pay for service done.*
bōast, *object of pride.*
quōth, *spoke.*
hāle, *in good health; strong.*

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night—
No lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody—no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal;
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm a king,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I can not pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be!
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

Directions for Reading.—In the second stanza of the lesson, ***wrong*** becomes very ***emphatic*** on account of ***repetition*** (being repeated a number of times). ***My*** and ***thine***, in the same stanza, are ***emphatic*** on account of ***contrast*** (contrary meaning of the words).

Point out an example of ***emphasis*** by ***repetition***, and an example of ***emphasis*** by ***contrast***, in the third stanza.

Language Lesson.—Hal = Harry = Henry.

Let pupils place ***un*** before each of the following words, and give their meaning.

changed **burdened** **envied**

LESSON XXXVII.

fe rō′çi͡ŭs, *savage; fierce.*
ro sĕtt͡e′, *an article made to resemble a rose.*
a băn′don͡ed, *left forever; given up.*
en ͡coun′ter, *meet face to face.*
ĭn′flu en͡ce, *power over others.*
kē͡en, *sharp; piercing.*
rĕp ū tā′tion, *what is known of a person.*
wĭt′ne͡ss, *see or know by personal presence.*
trā͡il, *track; footsteps.*
a lĕrt′, *on the watch; careful.*

THE JAGUAR.

The jaguar, or as he is sometimes called, the American tiger, is the largest and most ferocious of the cat family found on this continent.

Some jaguars have been seen equal in size to the Asiatic tiger; but in most cases the American animal is smaller. He is strong enough, however, to drag a horse or an ox to his den—sometimes to a long distance; and this feat has been frequently observed.

The jaguar is found in all the tropical parts of North and South America.

While he bears a considerable likeness to the tiger, both in shape and habits, the markings of his skin are quite different. Instead of being striped like the tiger, the skin of the jaguar is beautifully spotted.

Each spot resembles a rosette, and consists of a black ring with a single dark-colored spot in the middle.

Jaguars are not always of the same color; some have skins of an orange color, and these are the most beautiful. Others are lighter colored; and some few have been seen that were very nearly white.

There is a "black jaguar," which is thought to be of a different species. It is larger and fiercer than the other kinds, and is found only in South America.

This animal is more dreaded by the inhabitants than the other kinds and is said always to attack man wherever it may encounter him. All the other beasts fear it.

Its roar produces terror and confusion among them and causes them to flee in every direction. It is never heard by the natives without a feeling of fear, and no wonder; for a year does not pass without a number of these people falling victims to its ferocity.

It is difficult for one living in a country where such fierce animals are unknown, to believe that they have an influence over

man, to such an extent as to prevent his settling in a particular place; yet such is the fact.

In many parts of South America, not only plantations, but whole villages, have been abandoned solely from fear of the jaguars.

There are men, however, who can deal single-handed with the jaguar; and who do not fear to attack the brute in its own haunts.

They do not trust to fire-arms, but to a sharp spear. On their left arm they carry a strong shield.

This shield is held forward and is usually seized by the jaguar. While it is busied with this, the hunter thrusts at the animal with his sharp spear, and generally with deadly effect.

A traveler in South America relates the following incident as having come under his observation:

"Desiring to witness a jaguar hunt, I employed two well-known Indian hunters, and set out for the forest. The names of these hunters were Niño and Guapo. Both of them had long been accustomed to hunt

the jaguar, and I felt perfectly safe in their company.

"Guapo, the larger of the two, was a man of wonderful muscular power, and had the reputation of having at one time killed a black jaguar with only a stout club.

"When all the preparations had been made for our start, we looked as if we might capture all the jaguars that came in our way.

"Some hours after we had entered the forest, the quick eye of Guapo discovered the trail of a large jaguar which he assured me was recently made.

"Stopping for a moment, both Guapo and Niño looked carefully about in every direction and listened attentively, in order that they might see or hear the animal if he were near.

"Then motioning me to follow at a little distance behind them, they stepped off quietly in the direction of the trail, Guapo being about thirty feet in advance of Niño.

"We went forward in this manner several hundred yards, not a word being spoken, and the keen eyes of both the hunters constantly on the alert.

"Guapo, in the meantime, who seemed to have no fear and became more and

more excited as he approached to where he thought the animal must be, had increased the distance between himself and Niño considerably.

"Suddenly a terrific roar, and at the same time a cry of pain and a shout, warned us that Guapo had met the jaguar.

"Niño bounded forward, and I followed as quickly as I could. A fearful sight met our eyes!

"The jaguar, which had been hiding in the branches of a large tree, had sprung down upon Guapo and fastened its terrible teeth in his thigh.

"With a shout filled with fury and determination, Niño at once sprung forward and savagely attacked the beast with his spear.

"This caused the jaguar to let go its hold of Guapo, who, made furious from the pain of the wound the animal had given him, turned, and with his spear attacked it with a mad ferocity as savage as that of the beast itself.

"In a moment all was over, and the jaguar lay dead at our feet. I dressed Guapo's wound the best I could, while Niño took the skin from the body of the animal, which proved to be nearly eight feet long.

"We returned very slowly to the village with the wounded man and our prize. In

a few weeks Guapo had entirely recovered from his wounds, and was ready for another hunt."

Directions for Reading.—Let pupils pronounce in concert, and singly, the following words: ***O, most, ferocious, only, whole, hold, slowly, over, both, roar.***

What tone of voice should be used in reading this lesson?

Language Lesson.—Place *re* before each of the following words, and then give the meaning of each.

turned **told** **join** **capture** **call**

LESSON XXXVIII.

dīkȩs, *high banks of earth.*
ĕŏn′tra ry, *quite different from what is usual.*
diṣ ăs′ trȣ̆s, *causing great loss or suffering.*
kēȩlṣ, *strong timbers extending along the bottom of boats.*
stôrk, *a kind of bird.*
bŭs′tlȩ, *quick and excited motion.*
mīrȩ, *soft and wet earth.*
seôrn′ing, *turning from any thing as if of no value.*
săt′ū rāt ed, *wet through and through.*
mo͝orȩd, *tied fast, as a ship to land.*
slouchȩd, *hung down.*
mĭm′ie, *copied in a smaller form.*

HOLLAND.

PART I.

Holland is one of the queerest countries under the sun. It should be called Odd-land, or Contrary-land; for, in nearly every thing, it is different from other parts of the world.

In the first place, a large portion of the country is lower than the level of the sea. Great dikes have been built at a heavy cost of money and labor, to keep the ocean where it belongs.

On certain parts of the coast it sometimes leans with all its weight against the land, and it is as much as the poor country can do to stand the pressure.

Sometimes the dikes give way, or spring a leak, and the most disastrous results follow. They are high and wide, and the tops of some of them are covered with buildings and trees. They have even fine public roads upon them, from which horses may look down upon wayside cottages.

Often the keels of floating ships are higher than the roofs of the dwellings. The stork, on the house-peak, may feel that her nest is lifted far out of danger, but the croaking frog in the neighboring bulrushes is nearer the stars than she.

Water-bugs dart backward and forward above the heads of the chimney swallows; and willow-trees seem drooping with shame, because they can not reach so high as the reeds near by.

Ditches, canals, ponds, rivers, and lakes are every-where to be seen. High, but not dry, they shine in the sunlight, catching nearly all the bustle and the business, quite scorning the tame fields, stretching damply beside them. One is tempted to ask: "Which is Holland—the shores or the water?"

The very verdure that should be confined to the land has made a mistake and settled upon the fish ponds. In fact the entire country is a kind of saturated sponge, or, as the English poet Butler called it—

> "A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
> In which they do not live, but go aboard."

Persons are born, live, and die, and even have their gardens on canal-boats. Farm-houses, with roofs like great slouched hats pulled over their eyes, stand on wooden legs, with a tucked up sort of air, as if to say, "We intend to keep dry if we can."

Even the horses wear a wide stool on each hoof to lift them out of the mire.

It is a glorious country in summer for bare-footed girls and boys. Such wadings! Such mimic ship sailing! Such rowing, fishing, and swimming! Only think of a

chain of puddles where one can launch chip boats all day long, and never make a return trip!

But enough. A full recital would set all Young America rushing in a body toward the Zuyder Zee.

Directions for Reading.—In reading the first line of page 187, there will be a slight rising of the voice after each of the words, *ditches'*, *canals'*, *ponds'*, *rivers'*; and a slight falling of the voice after *lakes`*.

This rising or falling of the voice is called *inflection*, and may be indicated as above.

Language Lesson.—What is the meaning of "Young America"?

LESSON XXXIX.

frēi'ght, *cargo; that which forms a load.*
con vey'ançe, *the act of carrying.*
jŭm'ble, *a number of things crowded together without order.*
bŏb'bed, *cut off short.*
be wĭl'der ing, *confusing.*
gĭld'ed, *covered with a thin surface of gold.*
yōk'ed, *joined together with harness.*
rârē'ly, *not often.*
im prĭs'oned, *shut up or confined, as in a prison.*
clăt'ter ing, *making a loud noise.*

HOLLAND.

PART II.

Dutch cities seem, at first sight, to be a bewildering jumble of houses, bridges, churches, and ships, sprouting into masts,

steeples, and trees. In some cities boats are hitched, like horses, to their owners' door-posts, and receive their freight from the upper windows.

Mothers scream to their children not to swing on the garden gate for fear they may be drowned. Water roads are more frequent there than common roads and railroads; water-fences, in the form of lazy green ditches, inclose pleasure-ground, farm, and garden.

Sometimes fine green hedges are seen; but wooden fences, such as we have in America, are rarely met with in Holland. As for stone fences, a Hollander would lift his hands with astonishment at the very idea.

There is no stone there excepting those great masses of rock that have been brought from other lands to strengthen and protect the coast.

All the small stones or pebbles, if there ever were any, seem to be imprisoned in pavements, or quite melted away. Boys, with strong, quick arms, may grow from aprons to full beards without ever finding one to start the water-rings, or set the rabbits flying.

The water roads are nothing less than canals crossing the country in every direction. These are of all sizes, from the great

North Holland Ship Canal, which is the wonder of the world, to those which a boy can leap.

Water-omnibuses constantly ply up and down these roads for the conveyance of passengers; and water-drays are used for carrying fuel and merchandise.

Instead of green country lanes, green canals stretch from field to barn, and from barn to garden; and the farms are merely great lakes pumped dry. Some of the busiest streets are water, while many of the country roads are paved with brick.

The city boats, with their rounded sterns, gilded bows, and gayly-painted sides, are unlike any others under the sun; a Dutch wagon with its funny little crooked pole is a perfect mystery of mysteries.

One thing is clear, you may think that the inhabitants need never be thirsty. But no, Odd-land is true to itself still. With the sea pushing to get in, and the lakes struggling to get out, and the overflowing canals, rivers, and ditches, in many districts there is no water that is fit to swallow.

Our poor Hollanders must go dry, or send

far inland for that precious fluid, older than Adam, yet young as the morning dew.

Sometimes, indeed, the inhabitants can swallow a shower, when they are provided with any means of catching it; but generally they are like the sailors told of in a famous poem, who saw

"Water, water, every-where,
Nor any drop to drink!"

Great flapping windmills all over the country make it look as if flocks of huge sea birds were just settling upon it. Everywhere one sees the funniest trees, bobbed into all sorts of odd shapes, with their trunks painted a dazzling white, yellow, or red.

Horses are often yoked three abreast. Men, women, and children, go clattering about in wooden shoes with loose heels.

Husbands and wives lovingly harness themselves side by side on the bank of the canal and drag their produce to market.

Directions for Reading.—Let pupils practice upon the inflections marked in the following

Model.—"Houses′, bridges′, churches′, and ships`, sprouting into masts′, steeples′, and trees`.

Which words take the ***falling inflection***?

LESSON XL.

whĭsk'ing, *pulling suddenly and with force.*
lŭs'ti er, *stronger; louder.*
of fĕnd'ed, *made angry.*
fa mĭl'iar, *friendly; as of a friend.*
mā'tron ly, *elderly; motherly.*
com mō'tion, *noise; confusion.*
pănt'ed, *breathed quickly.*
sa lūtę', *greeting.*
mūtę, *silent; unable to speak.*
stûr'dy, *strong; powerful.*
kĕr'chĭęfs, *pieces of cloth worn about the head.*
a dọ', *trouble; delay.*
ĭn'mātęs, *the persons in a house.*

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

The wind one morning sprung up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! Now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about.

Then away to the fields it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It pulled by their tails the grave, matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,

Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood silently mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;
Puffing the birds, as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was raising of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane
With a school-boy, who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him, and whirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea;
And the lordly ships felt its powerful blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.

But, lo! it was night, and it sunk to rest
On the sea-birds' rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its frolicsome fun,
How little of mischief it really had done.

Directions for Reading.—Let some pupil in the class state the manner in which the lesson should be read.

Point out four lines that should be read more quietly than the rest of the lesson.

Vary the reading by having parts of lesson read as a concert exercise.

What effect has the repetition of the word ***now,*** in the second and third lines?

Language Lesson.—Let pupils write six sentences, each containing one of the following words, used in such a manner as to show its proper meaning: ***right, write; reed, read; tied, tide.***

Let pupils make out an ***analysis*** of the lesson, and use it in giving the story in their own words.

LESSON XLI.

vĕġ e tā′tion, *every thing that grows out of the ground.*
měth′od, *way; manner.*
tā′per ing, *growing smaller toward the end.*
měn′tioned, *spoken of.*
strŭct′ūre, *arrangement of parts; a building of any kind.*
märsh′y, *wet.*
swamp, *low ground filled with water.*
sprŭng, *started; begun.*

SOMETHING ABOUT PLANTS.

The name plant belongs in a general way to all vegetation, from the tiniest spear of grass or creeping flower one sees on the rocks by the brook-side, to the largest and tallest of forest trees.

Plants are divided into numerous groups or families, and the study of the many species belonging to each family, is very interesting.

There are thousands of kinds of grasses, shrubs, and trees, scattered over the different parts of the earth, and the larger portion of them are in some way useful to mankind.

In speaking of grasses, we are apt to think only of the grass in the meadows, which is the food for our horses and cattle; but there are other kinds of grasses which are just as important to man as the grass

of the meadow is to the beast. These are oats, rye, barley, wheat, corn, and others, all of which belong to the grass family.

Perhaps it appears strange to you to hear wheat and corn called grass, and you ask how can that be.

In the first place, all plants that have the same general form and method of growth, belong to the same family.

Now, if you will pull up a stalk of grass and a stalk of wheat or rye and compare them, you will find that they are alike in all important respects.

The roots of each look like a little bundle of strings or fibers, and are therefore called fibrous; the stalks you will find jointed and hollow; and the leaves are long and narrow, tapering to a point at their ends.

Then, if you examine the seeds, you will see that they are placed near together and form what we call an ear or head, as in an ear of corn, or a head of wheat.

This same general form or structure applies to every one of the plants belonging to the grass family; and in this family are included all the different kinds of canes

and reeds that grow in swamps and marshy places, as well as the bamboo of the tropics.

Shrubs are those plants which have woody stems and branches. They are generally of small size, rarely reaching over twenty feet in height. Small shrubs are usually called bushes.

In this class of plants, the branches generally start close to the ground, and in some cases, a little below the surface of the ground, rising and spreading out in all directions.

The common currant bushes, blackberry bushes, and rose bushes which we see in gardens, are shrubs.

So also are grape-vines, honeysuckles, ivy, and all other creeping vines. These are called climbing plants, because little tendrils or claspers which grow out of their branches, wind around and fasten themselves to any thing in their way.

Trees are the largest and strongest of all plants.

They have woody stems or trunks, and branches. These branches do not, as in shrubs, start close to the ground, but at

some distance above, from which height they extend in different directions.

It is difficult to believe that some of the large trees we see, sprung from small seeds; yet it is true that all trees started in this manner.

The seeds are scattered about by birds and tempests, and falling on the soft ground, where they become covered with leaves and earth, they take root and grow.

Thus the little acorn sprouts, and from it springs the sturdy oak, which is not only the noblest of trees, but lives hundreds of years.

The trunks and branches of trees are protected by a covering called bark. This bark is thicker near the base or root of the tree than it is higher up among the branches.

On some trees, the bark is very rough and shaggy looking, as on the oak, ash, walnut, and pine; on others, the bark is smooth, as on the beech, apple, and birch.

Some trees live for only a few years, rapidly reaching their full growth, and rapidly decaying. The peach-tree is one of this kind.

Other trees live to a great age. An elm-tree has been known to live for three hundred years; a chestnut-tree, six hundred years; and oaks, eight hundred years.

The baobab-tree of Africa lives to be many hundred years old. There is a yew-tree in England that is known to be over two thousand years old.

The "big trees" of California are the largest in the world, although not of so great an age as some that have been mentioned. The tallest of these trees that has yet been discovered, measures over three hundred and fifty feet in height, and the distance around it near the ground is almost one hundred feet. The age of this tree must be between one thousand five hundred and two thousand years.

Directions for Reading.—Let pupils pronounce in concert and singly, the following words: ***corn, stalks, important, form, tall, walnut, horses.***

In the fifth paragraph on page 199, why are ***some*** and ***others*** emphatic?

Mark ***inflections*** of ***oak, ash, walnut,*** and ***pine;*** and of ***beech, apple,*** and ***birch.***

Language Lesson.—Place ***dis*** before each of the following words, and then give the meaning of each of the words so formed.

appear covered able like believe

LESSON XLII.

flŭsh, *bright red color.*
lō͡w'ing, *the bellowing or cry of cattle.*
rāng'ing, *wandering.*
in tĕnt', *determined.*
strīv'ing, *making great efforts.*
pre ṣĕrvḕ', *keep in safety.*
re flĕct'ed, *shining back; thrown back, as by a looking-glass.*
pro ṣēḕd'ed, *went forward.*
chĕckḕd, *stopped.*
blȧsts, *sounds made by blowing.*

A FOREST ON FIRE.

PART I.

We were sound asleep one night, when, about two hours before day, the snorting of our horses and lowing of our cattle, which were ranging in the woods, suddenly awoke us.

I took my rifle and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods.

My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them in great confusion.

On going to the back of the house I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming toward us in a far-extended line.

I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle two of the best horses.

All this was done in a very short time, for I felt that every moment was precious to us.

We then mounted our horses, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, kept close to me; and my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm.

When making off, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house.

By good luck there was a horn attached to my hunting-clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live-stock, as well as the dogs.

The cattle followed for a while; but before an hour had passed they all ran, as if mad, through the woods, and that was the last we saw of them.

My dogs, too, although at all other times easily managed, ran after the deer that in great numbers sprung before us as if fully

aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbors as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same unfortunate condition that we were in ourselves.

Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles off, where the flames might possibly be checked, and we might find a place of safety.

Urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

By this time we were suffering greatly from the effects of the heat, and we were afraid that our horses would be overcome and drop down at any moment.

A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the burning trees shone more brightly than the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale.

The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face that, when she turned toward either of us, our grief and anxiety were greatly increased.

Directions for Reading.—What tone of voice should be used in reading the lesson?

Should the rate of reading be slow or rapid?

Point out two paragraphs requiring a somewhat different rate.

Should the feelings expressed in the lesson be rendered in a quiet or loud tone?

Different inflections are sometimes used, simply to give variety to the reading and not for emphasis.

In the first paragraph, mark *inflection* of ***night, day, horses, cattle, woods, us.***

LESSON XLIII.

de voured', *eaten up greedily, as by wild animals.*
pôr'cu pīne, *a kind of animal.*
smōl'der ing, *burning slowly; smoking.*
in sŭf'fer a ble, *not to be borne.*
shĭft'ed, *moved about; changed position.*
stĭ'fling, *stopping the breath.*
dĭs'mal, *gloomy; cheerless.*
un grāte'ful, *not thankful.*
rĕm'e dĭed, *relieved; cured.*

A FOREST ON FIRE.

PART II.

Ten miles are soon gone over on swift horses; but yet, when we reached the borders of the lake we were quite exhausted, and our hearts failed us. The

heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief.

We reached the shore, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the sheltered side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again.

We plunged down among the rushes, by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves down flat, to await the chance of escaping from being burned or devoured. The water greatly refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a morning may we never again see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened.

All above us was a bright, red glare, mingled with dark, threatening clouds and black smoke, rolling and sweeping away in the distance.

Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching; and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side, and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh.

The night passed, I cannot tell you how. Smoldering fires covered the ground, and

the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other.

The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick around us.

When morning came, every thing about us was calm; but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. What was to become of us I did not know.

My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him and unmanly to despair now.

Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was soon remedied. Several deer were standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted, and after eating it we felt wonderfully strengthened.

By this time the blaze of the burning forest was beyond our sight, although the remains of the fires of the night before were still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees.

After resting for some time, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child in my arms, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and after two weary days and nights of suffering, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last succeeded in reaching the hard woods, which had been free from the fire.

Soon after we came to a house, where we were kindly treated. Since then I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberman; and, thanks to God, we are safe, sound, and happy.

Directions for Reading.—Point out breathing-places in the last paragraph of page 207.

Name the ***emphatic words*** in the last sentence of the lesson.

Mark ***inflection*** in the last line of the lesson.

Pronounce carefully the following words: ***dark, march, hard, calm, hearts.***

Language Lesson.—Let pupils define the following words: ***complete, attract, locate, intent, procrastinate, separate;*** then add to each word as a stem, the ending ***ion,*** and define the words so formed.

Point out the omissions of letters necessary in joining the stems and endings.

Let pupils make out an ***analysis*** in six parts for the last two lessons, and use it in writing or telling the story in their own words.

LESSON XLIV.

pĕąs'ants, *those who work on farms.*
hĕdġe'rōwş, *rows of shrubs or trees used to inclose a space.*
tow'erş, *very high buildings.*
an çĕs'tral, *belonging to a family for a great many years.*
mŏn'arch, *king; ruler.*
roy'al ty, *kings and queens.*
ġĭfts, *things given; presents.*

COMMON GIFTS.

The sunshine is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
Which through the window gleams
Upon the snowy pillow, where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat
Out on the lonely sea,
As well as on the flags which float
On towers of royalty.

The dewdrops of the summer morn
Display their silver sheen
Upon the smoothly shaven lawn,
And on the village green.

There are no gems in monarch's crown
More beautiful than they;
And yet you scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

The music of the birds is heard,
Borne on the passing breeze,
As sweetly from the hedgerows as
From old ancestral trees.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who dwell by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones.

Directions for Reading.—This lesson should be read with a full and clear tone of voice. The thoughts expressed are not of a conversational nature.

In the first stanza, in the contrast between *peasant's*$^{\vee}$ *lowly*$^{\vee}$ *cot*$^{\vee}$ and *noble's*$^{\wedge}$ *painted*$^{\wedge}$ *hall*$^{\wedge}$, the inflections are ***rising circumflexes*** and ***falling circumflexes.***

The ***rising circumflex*** consists of a downward turn of the voice followed by an upward turn; the ***falling circumflex,*** of an upward turn followed by a downward turn.

Let pupils mark the inflections in the last two lines of the poem.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils express the meaning of what is given below in dark type, using a single word for each example.

For ***those who dwell by cottage hearths***
As ***those who sit on thrones.***

LESSON XLV.

re quĕst′, *a wish that is expressed; desire.*
här′bor, *a sheltered place where ships can anchor.*
lō′cāt̤e, *place; choose as a place to live.*
bŏth′er, *trouble.*
bēa̤ch, *the shore of the sea.*
k̤năc̤k, *an easy way of doing any thing.*
in dŭlg̤e̤d′, *gave way to, as to appetite.*
băn′quet, *a very good dinner or other meal.*
rh̤e̤ṳ′ma tĭs̤m, *a painful trouble in the muscles or joints.*

A GHOST STORY.

PART I.

"I have not a room in the house; but if you don't mind going down to the cottage, and coming up here to your meals, I can take you, and would be glad to," said Mrs. Grant, in answer to my request for board.

"Where is the cottage?" and I looked about me, feeling ready to accept any thing in the way of shelter, after the long, hot journey from Boston to breezy York Harbor.

"Right down there—just a step, you see. It's all in order; and next week it will be full, for many folks prefer it because of the quiet."

At the end of a very steep path, which

offered every chance for accidents of all sorts, from a sprained ankle to a broken neck, stood the cottage—a little white building, with a pretty vine over the door, gay flowers in the garden, and the blue Atlantic rolling up at the foot of the cliff.

"A regular 'Cottage by the Sea.' It will suit me exactly if I can have the upper front room. I don't mind being alone; so have my trunk taken down, please, and I'll get ready for tea," said I, feeling very happy on account of my good luck.

Alas, how little I knew what a night of terror I was to pass in that pretty white cottage!

An hour later, refreshed by my tea and the coolness of the place, I plunged into the pleasures of the season, and accepted two invitations for the evening—one to a walk on Sunset Hill, the other to a clam-bake on the beach.

The stroll came first, and on the hill-top we met an old gentleman with a spy-glass, who welcomed me with the remark—

"Pretty likely place for a prospect."

After replying to what he said, I asked the old gentleman if he knew any legend

or stories about the old houses all around us.

"Yes, many of them," he replied; "and it isn't always the old places that have the most stories about 'em.

"Why, that cottage down yonder isn't more'n fifty years old, and they do say there's been a lot of ghosts seen there, owin' to a man's killin' of himself in the back bed-room."

"What! that house at the end of the lane?" I asked, with sudden interest.

"Just so; nice place, but lonesome and dampish. Ghosts and toadstools are apt to locate in houses of that sort," was his mild reply.

The dampness scared me more than the ghosts, for I had never seen a ghost yet; but I had been haunted by rheumatism, and found it a hard thing to get rid of.

"I've taken a room there, so I'm rather interested in knowing what company I'm to have."

"Taken a room, have you? Well, I dare say you won't be troubled. Some folks have a knack of seeing spirits, and then again some haven't.

"My wife is uncommon powerful that way, but I an't; my sight's dreadful poor for that sort."

There was such a sly look in the starboard eye of the old fellow as he spoke, that I laughed outright, and asked, sociably—

"Has she ever seen the ghosts of the cottage? I think I have rather a knack that way, and I'd like to know what to expect."

"No, her sort is the rapping kind. Down yonder, the only ghost I take much stock in is old Bezee Tucker's. Some folks say they've heard him groaning there nights, and a dripping sound; he bled to death, you know.

"It was kept quiet at the time, and is forgotten now by all but a few old fellows like me. Bezee was always polite to the ladies, so I guess he won't bother you, ma'am;" and the old fellow laughed.

"If he does, I'll let you know;" and with that I left him, for I was called and told that the beach party was anxious for my company.

In the delights of that happy hour, I

forgot the warning of the old gentleman on the hill, for I was about to taste a clam for the first time in my life, and it was a most absorbing moment.

Perched about on the rocks like hungry birds, we sat and watched the happy cooks with breathless interest, as they struggled with frying-pans, fish that refused to brown, steaming sea-weed, and hot ashes.

Little Margie Grant waited upon me so prettily, that I should have been tempted to try a sea porcupine if she had offered it, so charming was her way of saying, "O here's a perfectly lovely one! Do take him by his little black head and eat him quick!"

I indulged without thought, in clams, served hot between two shells, little dreaming what a price I was to pay for that banquet.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils use other words to express the meaning of the parts given below in dark type.

"Right down there—***just a step,*** you see."
"***Pretty likely*** place for a prospect."
"The only one I ***take much stock in.***"

Write out in full the words for which ***'em*** and ***an't*** are used.

LESSON XLVI.

quāk'ed, *shook, as with fear.*
chā'os, *a great number of things without order.*
ġi ġăn'tic, *of very great size.*
stĕ'alth'y, *very quiet, so as to escape notice.*
fā'tal, *causing great harm.*
mĭs'sion, *what one is sent to do.*
ĭn'ter vals, *spaces of time.*
thrĭll, *feeling, as of pain or pleasure.*
af fĕct' ing, *making a show of.*
a pŏl'o ġīz', *express sorrow for an act.*
rĕt ri bū'tion, *paying back for one's acts; punishment.*

A GHOST STORY.

PART II.

We staid up till late, and then I was left at my own door by my friends, who informed me that York was a very quiet, safe place, where people slept with unlocked doors, and nothing ever went amiss o' nights.

I said nothing of ghosts, being ashamed to own that I quaked a little at the idea of the "back bed-room," as I shut out the friendly faces and fastened myself in.

A lamp and matches stood in the hall, and lighting the lamp, I whisked up stairs with suspicious rapidity, locked my door, and went to bed, firmly refusing to own even to myself that I had ever heard the name of Bezee Tucker.

Being very tired, I soon fell asleep; but fried potatoes and a dozen or two of hot clams are not kinds of food best fitted to bring quiet sleep, so a fit of nightmare brought me to a realizing sense of my foolishness.

From a chaos of wild dreams was finally brought forth a gigantic clam, whose mission it was to devour me as I had devoured its relatives. The sharp shells were open before me, and a solemn voice said, "Take her by her little head and eat her quick."

Retribution was at hand, and, with a despairing effort to escape by diving, I bumped my head smartly against the wall, and woke up feeling as if there was an earthquake under the bed.

Collecting my scattered wits, I tried to go to sleep again; but alas! that fatal feast had destroyed sleep, and I vainly tried to quiet my wakeful senses with the rustle of leaves about the window and the breaking waves upon the beach.

In one of the pauses between the sounds of the waves, I heard a curious noise in the house—a sort of moan, coming at regular intervals.

And, as I sat up to make out where it was, another sound caught my attentive ear. Drip, drip, drip, went something out in the hall, and in an instant the tale told me on Sunset Hill came back with unpleasant reality.

"Nonsense! It is raining, and the roof leaks," I said to myself, while an unpleasant thrill went through me, and fancy, aided by indigestion, began to people the house with ghostly inmates.

No rain had fallen for weeks, and peeping through my curtain, I saw the big, bright stars shining in a cloudless sky; so that explanation failed, and still the drip, drip, drip went on.

Likewise the moaning—so distinctly now that it was clear that the little back bedroom was next the chamber in which I was quaking at that very moment.

"Some one is sleeping there," I said, and then remembered that all the rooms were locked, and all the keys but mine in Mrs. Grant's pocket, up at the house.

"Well, let the ghosts enjoy themselves; I won't disturb them if they let me alone. Some of the ladies thought me brave to

dare to sleep here, and it never will do to own I was scared by a foolish story and an odd sound."

So down I lay, and said the multiplication table with great determination for several minutes, trying to turn a deaf ear to the outside world and check my unruly thoughts.

But it was a failure; and when I found myself saying over and over "Four times twelve is twenty-four," I gave up affecting courage, and went in for a good, honest scare.

As a cheerful subject for midnight consideration, I kept thinking of B. Tucker, in spite of every effort to give it up. In vain I remembered the fact that the departed gentleman was "always polite to ladies."

I still was in great fear lest he might think it necessary to come and apologize in person for "bothering" me.

Presently a clock struck three, and I gave a moan that beat the ghost's all hollow, so full of deep suffering was I at the thought of several hours of weary waiting.

I was not sure at what time the daylight would appear, and I was bitterly sorry for

not gathering useful information about sunrise, tides, and such things, instead of listening to the foolish gossip of Uncle Peter on the hill-top.

Minute after minute dragged slowly on, and I was just thinking that I should be obliged to shout "Fire!" as the only means of relief in my power, when a stealthy step under the window gave me a new feeling.

Directions for Reading.—To give greater effect to certain parts of the lesson, read them very slowly.

The first line of the last paragraph is a good example of adding *emphasis* by reading slowly.

Point out two other places in the lesson where slow reading would be best.

What word in the last paragraph may be made very emphatic, even to the extent of using the *calling tone* of voice?

Let pupils pronounce in concert, and singly, the following words: ***soon, do, two, foolish, roof, food, room.***

Language Lesson.—Let pupils write statements, each containing one of the following words, used in such a manner as to show its proper meaning: ***beech, beach; sense, scents; fourth, forth; hear, here.***

Give rules for the capital letters in the first three paragraphs of the lesson.

Let pupils place *un* before each of the following words, and then define them.

safe **lock** **heard** **pleasant** **fit**

Define each of the following words formed from *please*, and state in each case what change of meaning occurs.

please **pleasant** **pleasantly** **unpleasantly**

LESSON XLVII.

dăg'ger, *a short sword.*
spĕll, *a feeling which prevents one from moving.*
brăn'dished, *raised and moved in different directions.*
in spīr'ing, *making one feel.*
awe, *deep fear.*
de mănd'ed, *asked as a right.*
pŭn-et'ū al, *always on time.*
ro măn'çe', *a story of surprising adventures.*
bûr'glar, *one who breaks into a house at night.*
ĕŭs'tom, *a way or a manner of doing things.*
reign'ed, *ruled; held power.*

A GHOST STORY.

PART III.

This was a start, not a scare—for the new visitor was a human foe, and I had little fear of such, being possessed of good lungs, strong arms, and a Roman dagger nearly as big as a carving-knife.

The step that I had just heard broke the spell, and creeping noiselessly to the window, I peeped out to see a dark figure coming up the stem of the tall tree close by, hand-over-hand, like a sailor or a monkey.

"Two can play at that game, my friend; you scare me, and I'll scare you." And with an actual sense of relief in breaking the silence, I suddenly flung up the curtain, and leaned out.

I brandished my dagger with what I intended to be an awe-inspiring screech; but, owing to the flutter of my breath, the effort ended in a curious mixture of howl and bray.

A most effective sound, nevertheless; for the burglar dropped to the ground as if he had been shot, and, with one upward glance at the white figure dimly seen in the starlight, fled as if a thousand ghosts were at his heels.

"What next?" thought I, wondering whether this eventful night would ever come to a close.

I sat and waited, chilly but brave, while the strange sounds went on within the house and silence reigned without, till the cheerful crow of the punctual "cockadoo," as Margie called him, told me that it was sunrise and laid the ghosts.

A red glow in the east drove away my last fear, and I soon lay down and slept quietly, quite worn out.

The sun shining upon my face waked me, and a bell ringing warned me to hurry. A childish voice calling out, "Betfast is most weady, Miss Wee," assured me that

sweet little spirits haunted the cottage as well as ghostly ones.

As I left my room to join Margie, who was waiting for me, I saw two things which caused me to feel that the horrors of the night were not all unreal.

Just outside the back bed-room door was a damp place, as if that part of the floor had been newly washed; and when led by curiosity, I peeped through the keyhole of the haunted chamber, my eye distinctly saw an open razor lying on a dusty table.

My seeing was limited to that one object, but it was quite enough. I went up the hill thinking over the terrible secret hidden in my breast.

I longed to tell some one, but was ashamed; and, when asked why I was so pale and absent-minded, I answered with a gloomy smile—

"It is the clams."

All day I hid my sufferings pretty well, but as night approached and I thought of sleeping again in that haunted cottage, my heart began to fail. As we sat telling stories in the dusk, a bright idea came into my head.

I would relate my ghost story, and rouse the curiosity of my hearers, so that some of them would offer to stay at the cottage in hopes of seeing the spirit of the restless Tucker.

Cheered by this fancy, when my turn came I made a thrilling tale about Bezee Tucker and my night's adventure. After my hearers were worked up to a proper state of excitement, I paused for applause.

It came in a most unexpected form, however, for Mrs. Grant burst out laughing, and the two boys—Johnny and Joe—rolled about in convulsions of merriment.

Much displeased, I demanded the cause of their laughter, and then joined in the general shout when Mrs. Grant informed me that Bezee Tucker lived, died in, and haunted the tumble-down house at the other end of the lane, and not the cottage where I was staying.

"Then who or what made those mysterious noises?" I asked, relieved but rather displeased at the downfall of my romance.

"My brother Seth," replied Mrs. Grant, still laughing. "I thought you might be afraid to be there all alone, so he slipped

into the bed-room, and I forgot to tell you. He's a powerful snorer, and that's one of the awful sounds.

"The other was the dripping of salt water; for you wanted some, and the girl got it in a leaky pail. Seth swept out the water when he left the cottage early in the morning."

I said nothing about having seen through the keyhole the harmless razor; but wishing to get some praise for my heroic encounter with the burglar, I mildly asked if it was the custom in York for men as well as turkeys to roost in trees.

Another burst of laughter from the boys did away with my last hope of glory. As soon as he could speak, Joe answered—

"Johnny planned to be up early to pick the last cherries off that tree. I wanted to get ahead of him, and as I was going a-fishing, I went off quietly before daylight."

"Did you get the cherries?" I asked, bound to have some laugh on my side.

"Guess I didn't," grumbled Joe, rubbing his knees, while Johnny added—

"He got a horrid scare and a right good

scraping, for he didn't know any one was down there. Couldn't go a-fishing, either—he was so lame—and I had the cherries after all. Served him right, didn't it?"

No answer was necessary. Mrs. Grant went off to repeat the tale in the kitchen, and the sounds of hearty laughter that I heard, assured me that Seth was enjoying the joke as well as the rest of us.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils make out an ***analysis*** for so much of the last three lessons as may be included under the subject—"A Night at the Cottage."

Suggestion.—The ***analysis*** of ***simple subjects***, and their treatment, orally or in writing, are valuable exercises, and should be assigned to pupils as frequently as possible during the whole of their school life.

LESSON XLVIII.

mĕl'o dy, *sounds pleasant to the ear.*
chănt'ed, *sung in a simple melody.*
witch, *a person supposed to deal with evil spirits.*
trŭmp'et, *a hollow piece of metal used to make music.*
hăr'mo ny, *the effect produced by uniting two or more different parts in music.*

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost;

And said, as her tear-drop back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Children said, as they closer drew,
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black
night through—
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man, and Woman, and Child—all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."

Directions for Reading.—The first two lines of each stanza may be read more slowly and with a fuller tone of voice than the rest of the stanza.

Notice that the words of special ***emphasis*** throughout the poem begin with capital letters.

Mark ***inflections*** in the last four lines of the first and last stanzas.

LESSON XLIX.

sĕl′dŏm, *not often; rarely.*
jŭn′glĕs, *places covered with trees and brushwood.*
tŏŭgh (tŭf), *not easily separated.*
ap pâr′ent ly, *seemingly; in appearance.*
a cūtē′, *quick in action; sharp.*
chärġ′eş, *rushes forward.*
grăm′pus, *a kind of fish.*
re şūmēd′, *started again; took up again.*
hĭd′e ŏŭs, *horrid to look at.*
de strŭc′tion, *death; entire loss.*
re şĭst′, *stand against.*
dĕs′per ate, *without hope or care.*
ex cûr′sionş, *journeys; rambles.*

THE RHINOCEROS.

Next to the mighty elephant, the rhinoceros is the largest and strongest of animals. There are several species of the rhinoceros, some of which are found in Asia, and others in different parts of Africa.

In the latter country there are four varieties—the black rhinoceros, having a single horn; the black species having two horns; the long-horned white rhinoceros; and the common white species, which has a short, stubby horn.

The largest of the African species is the long-horned, white, or square-nosed rhinoceros. When full-grown, it sometimes measures eighteen feet in length, and about the same around the body. Its horn frequently reaches a length of thirty inches.

The black rhinoceros, although much smaller than the white, and seldom having a horn over eighteen inches long, is far more ferocious than the white species, and possesses a wonderful degree of strength.

The form of the rhinoceros is clumsy, and its appearance dull and heavy. The limbs are thick and powerful, and each foot has three toes, which are covered with broad, hoof-like nails.

The tail is small; the head very long and large. Taken altogether, there are few —if any—animals that compare with the rhinoceros in ugliness.

The eyes are set in such a manner that the animal can not see any thing exactly in front of it; but the senses of hearing and smelling are so keen that sight is not required to detect an enemy, whether it be man or beast.

The skin of the African rhinoceros is smooth, and has only a few scattering hairs here and there. It is, however, very thick and tough, and can resist the force of a rifle-ball unless it is fired from a very short distance.

The largest known species of the rhi-

noceros is found in Asia. It lives chiefly in the marshy jungles, and on the banks of lakes and rivers in India. Some of this species are over five feet in height, and have horns three feet in length and eighteen inches around the base.

Unlike the African rhinoceros, the skin of the Asiatic species is not smooth, but lies in thick folds upon the body, forming flaps which can be lifted with the hand.

The food of the rhinoceros consists of roots, and the young branches and leaves of trees and shrubs.

It plows up the roots with the aid of its horn, and gathers the branches and leaves with the upper lip which is long and pointed, and with which the food is rolled together before placing it in the mouth.

The flesh of the rhinoceros is good to eat; and its strong, thick skin is made by the natives, into shields, whips, and other articles.

Though clumsy and apparently very stupid, the rhinoceros is a very active animal when attacked or otherwise alarmed, dashing about with wonderful rapidity.

It is very fierce and savage—so much so that the natives dread it more than they do the lion. In hunting the animal, it is dangerous for a man to fire at one unless he is mounted upon a swift horse, and can easily reach some place of safety.

When attacking an enemy, the rhinoceros lowers its head and rushes forward like an angry goat. Though it may not see the object of its attack, the sense of smell is so acute that it knows about when the enemy is reached.

Then begins a furious tossing of the head, and if the powerful horn strikes the foe, a terrible wound is the result.

When wounded itself, the rhinoceros loses all sense of fear, and charges again and again with such desperate fury that the enemy is almost always overcome.

A famous traveler in South Africa relates the following incident that happened during one of his hunting excursions:

"Having proceeded about two miles, I came upon a black rhinoceros, feeding on some Wait-a-bit thorns within fifty yards of me.

"I fired from the saddle, and sent a bul-

let in behind his shoulder, when he rushed forward, blowing like a grampus, and then stood looking about him.

"Presently he started off, and I followed. I expected that he would come to bay, but it seems a rhinoceros never does that—a fact I did not know at that time.

"Suddenly he fell flat upon the ground; but soon recovering his feet, he resumed his course as if nothing had happened.

"I spurred on my horse, dashed ahead, and rode right in his path. Upon this, the hideous monster charged me in the most resolute manner, blowing loudly through his nostrils.

"Although I quickly turned about, he followed me at such a furious pace for several hundred yards, with his horrid horny snout within a few yards of my horse's tail, that I thought my destruction was certain.

"The animal, however, suddenly turned and ran in another direction. I had now become so excited with the incident, that I determined to give him one more shot any way.

"Nerving my horse again, I made an-

other dash after the rhinoceros, and coming up pretty close to him, I again fired, though with little effect, the ball striking

some thick portion of his skin and doing no harm.

"Feeling that I did not care to run the chance of the huge brute again charging

me, and believing that my rifle-ball was not powerful enough to kill him, I determined to give up the pursuit, and accordingly let him run off while I returned to the camp."

Directions for Reading.—Let pupils mark *inflections* in the first sentence of the lesson.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils express in other words the meaning of what is given below in dark type.

"I expected that he would *come to bay.*"

LESSON L.

pĕr′il, *great danger that is near one.*
prụ′dent, *careful in regard to what may happen.*
c͡ŏn′fi dençe, *courage; freedom from doubt.*
o͡c c͡ā′şion, *a chance event; an incident.*
tŏr′rents, *violent streams, as of water.*
fōrd, *a place to cross a river.*
per suād′ed, *influenced by advice.*
ŏp′po şīte, *on the other side; in front of.*
frăn′tic, *without power to act properly.*
hĕr′o ĭşm, *great courage, which makes one willing to face danger of any kind.*
rĕş′o lūte, *decided; firm.*
af fe͡c′tion ate, *kind and loving.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Many years ago, there lived on the banks of the Naugatuck River, in Connecticut, a family by the name of Bishop.

The father was not wealthy, but a good man, and respected by all who knew him. He had fought in the battles of his country during the Revolutionary War, and was familiar with scenes of danger and peril.

He had learned that it is always more prudent to preserve an air of confidence in danger, than to show signs of fear, and especially so, since his conduct might have a great influence upon the minds of those about him.

On one occasion he sent his son James, a boy twelve years old, across the river to the house of a relative, on an errand. As there was no bridge or ferry, all who crossed the river were obliged to ford it.

James was familiar with every part of the fording-place, and when the water was low, which was the case at this time, there was no danger in crossing.

Mounted on one of his father's best horses, James set out. He crossed the river, and soon reached the house of his relatives.

He was ready to start on his return, when suddenly the heavens became black with clouds, the wind blew with great violence, and the rain fell in torrents.

It was late in the afternoon, and as his relatives feared to have him attempt to reach home in such a storm, they persuaded him to remain over night and wait until daylight before starting for home.

His father suspected the cause of James' delay, and was not over anxious on his account. He knew that the boy was prudent, and did not fear that any accident would happen to him during the night.

But he knew that he had taught James to obey his commands in every particular, and as the boy possessed a daring and fearless spirit, that he would attempt to ford the river as soon as it was light enough in the morning.

He knew, also, that the immense quantity of water that appeared to be falling, would cause the river to rise to a considerable height by morning, and make it very dangerous even for a strong man to attempt to cross it.

The thought of what might befall his child caused Mr. Bishop to pass a sleepless night; for although he was very strict with his children, he possessed an affectionate nature and loved them dearly.

The day dawned; the storm had ceased; the wind was still, and nothing was to be heard but the roar of the river.

The rise of the river was even greater than Mr. Bishop expected, and as soon as it was light enough for him to see objects across it, he took up a position on the bank to watch for the approach of his son.

James arrived on the opposite shore at the same time, and his horse was beginning to enter the stream.

All his father's feelings were roused into action, for he knew that his son was in fearful danger. James had already proceeded too far to return—in fact, to go forward or back was equally dangerous.

His horse had arrived at the deepest part of the river, and was struggling against the current. The animal was being hurried down the stream, and apparently making but little progress toward the shore.

James became very much alarmed. Raising his eyes toward the landing-place, he discovered his father. Almost frantic with fear, he exclaimed, "O father, father! I shall drown! I shall drown!"

"No," replied his father, in a stern and

resolute tone of voice, dismissing for a moment his feelings of tenderness; "if you do, I will whip you severely. Cling to your horse! Cling to your horse!"

The son, who feared his father more than he did the raging river, obeyed the command; and the noble animal on which he was mounted, struggling for some time, carried him safe to shore.

"My son!" exclaimed the glad father, bursting into tears, "remember, hereafter, that in danger you must possess courage, and being determined to save your life, cling to the last hope!

"If I had replied to you with the tenderness and fear which I felt, you might have lost your life; you would have lost your presence of mind, been carried away by the current, and I should have seen you no more."

What a noble example is this! The heroism of this father and his presence of mind saved the life of his boy.

Directions for Reading.—In ***calling tones,*** as on pages 237 and 238, notice that the falling inflections only can be used.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils make out an ***analysis,*** and use it in telling the story in their own words.

LESSON LI.

rŭg′ĝed, *full of rough places.*
con çēa̤lẹ̀d′, *covered over; hidden.*
ra vïnẹ̀s′, *deep and narrow hollow places.*
prĕç′i pĭçẹ̀, *a very steep place.*
dĭs′lo cāt ed, *thrown out of joint.*
mĭs′er y, *great unhappiness.*
ĕv′i dençẹ̀, *signs; that which is shown.*
de sc̣ĕnt′, *going down.*
hăz′ards, *dangers; difficulties.*
toil, *hard work.*
pro jĕct′ing, *hanging over.*

HALBERT AND HIS DOG.

Far up in the Highlands of Scotland lived Malcolm, a shepherd, with his wife and his son Halbert.

Their little cottage was far from any village, and could only be reached by a rugged path through the mountains.

One evening Halbert's mother was taken very ill, and Malcolm made preparations to go to the village to obtain some medicine for her.

"Father," said Halbert, "I know the path through the dark glen better than you. Shag will walk before me, and I will be quite safe. Let me go for the doctor, and you stay at home and comfort mother."

Old Shag, the dog, stood by, wagging his tail and looking up into Malcolm's face as

if to say, "Yes, master, I will take good care of Halbert. Let him go."

Malcolm did not like to have his boy undertake a journey of so much peril, as the snow was falling in heavy flakes, and it was growing very dark. But the boy again repeated his request, and Malcolm gave his consent.

Halbert had been accustomed to the mountains from his earliest boyhood, and Shag set out with his young master, not seeming to care for wind, snow, or storm.

They reached the village safely. Halbert saw the doctor, received some medicine for his mother, and then started on his return home with a cheerful heart.

Shag trotted along before him to see that all was right. Suddenly, however, in one of the most dangerous parts of the rocky path, he stopped and began snuffing and smelling about.

"Go on, Shag," said Halbert.

Shag would not stir.

"Shag, go on, sir," repeated the boy. "We are nearly at the top of the glen. Look through the dark, and you can see the candle shining through our window."

Shag disobeyed for the first time in his life, and Halbert advanced ahead of him, heedless of the warning growl of his companion.

He had proceeded but a few steps when he fell over a precipice, the approach to which had been concealed by the snow.

It was getting late in the night, and Malcolm began to be alarmed at the long absence of Halbert. He placed the candle so as to throw the light over his boy's path, piled wood on the great hearth fire, and often went to the door.

But no footstep sounded on the crackling ice; no figure darkened the wide waste of snow.

"Perhaps the doctor is not at home, and he is waiting for him," said Halbert's mother. She felt so uneasy at her boy's absence, that she almost forgot her own pain.

It was midnight when Malcolm heard the well-known bark of the faithful Shag.

"O there is Halbert!" cried both parents at the same moment. Malcolm sprang to the door and opened it, expecting to see his son,

But alas! Halbert was not there. Shag was alone. The old dog entered the door, and began to whine in a piteous manner.

"O Malcolm, Malcolm, my brave son has perished in the snow!" exclaimed the mother.

Malcolm stood wondering. His heart beat rapidly. A fear that the worst had happened almost overcame him. At that moment he saw a small package around the dog's neck.

Seizing it in his hands, he exclaimed, "No, wife; look! Our boy lives! Here is the medicine, tied with his handkerchief; he has fallen into one of the deep ravines, but he is safe.

"I will go out, and Shag shall go with me. He will conduct me safely to the rescue of my child."

In an instant Shag was again on his feet, and gave evidence of great joy as he left the cottage with his old master.

You may imagine the misery and grief the poor mother suffered—alone in her mountain dwelling; the certainty of her son's danger, and the fear that her husband also might perish.

Shag went on straight and steadily for some distance after he left the cottage. Suddenly he turned down a path which led to the foot of the precipice over which Halbert had fallen.

The descent was steep and dangerous, and Malcolm was frequently obliged to support himself by clinging to the frozen branches of the trees.

At last Malcolm stood on the lower and opposite edge of the pit into which his son had fallen. He called to him, "Halbert! Halbert!" He looked in every direction, but could not see or hear any thing.

Shag was making his way down a very steep and dangerous ledge of rocks, and Malcolm resolved at all hazards to follow him.

After getting to the bottom, Shag scrambled to a projecting rock, which was covered with snow, and commenced whining and scratching in a violent manner.

Malcolm followed, and after some search found what appeared to be the dead body of his son. He hastily tore off the jacket, which was soaked with blood and snow, and wrapping Halbert in his great cloak,

took him upon his shoulders, and with much toil and difficulty reached the path again, and soon had his boy at home.

Halbert was placed in his mother's bed, and by using great exertion, they aroused him from his dangerous sleep.

He was much bruised and had his ankle dislocated, but was not otherwise hurt. When he recovered his senses, he fixed his eyes on his mother, and his first words were, "Did you get the medicine, mother?"

When he fell, Shag had descended after him. The affectionate son used what little strength he had left to tie the medicine that he had received from the doctor around the dog's neck, and then sent him home with it.

You may be sure that Shag was well taken care of after this incident. Even after Halbert became a man Shag was his constant companion, and he lived to a good old age.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils add ***ship*** to each of the following words, and then give their meaning.

friend hard relation partner fellow

Make out an ***analysis*** of the lesson, and use it in telling the story in your own words.

LESSON LII.

ĕbb′ing, *flowing out; falling.*
brēāk′ers, *waves breaking into foam against the shore.*
māin, *the great sea; the ocean.*
rēef, *a row or chain of rocks.*
dis māyed′, *having lost courage.*
strănd, *beach; shore.*
trĕach′er ous, *likely to do harm*
vĭc′tor, *a successful warrior.*
shroud′ing, *covering over.*
mûrk′y, *gloomy; dark.*
bēā′con, *a signal fire or light.*

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
Over the rocks, so rugged and brown,
And the cruel sea, with a hungry roar,
Dashes its breakers along the shore;
But steady and clear, with a constant ray,
The star of the light-house shines alway.

The ships come sailing across the main,
But the harbor mouth is hard to gain,
For the treacherous reef lies close beside,
And the rocks are bare at the ebbing tide,
And the blinding fog comes down at night,
Shrouding and hiding the harbor light.

The sailors, sailing their ships along,
Will tell you a tale of the light-house strong;
How once, when the keeper was far away,
A terrible storm swept down the bay,
And two little children were left to keep
Their awesome watch with the angry deep.

The fair little sister wept, dismayed,
But the brother said, "I am not afraid;
There's One who ruleth on sea and land,
And holds the sea in His mighty hand;
For mercy's sake I will watch to-night,
And feed, for the sailors, the beacon light."

So the sailors heard through the murky shroud
The fog-bell sounding its warning loud!
While the children, up in the lonely tower,
Tended the lamp in the midnight hour,
And prayed for any whose souls might be
In deadly peril by land or sea.

Ghostly and dim, when the storm was o'er,
The ships rode safely, far off the shore,
And a boat shot out from the town that lay
Dusk and purple, across the bay,
She touched her keel to the light-house strand,
And the eager keeper leaped to land.

And swiftly climbing the light-house stair,
He called to his children, young and fair;
But, worn with their toilsome watch, they slept,
While slowly o'er their foreheads crept
The golden light of the morning sun,
Like a victor's crown, when his palm is won.

"God bless you, children!" the keeper cried;
"God bless thee, father!" the boy replied.
"I dreamed that there stood beside my bed
A beautiful angel, who smiled and said,
'Blessed are they whose love can make
Joy of labor, for mercy's sake!'"

Directions for Reading.—Mark the *inflection* of the following lines.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down.

The fair little sister wept, dismayed,
But the brother said, "I am not afraid."

Name the *emphatic words* in the lines just quoted. State whether the emphasis falls upon words that are inflected.

Language Lesson.—Why is the sea called *cruel* and its roar *hungry?* Give two examples of a similar use of words.

LESSON LIII.

ŏc′ eu pant, *one who is in possession of a thing.*
ac quīr̤ḛd′, *gained.*
mī′ ero sc̄ōpḛ, *a glass so formed as to make small objects appear large.*
slŭg′ ĝish, *slow; stupid.*
in spĕc′ ing, *looking at with attention.*
com pōs̤ḛd′, *made up.*
sē′ rĭēs̤, *a number of things in order.*
stŭb′ bed, *short and thick.*
dis tûr̤bḛd′, *interfered with.*

THE CATERPILLAR AND BUTTERFLY.

Last summer, when the trees were covered with green leaves, and when the little stream was sparkling and dancing in the sun, there appeared in the garden a large caterpillar of many colors, and about as pretty as a caterpillar could be.

All day long it was nibbling the green leaves, and leaf after leaf disappeared before it with wonderful rapidity. It seemed to live only for eating.

As autumn came on, it quite lost its appetite; so much so, that even the tenderest and most juicy leaves could not tempt it to eat any more. It grew dull and stiff, and lost all interest in life.

Feeling that some change was about to happen, it crawled into a little hole in the old garden wall. It wrapped itself up in a

cobweb, and fell into a long sleep, during which it became changed from a caterpillar into a dried-up, dead-looking grub or chrysalis.

It remained in this state through all the long winter, till the snow and frost had gone, and the cold March winds were over.

In April the trees burst forth with their bright green leaves, and the grass looked fresh under the power of the warm rains.

In May the many-tinted flowers appeared, filling the air with their sweetness, and brightening the fields and gardens with their gay colors.

At this time another great change came over the old grub. It showed signs of life again; but it was now no longer a caterpillar—it was something else.

It wriggled and turned in its narrow little home, and seemed anxious to get out and look at the sunshine and flowers. It bumped its head up and down until it succeeded in pushing off a little door.

When the door was off, and the bright sunlight shone in, this little occupant of the chrysalis took a look at itself.

It saw that during its long winter's nap, it had acquired a pair of beautiful wings, and its legs had grown longer and stronger than they were before.

Crawling out of the chrysalis, and taking a position on a branch of the tree, it discovered that instead of a caterpillar, it was now a beautiful butterfly.

It was a kind that is called the swallow-tail butterfly, because each of its wings tapered to a point, something like the tail of a swallow. We will call the butterfly, Miss Swallow-tail, and now let us see what her next move was.

Her wings were damp and heavy, and she stood shivering and trembling; for although she had six legs, they were weak, having never before borne such a weight.

But fresh air brings strength; so she soon felt like trying to walk. At first her movements were sluggish, but she finally reached a sunny spot where she dried and warmed herself, giving her wings a little shake now and then, until they opened grandly above her back.

And how beautiful they were! Dark brown, bordered with two rows of yellow

spots; and there were seven blue spots on each of the hind wings.

As she stood there in the sun, a little wind came along and raised Miss Swallow-tail off her feet. She spread her wings to keep from falling, and found herself floating in the air.

This proved to be such a delightful way of traveling, that she lifted her wings occasionally, and so kept herself floating; and in a short time she learned to turn in any direction she chose.

As she flew along, growing stronger every minute, she was attracted by the bright colors of a flower, and stopped to admire it.

The sweet perfume tempted her to taste, and unrolling her long tongue from under her chin, where she carried it, she put it down into the flower and drew up the honey hidden there.

Miss Swallow-tail had wonderful eyes. All butterflies have wonderful eyes. If you will look at them through a microscope you will find that each eye is composed of a great many smaller ones, that can see in all directions.

They have great need of such eyes, be-

cause there are so many birds and other hungry creatures, that want to eat them.

One day a whiff of celery coming from a garden near by, reminded Miss Swallow-tail of the time when she was a baby and liked to eat celery.

So she flew over into the garden, and fastened her eggs to a celery bush with some glue that she carried with her. Then she left them and never thought of them again.

In about ten days the babies that had been growing inside of the eggs, broke open the shells and crawled out. And what do you think they were? Butterflies? like their mamma, only very much smaller?

No, indeed! for you know butterflies never grow any larger. They were the smallest green and black worms you ever saw!

As soon as they were out of the shells, they began eating the celery, and grew so fast that in a week they were quite large worms.

They were covered with green rings and black rings dotted with yellow. They each had sixteen short legs, and they had a flesh-colored, Y-shaped horn hidden away

under a ring above the head, that they would show when they were disturbed.

One morning the gardener discovered that something was eating his celery. Searching among the leaves he found all but one of the little worms, and put them where they could do no more mischief.

Soon the little worm that had escaped his notice, had grown so fat that he was too stupid to eat any more; so he crawled away to a dark place on the fence and fastened himself there.

But first he covered a small spot of the fence with a white, silken carpet, that he wove from a web which he drew from his under lip.

He then glued the end of a web to the carpet, carried the rest of it up over his breast, and down on the other side and fastened it there.

He then bent his head down under it, letting it pass over his head, and by bending forward and backward worked it down near the middle of his back. After inspecting his work, he bent his head upon his breast, and leaned against the fence.

After resting two days, he began a series

of twistings and turnings that burst open his skin from the corners of his mouth down a short way, and worked it all off himself.

He drew his head in out of sight, and sent out a stubbed horn on each side of it, and lo! no worm was to be seen!—but a chrysalis, like the one his mother was sleeping in when we first found her.

Directions for Reading.—Let pupils read the following lines, and then mark the *inflection*.

"And what do you think they were? Butterflies? like their mamma, only very much smaller?"

Does the first question expect the answer *yes* or *no*?

Do the last two questions expect the answer *yes* or *no*?

What would be the inflections used in the following questions? What kind of an answer is expected to each question?

"Where are you going?"
"Are you coming back again?"

Fill blanks in the following statements.

Questions which may be answered by *yes* or *no*, regularly require the —— inflection.

Questions which can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, regularly require the —— inflection.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils copy the following words.

seize	**chief**	**grief**	**fear**	**beach**
receive	**relief**	**believe**	**weary**	**beacon**

Write sentences, each containing one of the preceding words, used in such a way as to show its meaning.

LESSON LIV.

ŏb′sti natę, *determined to have one's own way.*
vĭ′cĭŭs, *not well tamed; given to bad tricks.*
sub dūęd′, *made gentle; overcome.*
swẽrvę, *turn from a direct line.*
squąd′ron, *a number of horses drawn up together.*
plī′a blę, *capable of being turned or bent.*
strōvę, *attempted; tried hard.*
ex çēęd′ed, *went beyond.*
thŏng, *a long strip of leather.*

WILD HORSES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

At the time of the discovery of America there were no wild horses in any part of the continent.

Soon, however, some of the horses brought over from Europe by the early settlers, wandered away, and now wild horses are to be met with in large numbers, in some cases as many as a thousand at a time.

They appear to be under the command of a leader, the strongest and boldest of the herd, whom they obey.

When threatened with danger, at some signal, understood by them all, they either close together and trample their enemy to death, or form themselves into a circle and welcome him with their heels.

The leader first faces the danger, and

when he finds it prudent to retreat, all follow his rapid flight.

Byron thus describes a troop of wild horses:

"A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!
I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein.
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea.
On came the troop . . .
They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly."

The capture and breaking in of wild horses in America are described by Miers as follows—

"The lasso is used by the natives of South America. It is a very strong braided thong, half an inch thick, and forty feet long, made of many strips of rawhide, braided like a whip-thong, and made soft and pliable by rubbing with grease.

"It has at one end an iron ring, about an inch and a half in diameter, through which the thong is passed, forming a running noose.

"The herdsmen—gauchos, as they are called—are generally mounted on horseback when they use the lasso. One end of the thong is attached to the saddle; the remainder is coiled in the left hand, except about twelve feet belonging to the noose end, which is held in a coil in the right hand.

"This long noose is then swung around the head, the weight of the iron ring at the end of the noose assisting in giving to it, by a continued circular motion, a sufficient force to project it the whole length of the line.

"The gauchos drive the wild horses into a corral, which is a circular space surrounded by rough posts firmly driven into the ground. The corral," relates Miers, "was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones about two or three years old.

"The chief gaucho, mounted on a strong, steady horse, rode into the corral, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse and dragged him to the gate.

"For some time he was very unwilling to lose his companions; but the moment he was forced out of the corral his first idea was to gallop away; however, a timely jerk of the lasso checked him.

"Some of the gauchos now ran after him on foot, and threw a lasso over his fore legs, and jerking it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly that I really thought the fall had killed him.

"In an instant a gaucho was seated on his head. They then put a piece of hide in his mouth to serve for a bit, and a strong hide halter on his head, and allowed him to get on his feet.

"While two men held the horse by his ears, the gaucho who was to mount him fastened on the saddle, and then quickly sprung into it.

"The horse instantly began to jump in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat; however, the gaucho's spurs soon set him going, and off he galloped, doing every thing in his power to throw his rider.

"Then another horse was brought from the corral; and so quickly was every thing

done that twelve gauchos were mounted in less than an hour.

"It was wonderful to see the different manner in which different horses behaved. Some would actually scream while the gauchos were fastening the saddle upon their backs, and some would instantly lie down and roll upon it.

"Others would stand without being held, their legs stiff and in unnatural positions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking vicious and obstinate.

"It was now curious to look around and see the gauchos trying to bring their horses back to the corral, which is the most difficult part of their work, for the poor creatures had been so scared there that they were unwilling to return to the place.

"At last they brought the horses back, apparently subdued and broken in. The saddles and bridles were taken off, and the young horses trotted off towards the corral, neighing to one another.

"When a gaucho wishes to take a wild horse, he mounts a horse that has been used to the sport, and gallops over the plain.

"As soon as he comes near his victim, the lasso is thrown round the two hind-legs, and as the gaucho rides a little on

one side, the jerk throws the wild horse without doing injury to his knees or his face.

"Before the horse can recover from the shock, the rider dismounts, and snatching

his cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the fallen animal's head.

"He then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, fastens a saddle on his back, and, mounting him, removes the cloak.

"Upon this the astonished horse springs to his feet, and attempts to throw off his new master, who sits calmly on his back.

"By a treatment which never fails, the gaucho brings the horse to such complete obedience that he is soon trained to give his whole speed and strength to the capture of his companions."

Directions for Reading.—Let pupils pronounce in concert, and singly, the following words: ***I, hide, side, rides, flight, wild, finds, retire, describe.***

Mark the inflection of the last six lines of poetry on page 256.

What ***inflection*** is used (1) to keep up the interest?—(2) to show hesitation?—(3) to express a decided opinion?—(4) to give the conclusion of a story?—(5) to ask a question that may be answered by ***yes*** or ***no?***—(6) to ask a question that can not be answered by ***yes*** or ***no?***

Let pupils state the special uses of ***inflection*** shown in the following examples.

I, I think perhaps you may go.
I know that you may go.
They silently went away.

Yesterday, about three o'clock, just as we were preparing to go home, suddenly we heard a band of music.

LESSON LV.

ea rēēr', *course of life.*
ģĕn'er ŭs, *free in giving aid to others.*
chăr'i ty, *good will; desire to aid others.*
in hĕr'it ed, *came into possession of.*
in jŭs'tĭçe, *wrong-doing.*
ac cūsed', *charged with a fault.*
hĕş i tā'tion, *delay.*
pre scrĭp'tion, *an order for medicine.*
flŏr'inş, *pieces of money, each valued at about fifty cents.*
pĕn'sion, *money paid for service in war.*
re stōr'ing, *giving back.*
phy şĭ'cian, *doctor of medicine.*

AN EMPEROR'S KINDNESS.

Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, was a generous, warm-hearted man, who took great delight in doing acts of kindness and charity.

One time, as he was passing through the streets of Vienna, dressed as a private gentleman, his attention was attracted to a boy about twelve years old, who timidly approached, and seemed anxious to speak to him.

"What do you wish, my little friend?" said the gentleman. His voice was so tender, and he had such a kindly look in his eyes, that the boy had courage to say:

"O sir, you are very good to speak to me so kindly. I believe you will not refuse to do something for me."

"I should be sorry to refuse you," replied the gentleman; "but why are you begging? You appear to be something better than a beggar; your voice and your manner show it."

"I am not a beggar, sir," replied the boy, as a tear trickled down his cheek. "My father was a brave officer in the army. Owing to illness, he was obliged to leave the service, and was granted a pension by the emperor.

"With this pension he supported our family; but a few months ago he died, and we are left very poor indeed."

"Poor child!" said the gentleman. "Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sir, she is; and I have two brothers who are at home with her now. She has been unable to leave her bed for weeks, and one of us must watch beside her, while the others go out to beg."

Saying this, the poor boy tried very hard to keep back the great tears, but they would come in spite of all he could do to stop them.

"Well, well, my boy," said the gentleman, "do not feel so unhappy; I will see

what can be done to help you. Is there a physician to be found near you?"

"There are two, sir, only a little way from where we live."

"That is well. Now you go at once and have one of them visit your mother. Here is money, not only for the physician, but for other things to feed you and make you comfortable."

"O sir," said the boy, as he looked upon the gentleman in amazement, "how can I thank you enough? This money will save my mother's life, and keep my brothers from want."

"Never mind, my child; go and get the physician."

The boy obeyed, and the good emperor having learned the situation of the house where the boy's mother lived, bent his steps in that direction, and soon arrived there.

The room in which he found the poor woman gave evidence of great misery.

She was lying on a low bedstead, and though still young, her face was pale and thin from sickness and want. Very little furniture of any kind was to be seen, for

the mother had disposed of nearly all she possessed to obtain bread for her children.

When the emperor entered the room, the widow and her children looked at him in astonishment. They did not know he was their emperor.

"I am a physician, madam," said he, bowing respectfully; "your neighbors have informed me of your illness, and I am come to offer what service may be in my power."

"Alas! sir," she answered with some hesitation, "I have no means of paying you for your attention."

"Do not distress yourself on that account; I shall be fully repaid if I have the happiness of restoring you to health."

With these words, the emperor approached the bed and inquired all about her illness, after which he wrote a few lines and placed them on the chimney-piece.

"I will leave you this prescription, madam; and on my next visit, I hope to find you much better." He then withdrew. Almost immediately after this, the eldest son of the widow came in with a medical man.

"O mother!" cried the boy, "a kind, good gentleman has given me all this!" and he placed in his mother's hand, the money which the emperor had given him. "There now, don't cry, mother; this money will pay the doctor and buy every thing till you are well and strong again."

"A physician has already been here, my child, and has left his prescription. See, there it is," and she pointed to the paper on the chimney-piece. The boy took the paper, and no sooner had he glanced at its contents, than he uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise.

"O mother! It's the best prescription a physician ever wrote; it's an order for a pension, mother—a pension for you—signed by the emperor himself; listen, mother; hear what he says:—

"'*Madam:*—Your son was fortunate enough to meet me in the city, and informed me of the fact that the widow of one of my bravest officers was suffering from poverty and sickness, without any means of assistance. I had no knowledge of this, therefore I can not be accused of injustice.

"'It is difficult for me to know every thing that takes place in my empire. Now that I do

know of your distress, I should indeed be ungrateful, did I not render you all the help in my power. I shall immediately place your name on the pension list for the yearly sum of two thousand florins, and trust that you may live many years to enjoy it.

"'*Joseph II.*'"

The widow and her children were taken under the especial care of the emperor, and a brilliant career was opened up for the boys, who had inherited all their father's bravery as well as their mother's gentle nature.

Directions for Reading.—Mark the *inflection* of the following questions.

Where do you live?
Is your name Harry or John?
Why are you begging?
Do you wish to walk?

In such a question as the last one, if *emphasis* be given in turn to the words ***you, wish, walk,*** the answer might still be ***yes*** or ***no;*** and yet the meaning of the answer would be different in each case.

Do ***you*** wish to walk? Yes, I do.

Do you ***wish*** to walk? No, I do not ***wish*** to walk; but suppose I must.

Do you wish to ***walk?*** No, I would rather ***ride.***

Language Lesson.—Let pupils write a letter to some friend, using the last paragraph of the lesson as a subject.

LESSON LVI.

per sĭst'ed, *continued.*
crĭp'pl̤s, *those who have lost the use of a limb.*
mĕrg̤ed, *united; joined.*
stal'wart, *strong; powerful.*
ĭn'no çent, *harmless.*
pȧs̤'pōrt, *what enables one to go in safety.*
găl'lant, *brave; noble.*
rĭv'n̤, *taken away; deprived.*

UNITED AT LAST.

"O mother! What do they mean by blue?
And what do they mean by gray?"
Was heard from the lips of a little child
As she bounded in from play.
The mother's eyes filled up with tears;
She turned to her darling fair,
And smoothed away from the sunny brow
Its treasure of golden hair.

"Why, mother's eyes are blue, my sweet,
And grandpa's hair is gray,
And the love we bear our darling child
Grows stronger every day."
"But what did they mean?" persisted the child;
"For I saw two cripples to-day,
And one of them said he fought for the blue,
The other, he fought for the gray.

"Now he of the blue had lost a leg,
And the other had but one arm,
And both seemed worn and weary and sad,
Yet their greeting was kind and warm.

They told of the battles in days gone by,
Till it made my young blood thrill;
The leg was lost in the Wilderness fight,
And the arm on Malvern Hill.

"They sat on the stone by the farm-yard gate,
And talked for an hour or more,
'Till their eyes grew bright and their hearts seemed warm
With fighting their battles o'er;
And they parted at last with a friendly grasp,
In a kindly, brotherly way,
Each calling on God to speed the time
Uniting the blue and the gray."

Then the mother thought of other days—
Two stalwart boys from her riven;
How they knelt at her side and lispingly prayed,
"Our Father which art in heaven;"
How one wore the gray and the other the blue;
How they passed away from sight,
And had gone to the land where gray and blue
Are merged in colors of light.

And she answered her darling with golden hair,
While her heart was sadly wrung
With the thoughts awakened in that sad hour
By her innocent, prattling tongue:
"The blue and the gray are the colors of God,
They are seen in the sky at even,
And many a noble, gallant soul
Has found them a passport to heaven."

LESSON LVII.

de clĭn′ing, *failing.*
ex pē′ri ençe, *that which happens to any one.*
re gärd′, *look at; consider.*
ro bŭst′, *sound in health.*
bĕn′e fit ed, *made better; helped.*
in tĕnse′, *extreme.*
mŏc′ea sin, *a kind of shoe made of deer-skin.*
tĕm′po ra ry, *for a time.*
pe cūl′iar, *strange; unusual.*
in tĕl′li gent, *showing good sense.*

A STORY OF THE SIOUX WAR.

PART I.

In the summer of 1862, while we were living in the State of Minnesota, I had an experience which I regard as one of the most remarkable that I ever met with.

We lived at Lac Qui Parle, or rather quite close to it, for we were about a mile from the place.

There were only three of us—father, mother, and myself. We had moved to Minnesota three years before, the main object of my parents being to restore their health; for they were feeble and needed a change of climate.

The first year, both father and mother were much benefited; but not long after, father began to fail.

I remember that he used to take his

chair out in front of the house in pleasant weather and sit there, with his eyes turned toward the blue horizon, or into the depths of the vast wilderness which was not more than a stone's throw from our door.

Mother would sometimes go out and sit beside father, and they would talk long and earnestly in low tones. I was too young to understand all this at the time, but it was not long afterward that I learned the truth.

Father was steadily and surely declining in health; but mother had become strong and robust, and her disease seemed to have left her altogether. She tried to encourage father, and really believed his weakness was only temporary.

Scarcely a day passed that I did not see some of the Sioux Indians who were scattered through that portion of the State. In going to, and coming from the agency, they would sometimes stop at our house.

Father was very quick in picking up languages, and he was able to converse quite easily with the red men.

How I used to laugh to hear them talk in their odd language, which sounded to

me just as if they were grunting at each other.

But the visits used to please father and mother, and I was always glad to see some of the rather ragged and not over-clean warriors stop at the house.

I remember one hot day in June, when father was sitting under a tree in front of the house, and I was inside helping mother, we heard the peculiar noises which told us that father had an Indian visitor. We both went to the door, and I passed outside to laugh at their queer talk.

Sure enough, an Indian was seated in the other chair, and he and father were talking with great animation.

The Indian was of a stout build, and wore a straw hat with a broad, red band around it; he had on a fine, black broadcloth coat, but his trousers were shabby and his shoes were pretty well worn.

His face was bright and intelligent, and I watched it very closely as he talked in his earnest way with father, who was equally animated in answering him.

The Indian carried a rifle and a revolver —the latter being in plain sight at his

waist—but I never connected the thought of danger with him as he sat there talking with father.

I describe this Indian rather closely, as he was no other than the well-known chief, Little Crow, who was at the head of the frightful Sioux war, which broke out within sixty days from that time.

The famous chieftain staid until the sun went down. Then he started up and walked away rapidly in the direction of Lac Qui Parle. Father called good-by to him, but he did not reply and soon disappeared in the woods.

The sky was cloudy, and it looked as if a storm was coming; so, as it was dark and blustering, we remained within doors the rest of the evening. A fine drizzling rain began to fall, and the darkness was intense.

The evening was well advanced, and father was reading to us, when there came a rap upon the door.

It was so gentle and timid that it sounded like the pecking of a bird, and we all looked in the direction of the door, uncertain what it meant.

"It is a bird, scared by the storm," said father, "and we may as well admit it."

I sat much nearer the door than either of my parents, and instantly started up and opened it. As I did so, I looked out into the gloom, but sprung back the next moment with a low cry of alarm.

"What's the matter?" asked father, hastily laying down his book and walking rapidly toward me.

"It isn't a bird; it's a person." As I spoke, a little Indian girl, about my own age, walked into the room, and looking in each of our faces, asked in the Sioux language whether she could stay all night.

I closed the door and we gathered around her. She had the prettiest, daintiest moccasins, but her limbs were bare from the knee downward. She wore a large shawl about her shoulders, while her coarse, black hair hung loosely below her waist.

Her face was very pretty, and her eyes were as black as coal and seemed to flash fire whenever she looked upon any one.

Of course, her clothing was dripping with moisture, and her call filled us all with wonder. She could speak only a few words

of English, so her face lighted up with pleasure when father addressed her in the Sioux language.

As near as we could find out, her name was Chitto, and she lived with her parents at Lac Qui Parle. She told us that there were several families in a spot by themselves, and that day they had secured a quantity of strong drink, of which they were partaking very freely.

At such times Indians are dangerous, and Little Chitto was terrified almost out of her senses. She fled through the storm and the darkness, not caring where she went, but only anxious to get away from the dreadful scene.

Entering, without any intention on her part, the path in the woods, she followed it until she saw in the distance the glimmer of the light in our window, when she hastened to the house and asked for admission.

I need scarcely say it was gladly granted. My mother removed the damp clothes from the little Sioux girl, and replaced them with some warm, dry ones belonging to me. At the same time she gave her hot,

refreshing tea, and did every thing to make her comfortable.

I removed the little moccasins from the wondering Chitto's feet, kissed her dark cheeks, and, as I uttered expressions of pity, though in an unknown tongue, I am quite sure that they were understood by Chitto, who looked the gratitude she could not express.

She soon began to show signs of drowsiness and was put to bed with me, falling asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

I lay awake a little longer and noticed that the storm had ceased. The patter of the rain was heard no more upon the roof, and the wind blew just as it sometimes does late in the fall. At last I sunk into a sound sleep.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils write a short letter to some friend, taking as a subject, "A Visit from Little Crow," as given on pages 272 and 273.

Let pupils add *y* to each of the following words, make such other changes as may be necessary, and then define them.

earth	**air**	**fire**	**water**	**sleep**
rain	**rust**	**fun**	**fur**	**stick**

What two words double their final letter before adding ***y?***

Fiery, from ***fire,*** is irregular in spelling.

LESSON LVIII.

dē′mons, *spirits; evil spirits.*
grōp̱ed, *found one's way by feeling with the hands.*
prē′vi o͝us, *going before in time; preceding.*
in clīṉed′, *leaning towards; disposed.*
dis trăct′ed, *confused by grief.*
ex pīred′, *died.*
stăt′ūe, *a figure carved to represent a living being.*
stăg′gered, *walked with trembling steps.*
as çer tāiṉed′, *found out by inquiring.*
re tāin′, *keep possession of.*

A STORY OF THE SIOUX WAR.

PART II.

I awoke in the morning and saw the rays of the sun entering the window. Recalling the incidents of the previous evening, I turned to speak to my young friend.

To my surprise she was gone, and supposing she had risen a short time before, I hurriedly dressed myself and went down stairs to help keep her company.

But she was not there, and father and mother had seen nothing of her. She had no doubt risen in the night and gone quietly away.

There was something curious and touching in the fact that she had groped about in the darkness, until she found her own clothing, which she put on and departed

without taking so much as a pin that belonged to us.

We all felt a strong interest in Chitto, and father took me with him a few days later when he visited Lac Qui Parle. He made many inquiries for the little girl, but could learn nothing about her.

I felt very much disappointed, for I had built up strong hopes of taking her out home with me to spend several days.

Father and I went a number of times afterward, and always made an effort to discover Chitto; but we did not gain any knowledge of her.

On the afternoon of August 19, father was sitting in his accustomed seat in front of the house, and mother was engaged as usual about her household duties. I was playing and amusing myself as a girl of my age is inclined to do at all times.

The day was sultry and close, and I remember that father was unusually pale and weak. He coughed a great deal, and sat for a long time so still that I thought he must be asleep.

"Mother," said I, "what is that smoke yonder?"

I pointed in the direction of Lac Qui Parle. She saw a dark column of smoke floating off in the horizon, its location being such that there could be no doubt that it was at the Agency.

"There is a fire of some kind there," she said, while she shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed long and earnestly in that direction.

"The Indians are coming, Edward," she called to father; "they will be here in a few minutes!"

Suddenly, a splendid black horse came galloping from the woods, and with two or three powerful bounds, halted directly in front of me. As it did so, I saw that the bareback rider was a small girl, and she was our little Sioux friend, Chitto.

She made a striking picture, with her long, black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her dress fluttering in the wind.

"Why, Chitto," said I, in amazement, "where did you come from?"

"Must go—must go—must go!" she exclaimed, in great excitement. "Indian soon be here!"

So it seemed that, in the few weeks

since she had been at our house, she had picked up enough of the English language to make herself understood.

"What do you mean?" asked mother, as she and I advanced to the side of the black steed upon which the little Sioux sat; "what are the Indians doing?"

"They burn buildings—have killed people—coming this way!"

Chitto spoke the truth, for the Sioux were raging like demons at that very hour at Lac Qui Parle.

"What shall we do, Chitto?" asked my mother.

"Get on horse—he carry you."

"But my husband; the horse can not carry all three of us."

My poor distracted mother scarcely knew what to do. All this time father sat like a statue in his chair. A terrible suspicion suddenly entered her mind, and she ran to him.

Placing her hand upon his shoulder, she addressed him in a low tone, and then uttered a fearful shriek, as she staggered backward, saying: "He is dead! he is dead!"

Such was the fact. The shock of the

news brought by the little Indian girl was too much, and he had expired in his chair without a struggle. The wild cry which escaped my mother was answered by several whoops from the woods, and Chitto became frantic with terror.

"Indian be here in minute!" said she.

Mother instantly helped me upon the back of the horse and then followed herself. She was a skillful rider, but she allowed Chitto to retain the bridle, and we started off.

Looking back I saw a half-dozen Sioux horsemen come out of the woods and start on a trot toward us.

Just then Chitto spoke to the horse, and he bounded off at a terrible rate, never halting until he had gone two or three miles.

Then, when we looked back, we saw nothing of the Indians, and the horse was brought down to a walk; and finally, when the sun went down, we entered a dense wood, where we staid all night.

I shall not attempt to describe those fearful hours. Not one of us slept a wink. Mother sat weeping over the loss of father, while I was heart-broken, too.

Chitto, like the Indian she was, kept on

the move continually. Here and there she stole as noiselessly through the wood as a shadow, while playing the part of sentinel.

At daylight we all fell into a feverish slumber, which lasted several hours. When we awoke, we were hungry and miserable.

Seeing a settler's house in the distance, Chitto offered to go to it for food. We were afraid she would get into trouble, but she was sure there was no danger and went.

In less than an hour she was back again with an abundance of bread. She said there was no one in the house, and we supposed the people had become alarmed and escaped.

We staid where we were for three days, during which time we saw a party of Sioux warriors burn the house where Chitto had obtained the food for us.

It seemed to mother that the Indians would not remain at Lac Qui Parle long, and that we would be likely to find safety there. Accordingly, she induced Chitto to start on the return.

When we reached our house nothing was to be seen of father's body; but we soon discovered a newly-made grave, where we had reason to believe he was buried.

As was afterward ascertained, he had been given a decent burial by orders of Little Crow himself, who, doubtless, would have protected us, had we awaited his coming.

We rode carefully through the woods, and when we came out on the other side, our hearts were made glad by the sight of the white tents of United States soldiers. Colonel Sibley was encamped at Lac Qui Parle, and we were safe at last.

Chitto disappeared from this post in the same sudden manner as before; but I am happy to say that I have seen her several times since. Mother and I were afraid her people would punish her for the part she took in helping us, but they did not.

Probably the friendship which Little Crow showed toward our family, may have had something to do with the gentle treatment which the Indians showed her.

Language Lesson.—Supply the words omitted from the following sentences.

"Must go! Indian soon be here!"

"Indian be here in minute!"

Let pupils make out an ***analysis*** for the subject—

"Our Second Visit from Chitto,"

and use it in giving that part of the story in their own words.

LESSON LIX.

e mĭt′, *send forth.*
e͡ŏn′trast, *difference in form or appearance.*
mōlt′e͡n, *melted.*
e͡ŏn′ie al, *having the shape of a cone.*
vŏl′ūmes, *quantities; masses.*
e͡hăr′ae ter, *kind; formation.*
dĕl′ūġe, *flood; drown.*
e͡om pre hĕn′sion, *the power of the mind to understand.*
ap pa͡l′ing, *terrifying.*
grănd′e͡ūr, *majesty; vastness of size.*
lū′rid, *gloomy; dismal.*
tre mĕn′dȯ͡us, *terrific; awful.*

VOLCANOES.

In various parts of the earth, there are mountains that send out from their highest peaks, smoke, ashes, and fire.

Mountains of this class are called volcanoes, and they present a striking contrast to other mountains, on account of their conical form and the character of the rocks of which they are composed.

All volcanoes have at their summits what are called craters. These are large, hollow, circular openings, from which the smoke and fire escape.

Nearly all volcanoes emit smoke constantly. This smoke proceeds from fires that are burning far down in the depths of the earth.

Sometimes these fires burst forth from

the crater of the volcano with tremendous force. The smoke becomes thick and black, and lurid flames shoot up to a height of

hundreds of feet, making a scene of amazing grandeur.

With the flames there are thrown out stones, ashes, and streams of melted rock,

called lava. This lava flows down the sides of the mountain, and, being red-hot, destroys every thing with which it comes in contact. At such times, a volcano is said to be in eruption.

A volcanic eruption is generally preceded by low, rumbling sounds, and trembling of the earth's surface. Then follows greater activity of the volcano, from which dense volumes of smoke and steam issue, and fire and molten lava make their appearance.

Such is the force of some of these eruptions, that large rocks have been hurled to great distances from the crater, and towns and cities have been buried under a vast covering of ashes and lava.

The quantity of lava and ashes which sometimes escapes from volcanoes during an eruption, is almost beyond comprehension.

In 1772, a volcano in the island of Java, threw out ashes and cinders that covered the ground fifty feet deep, for a distance of seven miles all around the mountain. This eruption destroyed nearly forty towns and villages.

In 1783, a volcano in Iceland sent out

two streams of lava; one forty miles long and seven miles wide, and the other fifty miles long and fifteen miles wide. These streams were from one hundred to six hundred feet deep.

Near the city of Naples, Italy, is situated the volcano Mt. Vesuvius. This fiery monster has probably caused more destruction than any other volcano known.

In the year 79 A. D., it suddenly burst forth in a violent eruption, that resulted in one of the most appalling disasters that ever happened.

Such immense quantities of ashes, stones, and lava were poured forth from its crater, that within the short space of twenty hours, two large cities were completely destroyed. These cities were Herculaneum and Pompeii.

At this eruption of Vesuvius, the stream of lava flowed directly through and over the city of Herculaneum into the sea. The quantity was so great that, as it cooled and became hardened, it gradually filled up all the streets and ran over the tops of the houses.

While the lava was thus turning the city

into a mass of solid stone, the inhabitants were fleeing from it along the shore toward Naples, and in boats on the sea.

At the same time, too, the wind carried the ashes and cinders in such a direction as to deluge the city of Pompeii.

Slowly and steadily the immense volume of ashes and small stones, blocked up the streets and settled on the roofs of houses.

The light of the flames that burst out from the awful crater, aided the people in their escape; but many who for some reason could not get away, perished.

Pompeii was so completely covered that nothing could be seen of it. Thus it remained buried under the ground until the year 1748, when it was discovered by accident.

Since that time much of the city has been uncovered, and now one can walk along the streets, look into the houses, and form some idea how the people lived there eighteen hundred years ago.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils write an account of a supposed journey from their homes to Naples, telling about the route they would take, and the particulars as to time and distance. Be very particular about handwriting, spelling, punctuation, and capital letters.

LESSON LX.

coot, a water-bird.
hern (hĕr'on), a wading bird.
ĕd'dy ing, moving in small circles.
măl'lōw, a kind of plant.
bĭck'er, move quickly; quarrel.
făl'lōw, plowed land.
grāy'ling, a kind of fish.
crĕss'es, a kind of water-plant.
săl'ly, a rushing or bursting forth
thôrps, villages.
brăm'bly, full of rough shrubs

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my bank I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Directions for Reading.—Point out the places in the poem where two lines should be joined in reading.

Mark the *inflection* of the following lines.

"I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows."

"For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Read the last two lines, and state whether the *inflected words* are also *emphatic words.*

Find a similar example of *inflection* and *emphasis* upon the same words in the last stanza of Lesson XXXVI.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils explain the meaning of the following expressions.

Join the brimming river.

Netted sunbeam.

LESSON LXI.

de tẽr'red', *kept from.*
ĕn'ter prīse, *an undertaking.*
im'ple ments, *articles used in a trade.*
sûr vey'ing, *measuring land.*
in'di eāt ed, *showed; pointed out.*
re clīn'ing, *partly lying down.*
re lēase', *let go.*
con clu'sion, *final decision.*
suc çĕs'sion, *following one after another.*
hŭr'ri cāne, *a high wind.*
ăn'ĕc dōte, *incident; story.*
com păct', *closely put together.*

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

PART I.

It was a calm, sunny day in the year 1750; the scene, a piece of forest land in the north of Virginia, near a noble stream of water.

Implements of surveying were lying about, and several men reclining under the trees, indicated by their dress and appearance, that they were engaged in laying out the wild lands of the country.

These persons had just finished their dinner. Apart from the group walked a young man of a tall and compact frame, who moved with the firm and steady tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air.

His face wore a look of decision and manliness not usually found in one so young,

for he was but little over eighteen years of age.

Suddenly there was a shriek, then another, and then several more in rapid succession. The voice was that of a woman, and seemed to proceed from the other side of a small piece of wooded land.

At the first scream, the youth turned his head in the direction of the sound; but when it was repeated, he pushed aside the undergrowth and soon dashed into an open space on the banks of the stream, where stood a small log-cabin.

As the young man broke from the undergrowth, he saw his companions crowded together on the banks of the river, while in their midst stood a woman, from whom proceeded the shrieks he had heard. She was held by two of the men, but was struggling to free herself.

The instant the woman saw the young man, she exclaimed, "O sir, you will do something for me! Make them release me. My boy—my poor boy is drowning, and they will not let me go!"

"It would be madness; she will jump into the river," said one of the men, "and

the rapids would dash her to pieces in a moment!"

The youth had scarcely waited for these words; for he remembered the child, a bold little boy four years of age, whose beautiful blue eyes and flaxen ringlets made him a favorite with every one.

He had been accustomed to play in the little inclosure before the cabin; but the gate having been left open, he had stolen out, reached the edge of the bank, and was in the act of looking over, when his mother saw him.

The shriek she uttered only hastened the accident she feared; for the child, frightened at the cry of his mother, lost his balance and fell into the stream, which here went foaming and roaring along among rocks and dangerous rapids.

Several of the men approached the edge of the river, and were on the point of springing in after the boy. But the sight of the sharp rocks crowding the channel, the rush and whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the child, deterred them, and they gave up the enterprise.

Not so with the noble youth. His first act was to throw off his coat; next to spring to the edge of the bank. Here he stood for a moment, running his eyes rapidly over the scene below, taking in with a glance the different currents and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to shape his course when in the stream.

He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when he saw in the water a white object, which he knew was the boy's dress; and then he plunged into the wild and roaring rapids.

"Thank God, he will save my child!" cried the mother; "there he is!—O my boy, my darling boy! How could I leave you!"

Every one had rushed to the brink of the precipice and were now following with eager eyes the progress of the youth, as the current bore him onward, like a feather in the power of a hurricane.

Now it seemed as if he would be dashed against a projecting rock, over which the water flew in foam, and a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape would appear impossible.

At times, the current bore him under,

and he would be lost to sight; then in a few seconds he would come to the surface again, though his position would be far from where he had disappeared.

Thus struggling amid the rocks and angry waters, was the noble youth borne onward, eager to succeed in his perilous undertaking. Those on shore looked on with breathless interest.

Directions for Reading.—Point out the ***emphatic words*** and mark ***inflection*** in the third paragraph on page 295.

What effect has very strong ***emphasis*** upon ***inflection?*** (See ***Directions for Reading,*** page 238.)

Should this lesson be read more slowly, or somewhat faster than conversation?

Language Lesson.—Let pupils fill blanks in the sentences given below, using in turn, each of the following sets of words: (1) ***saw, knew, was, plunged;*** (2) ***sees, knows, is, plunges;*** (3) ***perceived, thought, was, jumped;*** (4) ***perceives, thinks, is, jumps;*** (5) ***noticed, concluded, was, dived;*** (6) ***notices, concludes, is, dives.***

He —— in the water a white object, which he —— —— the boy's dress. Then he —— into the roaring rapids.

When the first, third, and fifth sets of words are used, the action is represented as something that is past; but when the second, fourth, and sixth sets are used, the action is represented as going on at the present time.

The forms of ***verbs*** (***action-words***) which are given in the first, third, and fifth sets are used to indicate past time, and are called ***past tenses;*** and the forms given in the second, fourth, and sixth sets are used to indicate present time, and are called ***present tenses.***

LESSON LXII.

e mĕrġe', *come out.*
vôr'tex, *water in whirling motion; a whirlpool.*
con fīd'ed, *given into the care of.*
vĭs'i ble, *in sight.*
spec tā'tors, *those who look on.*
vĕnt'ūred, *dared.*
re ward', *that which is received in return for one's acts.*
dĕs'ti nies, *lives and fortunes.*
sup prĕssed', *kept back.*
re dŏub'led, *made twice as great.*

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

PART II.

O, how that mother's straining eyes followed the struggling youth! How her heart sunk when he went under, and with what joy she saw him emerge again from the waters, and, flinging the waves aside with his strong arms, struggle on in pursuit of her boy!

But it seemed as if his generous efforts were not to succeed; for, though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes, scarcely ten feet distant, he could not overtake the drowning child.

Twice the boy went out of sight; and a suppressed shriek escaped the mother's lips; but twice he reappeared, and then, with hands wrung wildly together, and breathless anxiety, she followed his progress, as his form was hurried onward.

The youth now appeared to redouble his exertions, for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the river.

The rush of waters at this spot was tremendous, and no one ventured to approach it, even in a canoe, lest he should be dashed to pieces.

What, then, would be the youth's fate, unless he soon overtook the child? He seemed fully sensible of the increasing peril, and now urged his way through the foaming current with a desperate strength. Three times he was on the point of grasping the child, when the waters whirled the prize from him.

The third effort was made just as they were entering within the influence of the current above the falls; and when it failed, the mother's heart sunk within her, and she groaned, fully expecting the youth to give up his task.

But no; he only pressed forward the more eagerly; and, as they breathlessly watched, amid the boiling waters, they saw the form of the youth following close after that of the boy.

And now both pursuer and pursued shot

to the brink of the falls. An instant they hung there, distinctly visible amid the foaming waters. Every brain grew dizzy at the sight.

But a shout burst from the spectators, when they saw the child held aloft by the right arm of the youth—a shout that was suddenly changed to a cry of horror, when they both vanished into the raging waters below!

The mother ran forward, and then stood gazing with fixed eyes at the foot of the falls. Suddenly she gave the glad cry, "There they are! See! they are safe! Great God, I thank Thee!"

And, sure enough, there was the youth still unharmed. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the falls. With one hand he held aloft the child, and with the other he was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did, until they reached his side, just as he was struggling to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted.

The boy was senseless; but his mother declared that he still lived, as she pressed him

to her bosom. The youth could scarcely stand, so faint was he from his exertions.

Who can describe the scene that followed —the mother's calmness while striving to bring her boy to life, and her wild gratitude to his preserver, when the child was out of danger, and sweetly sleeping in her arms?

"God will give you a reward," said she. "He will do great things for you in return for this day's work, and the blessings of thousands besides mine will attend you."

And so it was; for, to the hero of that hour were afterward confided the destinies of a mighty nation. Throughout his long career, what tended to make him honored and respected beyond all men, was the spirit of self-sacrifice which, in the rescue of that mother's child, as in the more important events of his life, characterized George Washington.

Directions for Reading.—Read the first two pages of the lesson quietly, but not slowly. About the middle of page 299, the manner of reading should be changed, when the feeling of anxiety is turned to that of joy.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils rewrite the first paragraph of the lesson, changing ***past tenses*** to ***present tenses*** throughout.

What effect will this change have upon the meaning?

LESSON LXIII.

ex ĭst′ing, *living.*
măs′sivę, *large and solid.*
hy ē′na, *a beast of prey.*
cąų′tion, *great care.*
străt′a ġem, *a secret way; trick.*
de pĕndş′, *trusts to.*
mär′vel ǫŭs, *wonderful.*
jăck′ąl, *a beast of prey.*
pro cūrę′, *obtain.*
a dôrn′, *make beautiful.*

THE OSTRICH.

The ostrich is the largest of all birds now existing, and is found chiefly in the sandy deserts of Africa and Arabia.

A full-grown African ostrich stands from seven to nine feet in height, to the top of its head, and will weigh from two to three hundred pounds.

The body of the ostrich is large and massive; the legs are long, measuring four feet or more, and the neck is of about the same length as the legs.

The head is small for so large a bird; but its feet with their two great toes are of good size, and possess astonishing strength.

An ostrich's beak is short and blunt; its neck slender and covered with gray down. Its eyes are large and bright, and the sense of sight so keen that it can readily see a distance of from four to six miles. It

hears and sees equally well, and can only be approached by stratagem.

The feathers of the male ostrich are of a glossy black, with the exception of the large plumes of the wing-feathers, which in both the male and female are snowy white.

To procure these beautiful white plumes is the chief object in hunting the ostrich. These plumes when plucked are sent to foreign countries, and used to adorn ladies' hats, and for various other purposes.

The ostrich feeds on vegetable substances; but as an aid to digestion, it sometimes swallows stones, glass, paper, nails, and pieces of wood.

An incident is related of an ostrich on exhibition in Paris, swallowing a gold watch and chain. A gentleman approached within reach of the beak of the bird, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the watch and chain were snatched from his pocket and swallowed.

Although the ostrich has wings, it can not fly—it depends upon its strong legs and feet for speed, and can run much faster than a horse.

The strength of the ostrich is marvelous. Its only weapon of defence is its long and muscular leg.

It is accustomed to kick directly forward, and it is said by those who have observed this habit, that a single blow from its gigantic two-toed foot is sufficient to kill a panther, a jackal, or a hyena.

No better idea of its strength can be given than the fact of its being employed for riding. A traveler, writing about two ostriches he saw in a village in Africa, says:

"These gigantic birds were so tame that two boys mounted together the larger one. The ostrich no sooner felt their weight, than it started off at full speed and carried them several times around the village.

"This trial pleased me so much that I wished to have it repeated; and in order to test their strength, I had a full-grown man mount the smaller bird, and two men the larger bird.

"At first, they started with caution; but presently they spread their wings and went off at such a speed that they seemed scarcely to touch the ground."

The voice of the ostrich is deep and hollow, and is said to resemble at times the roar of the lion. The bird frequently makes a kind of cackling noise, and when enraged at an enemy, it hisses very loudly.

Ostriches make their nests in the sand. One female will, in a single season, lay from twenty to thirty eggs, weighing about three pounds each.

Most of these she places in the nest, standing them on one end; but some of them are left outside of the nest as food for her young when they are hatched.

The natives of Africa are very fond of ostrich eggs, using them for food. In taking the eggs, they exercise great caution; for should the birds discover them, they would break all the eggs and leave the nest.

Young ostriches are readily tamed. Some families in Africa keep them as we do chickens. They play with children, sleep in the houses, and when a family moves, the ostriches follow the camels, frequently carrying the children on their backs.

Within the past few years, ostriches have been brought to this country; and places called ostrich farms have been established in California and other States, for the purpose of raising them for their feathers.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils point out any points that are omitted from the following

Analysis.—1. Where the ostrich lives. 2. Its size and appearance—body, head, neck, eyes, feathers, and plumes. 3. Its food. 4. An incident. 5. Its speed. 6. Its strength,—leg and foot. 7. Riding ostriches. 8. Voice of ostrich. 9. Nests and habits of the birds. 10. Ostriches in this country.

Change such points as may be found necessary, and use the ***analysis*** in describing some well-known bird

LESSON LXIV.

plēȧd, *urge as a reason.*
brēȧch, *a breaking, as of a promise.*
re būkȩ′, *call attention to wrong-doing.*
strew (strụ), *spread; scatter.*
chīdȩ, *find fault with.*
re sẹ̈nt′ment, *anger on account of an injury.*
ŭn a vāȳl′ing, *useless; not helping in any way.*
jŭs′tĭçȩ, *honesty; what is right.*

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

If Fortune, with a smiling face,
  Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?—
  To-day, my friend, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care,
  And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?—
  To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

If those who have wronged us own their fault,
  And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?—
  To-day, my friend, to-day.
But if stern justice urge rebuke,
  And warmth from memory borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?—
  To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
  Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?—
  To-day, my friend, to-day.
But if our debtor fail our hope,
  And plead his ruin thorough,
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?—
  To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
  The minutes will not stay;—
We have always time to welcome them
  To-day, my friend, to-day.
But care, resentment, angry words,
  And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear
  To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

Directions for Reading.—Let some pupil in the class state the manner in which the lesson should be read.

What is the effect of repeating the words *to-day* and *to-morrow*, in the fourth and eighth lines of each stanza?

Language Lesson.—Let pupils give the meaning of each stanza in their own words.

Warmth from memory borrow means become more angry when we remember our own acts of kindness toward the person now doing us injury.

Explain the meaning of the following expressions.

Strew roses on our way. ***Breach of faith.***

LESSON LXV.

rĕf′ūġe, *a place of safety.*
fō′li aġe, *leaves and branches of trees or shrubs.*
op prĕsse′d′, *heavily burdened.*
be trāy′, *give information to an enemy.*
con trīve′d′, *managed; arranged.*
rĕe′og nīze′d, *knew by seeing.*
rĕn′der, *give; make.*
ĭm′mi nent, *close by; threatening.*
com pĕl′, *make one do any thing.*
căv′al ry, *soldiers mounted on horses.*
fa̤lse, *not true; unreal.*
re spŏnd′ed, *answered; replied.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

During the Revolutionary War, when the American people were fighting for independence, a governor of one of the colonies found himself in great danger of being captured by British soldiers.

The governor, whose name was Griswold, contrived to reach the house of a relative, and while there, was informed that the soldiers had discovered his place of refuge and were then on their way to seize him.

Griswold at once realizing that his peril was imminent, determined, if possible, to reach a small stream, where he had left a boat so hidden by the foliage that it could not be seen from the road.

In great haste and excitement, he left

the house and proceeded in the direction of the river. Passing through an orchard, he encountered a young girl about twelve years old. She was watching some pieces of linen cloth which were stretched out on the grass for the purpose of bleaching.

Hetty—that was the girl's name—was seated under a tree with her knitting, and had near her a pail of water, from which she occasionally sprinkled the cloths to keep them damp.

She started up and was somewhat frightened when she saw a man leaping over the fence; but soon recognized him to be her cousin.

"O, is it you, cousin!" exclaimed Hetty; "you frightened me—where are you going?"

"Hetty," he replied, "the soldiers are seeking for me, and I shall lose my life, unless I can reach the boat before they come. I want you to run down toward the shore and meet them.

"They will surely ask for me; and then you must tell them that I have gone up the road to catch the mail-cart, and they will turn off the other way."

"But, cousin, how can I say so?—it would not be true. O, why did you tell me which way you were going?"

"Would you betray me, Hetty, and see me put to death? Hark! they are coming. I hear the clink of their horses' feet. Tell them I have gone up the road and Heaven will bless you."

"Those who speak false words will never be happy," said Hetty. "But they shall not compel me to tell which way you go, even if they kill me—so run as fast as you can."

"I am afraid it is too late to run, Hetty; where can I hide myself?"

"Be quick, cousin. Get down and lie under this cloth; I will throw it over you and go on sprinkling the linen."

"I will do it, for it is my last chance."

He was soon concealed under the heavy folds of the long cloth. A few minutes afterward, a party of cavalry dashed along the road. An officer saw the girl and called out to her in a loud voice—

"Have you seen a man run this way?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hetty.

"Which way did he go?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must tell me this instant, or it will be worse for you."

"I will not tell, for I must keep my word."

"Let me question her, for I think I know the child," said a man who was guide to the party. "Is your name Hetty Marvin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps the man who ran past you was your cousin?"

"Yes, sir, he was."

"Well, we wish to speak with him. What did he say to you when he came by?"

"He told me that he had to run to save his life."

"Just so—that was quite true. I hope he will not have far to run. Where was he going to hide himself?"

"My cousin said that he would go to the river to find a boat, and he wanted me to tell the men in search of him that he had gone the other way to meet the mail-cart."

"You are a good girl, Hetty, and we know you speak the truth. What did your cousin

say when he heard that you could not tell a lie to save his life?"

"He asked, would I betray him and see him put to death?"

"And you said you would not tell, if you were killed for it."

Poor Hetty's tears fell fast as she responded, "Yes, sir."

"Those were brave words, and I suppose he thanked you and ran down the road as fast as he could?"

"I promised not to tell which way he went, sir."

"O yes, I forgot; but tell me his last words, and I will not trouble you any more."

"He said, 'I will do it, for it is my last chance.'"

Hetty was now oppressed with great fear; she sobbed aloud, and hid her face in her apron. The soldiers thought they had obtained all the information they could, and rode off toward the river-side.

While Griswold lay hidden at the farm, he had agreed upon a signal with his boatmen, that if in trouble he would put a white cloth by day, or a light at night,

in the attic window of his place of concealment. When either signal was seen, the men were to be on the watch, ready to render him assistance in case of need.

No sooner had the soldiers ridden away, than Griswold's friends in the house hung out a white cloth from the window, to warn the boatmen, who then pulled out to sea.

The boat, with two men in it, was nearly out of sight by the time the soldiers reached the shore, and this caused them to conclude that Griswold had effected his escape.

Meantime he lay safe and quiet until the time came for Hetty to go home to supper. Then he requested her to go and ask her mother to put the signal-lamp in the window as it grew dark, and send him clothes and food. The signal was seen, the boat returned, and Griswold made his way to it in safety.

In better days, when the war was over, and peace declared, he named one of his daughters Hetty Marvin, that he might daily think of the brave young cousin whose sense and truth-speaking had saved his life.

LESSON LXVI.

con sūmḕ′, *use entirely; exhaust.*
cul ti vā′tion, *attending to the growth of plants.*
ĕx′pōrts, *the products of a country which are sold to other countries.*
trans por tā′tion, *carrying.*
ō′val, *shaped like an egg.*
prĭn′çi pal, *chief; that which is most important.*
ĕs′ti māt ed, *stated in regard to quantity.*
se lĕct′ed, *chosen; picked out.*
tĕr′mi nātḕs, *comes to an end.*

TROPICAL FRUITS.

Those who have not visited tropical countries, can scarcely imagine the wonders of their vegetation. There is nothing in the northern half of the United States, with which to compare the richness of the vegetable growth of the tropics.

In the Southern States of our Union, as well as in Mexico and Central America, there are found many of the same plants and trees that grow in countries lying still nearer the equator.

The various kinds of fruits which grow in these countries, form a very large portion of the exports. Among those that are most commonly sent to us, are bananas, oranges, lemons, dates, cocoa-nuts, and figs.

In countries where the banana grows most abundantly, no article of food which

the natives can obtain, requires so little trouble in its cultivation.

One has only to set out a few banana sprouts, and await the result. In a short time, a juicy stem shoots up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet.

It is formed of nothing more than a number of leaf stalks rolled one over the other, and grows sometimes to a thickness of two feet.

Two gigantic leaves grow out from the top, ten feet long and two feet broad. They are so very thin and tender that a light wind splits them into ribbons.

From the center of the leaves a very strong stalk rises up, which supports the cluster of bananas. There are sometimes over one hundred bananas to a single stalk.

A cluster of ripe bananas will weigh from sixty to seventy pounds, and represents a large amount of food. When a stalk has produced and ripened its fruit, it begins to wither and soon dies.

In a very short time, however, new sprouts spring up from the old root, and ere long the native has another cluster. So rapidly do they follow each other, that

one cluster is scarcely consumed before another one is ready to ripen.

Bananas ripened on the stalk will not bear transportation to any great distance; therefore, when selected for export, the clusters are cut off while the bananas are very green.

Another valuable fruit of the tropics is the date. This fruit grows on a tree called the date-palm, that is found in both Asia and Africa.

The date-palm is a majestic tree, rising to the height of sixty feet or more, without branches, and with a trunk of uniform thickness throughout its entire length.

It begins to bear fruit about eight years after it has been planted, and continues to be productive from seventy to one hundred years.

Dates are oval in shape, and have a long solid stone. They form the principal food of the inhabitants of some of the eastern countries, and are an important article of commerce.

When they are perfectly ripe, they possess a delightful perfume, and are very agreeable to the taste.

In preparing dates to be sent to distant countries, they are gathered a short time before they are quite ripe, dried in the sun on mats, and finally packed in boxes or straw sacks.

Travelers in the deserts of Africa, often carry dried dates with them for their chief food, during a journey of hundreds of miles.

The Arabs grind dried dates into a powder which they call date flour. If this is packed away in a dry place, it will keep for years, and only has to be moistened with a little water to prepare it for eating.

One of the most valuable and productive of tropical trees is the cocoa-nut palm. It grows largely in both the East and West Indies, and elsewhere throughout the torrid zone.

It rises to a height of from sixty to one hundred feet, and terminates in a crown of graceful, waving leaves. Some of these leaves reach a length of twenty feet, and have the appearance of gigantic feathers.

The fruit consists of a thick outward husk of a fibrous structure, and within this, is the ordinary cocoa-nut of commerce.

The shell of the nut is hard and woody,

and a little over a quarter of an inch in thickness. Next to this shell is the kernel, which is also a shell about half an inch thick, and composed of a white substance very pleasant to the taste. Within this white eatable shell, is a milky liquid, called cocoa-nut milk.

The cocoa-nut is very useful to the natives of the regions in which it grows. The nuts supply a large portion of their food, and the milky fluid inclosed within, forms a pleasant and refreshing drink.

The shell of the nut is made into cups, and from the kernel, cocoa-nut oil is pressed out and largely used in making soap and for other purposes.

In Ceylon, the tree is cultivated extensively. It is estimated that there are twenty million trees in that island, and that each tree produces about sixty nuts yearly. The wealth of a native is based upon the number of cocoa-nut palms he owns.

Another well-known tropical fruit is the fig, which grows on a bush or small tree about eighteen or twenty feet high.

The fig-tree is now cultivated in all the Mediterranean countries, but the larger portion of the American supply comes from western Asia and the south of France.

The varieties are extremely numerous, and the fruit is of various colors, from deep purple to yellow, or nearly white.

The trees usually bear two crops—one in the early summer, the other in the autumn.

When ripe, the figs are picked and spread out to dry in the sun. Thus prepared, the fruit is packed closely in barrels, baskets, or wooden boxes, for commerce.

Oranges and lemons are cultivated in nearly all warm countries. They grow on trees somewhat smaller than apple trees, and must be picked for export while they are hard and green.

They ripen during transportation, so that green oranges put up and sent to us from Sicily or other distant points, change to a golden yellow color by the time they reach us.

Oranges are grown largely in Florida and Louisiana, extensive orange orchards being frequently met with in traveling through those States. The oranges grown there are considered very choice, and are generally sweeter than those brought from Italy.

Language Lesson.—Define the following words, giving the meaning of each part as indicated by hyphens: ***ex-port-ing, un-common-ly, dis-trust-ful, pro-vid-ing, un-bear-able, un-hope-ful.***

The syllables ***placed before*** a stem are called ***prefixes;*** those ***placed after*** a stem, ***suffixes.***

The words ***shall*** and ***will*** are used to indicate ***future time;*** as, I shall go; you will go; he will go.

The three tenses of an action may in a general way be represented by the words ***yesterday, to-day,*** and ***to-morrow.***

Let pupils fill blanks in the following statements, and state the tense of each action.

We —— go to see them next week.
John —— last night.
You and I —— in school at the present time.

LESSON LXVII.

found'ed, *established; placed.*
gär'ri sŏn, *soldiers stationed in a fort or town.*
strōdę, *walked with long steps.*
ċoun'çil, *a number of men called together for advice.*
in çīt'ing, *moving to action.*
de vōt'ed, *very much attached.*
de fēąt'ed, *overcome.*
ċŭlt'ūrę, *a high state of knowledge.*
ôr'na ment ed, *adorned.*
wąm'pum, *shells used by the Indians as money or for ornament.*
fan tăs'tiċ, *wild; irregular.*

THE STORY OF DETROIT.

The early history of Detroit is highly romantic. It was founded in 1701 as a military colony.

It soon became one of the most important of the western outposts of Canada, and as the French and Indians were usually on the most friendly terms, the colony for a long time existed in a state of happiness and contentment.

At the close of the French War, Detroit contained over two thousand inhabitants. Canadian dwellings with their lovely gardens lined the banks of the river for miles.

Within the limits of the settlement were several Indian villages. Here the light-hearted French-Canadian smoked his pipe and told his story, and the friendly Indian

supplied him with game and joined in his merry-making.

In the year 1760, Detroit was taken possession of by the English. The Indians hated the English as much as they had loved the French.

Pontiac, the ruling spirit of the forests at this time, was a most powerful and statesmanlike chief. When he found that his friends, the French, had lost their power, he sought to unite the Indian tribes against the English colonies, and to destroy the English garrison at Detroit by strategy.

He was chief of the Ottawas, but possessed great influence over several other tribes. Pontiac believed, and that truly, that the establishment of English colonies would be fatal to the interests of the Indian race.

He strode through the forests like a giant, inciting the tribes to war. He urged a union of all the Indian nations from the lakes to the Mississippi for the common defense of the race.

There lived near Detroit a beautiful Indian girl, called Catharine. The English commander, Gladwyn, was pleased with her,

and showed her many favors, and she formed a warm friendship for him.

One lovely day in May, this girl came to the fort and brought Gladwyn a pair of elk-skin moccasins. She appeared very sad.

"Catharine," said Gladwyn, "what troubles you to-day?"

She did not answer at once. There was a silent struggle going on in her heart. She had formed a strong attachment for the white people, and she was also devoted to her own race.

"To-morrow," she said at length, "Pontiac will come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs. Each will be armed with a gun, which will be cut short and hidden under his blanket. The chief will ask to hold a council. He will then make a speech, and offer a belt of wampum as a peace-offering.

"As soon as he holds up the belt, the chiefs will spring up and shoot the officers, and the Indians outside will attack the English. Every Englishman will be killed. The French inhabitants will be spared."

Gladwyn made immediate preparations to avoid the danger which threatened them.

The soldiers were put under arms. Orders were given to have them drawn up in line on the arrival of the Indians the following day.

The next morning Indian canoes approached the fort from the eastern shores. They contained Pontiac and his sixty chiefs. At ten o'clock the chiefs marched to the fort, in fantastic procession. Each wore a colored blanket, and was painted, plumed, or in some way gaily ornamented.

As Pontiac entered the fort, a glance showed him that his plot was discovered. He passed in amazement through glittering rows of steel. He made a speech, expressing friendship; but he did not dare to lift the wampum belt which was to have been the signal for attack. He was allowed to depart peaceably.

When he found that his plot had been discovered, his anger knew no bounds. He gathered his warriors from every hand and laid siege to Detroit. He was defeated, and with his defeat ended the power of the Indian tribes in the region of the Upper Lakes.

Detroit became an English town, and

afterward an American city. She has gathered to herself the wealth of the fertile regions which lie around her, as well as the commerce of the broad inland seas on either hand. To-day she has more than one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and is famous for her wealth and culture.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils review, as a written exercise, the spelling of the following words.

treasure	rheumatism	group	desperate
release	mischievous	courtesy	separate
weary	approach	redoubled	vegetable
stealthy	caution	mighty	stratagem
peasants	exhausted	fortnight	spectator
concealed	draughts	knowledge	necessary
freight	guidance	flickering	particular

In the sentences given below, change the verbs so as to represent the action as completed.

"The chiefs march to the fort in fantastic procession. They find that their plot is discovered. Pontiac immediately gathers his warriors from every hand, and lays siege to Detroit. He is defeated, and with his defeat, the power of the Indian tribes is at an end."

In the last two sentences, change the verbs so as to represent future time.

Let pupils make out an ***analysis*** and use it in treating the subject—

The town (or city) that I live in.

Suggestion.—Include the location and early history of the town. Its present population. Its different manufactures. How to get to it. Its chief points of interest to a stranger. Anecdotes.

LESSON LXVIII.

hēa̤vę, *raise; lift.*
măck'er el, *a fish spotted with blue, and largely used for food.*
con ġēa̤lş', *freezes; grows hard from cold.*
ănt'lerş, *branching horns.*
a māin', *suddenly; at once.*
lûrks, *lies hidden.*
rēa̤lş, *frames for winding fishing lines.*
tēa̤m'ing, *containing in abundance.*
căr'i bo̤u̇, *a kind of reindeer.*
Mĭck'mack, *a tribe of Indians*

THE FISHERMEN.

Hurra! the seaward breezes
  Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
  Run up the sail again!
Leave to the lubber landsmen
  The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
  The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,
  And the light-house from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
  Their farewell from the land.
One glance, my lads, behind us,
  For the homes we leave, one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
  Of the ocean and the sky.

Where in mist the rock is hiding,
And the sharp reef lurks below,
And the white squall smites in summer,
And the autumn tempests blow;
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
From evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn.

Hurra! for the Red Island,
With the white cross on its crown!
Hurra! for Meccatina,
And its mountains bare and brown!
Where the caribou's tall antlers
O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,
And the footsteps of the Mickmack
Have no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather
Old ocean's treasures in,
Where'er the mottled mackerel
Turns up a steel-dark fin.
The sea's our field of harvest,
Its scaly tribes our grain;
We'll reap the teeming waters
As at home they reap the plain.

Though the mist upon our jackets
  In the bitter air congeals,
And our lines wind stiff and slowly
  From off the frozen reels;
Though the fog be dark around us,
  And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind,
  And laugh beneath the cloud!

Hurra!—hurra!—the west wind
  Comes freshening down the bay,
The rising sails are filling—
  Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman clinging
  To the dull earth like a weed—
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
  The breath of heaven shall speed!

Directions for Reading.—Let some pupil in the class state in what manner the lesson should be read.

Language Lesson.—Change the verbs throughout the sixth stanza so as to represent past action.

Give the time indicated in the following sentences.

I ***am thinking*** about it. I ***am going*** to-morrow.

As ***verb-forms*** do not always determine the ***time of an action***, we must call an action ***past***, ***present***, or ***future***, in accordance with the meaning indicated by the verb.

LESSON LXIX.

ŏp er ā′tion̨s, *ways of working; deeds.*
e văp′o rāt ed, *has the moisture taken from it.*
a͡u′ger, *a tool used in boring holes.*
shăn′ty, *a hut; a poor dwelling.*
e nôr′mo͡us, *of very large size.*
sū per in tĕnd′ing, *directing; taking care of.*
an nounc̨e′, *give first notice of; make known.*
de lĭ′ci͡o͡us, *affording great pleasure, especially to the taste.*
dē′tā͡ils, *small parts of any thing.*
clăr′i fīe̊d, *made clear or pure.*

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

PART I.

There is no part of farming that a boy enjoys more than the making of maple sugar; it is better than "blackberrying," and nearly as good as fishing.

And one reason he likes this work is that somebody else does the most of it. It is a sort of work in which he can appear to be very active, and yet not do much.

In my day maple-sugar-making used to be something between picnicking and being shipwrecked on a fertile island, where one should save from the wreck, tubs and augers, and great kettles and pork, and hen's-eggs and rye-and-indian bread, and begin at once to lead the sweetest life in the world.

I am told that it is something different nowadays, and that there is more desire to save the sap, and make good, pure sugar, and sell it for a large price.

I am told that it is the custom to carefully collect the sap and bring it to the house, where there are built brick arches, over which it is evaporated in shallow pans, and that pains are taken to keep the leaves, sticks, ashes and coals out of it, and that the sugar is clarified.

In short, that it is a money-making business, in which there is very little fun, and that the boy is not allowed to dip his paddle into the kettle of boiling sugar and lick off the delicious syrup.

As I remember, the country boy used to be on the lookout in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody.

Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins—a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head, or throw a handspring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted.

The sap stirs early in the legs of a coun-

try boy, and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots, and want to come out and touch the soil just as soon as the sun has warmed it a little.

The country boy goes barefoot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds, which were packed and varnished over in the fall to keep the water and the frost out.

Perhaps the boy has been out digging into the maple-trees with his jack-knife; at any rate, he is pretty sure to announce the discovery as he comes running into the house in a state of great excitement, with "Sap's runnin'!"

And then, indeed, the stir and excitement begin. The sap-buckets, which have been stored in the wood-house, are brought down and set out on the south side of the house and scalded.

The snow is still a foot or more deep in the woods, and the ox-sled is got out to make a road to the sugar camp. The boy is every-where present, superintending every thing, asking questions, and filled with a desire to help the excitement.

It is a great day when the cart is loaded

with the buckets, and the procession starts into the woods. The sun shines brightly; the snow is soft and beginning to sink down; the snow-birds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting and of the blows of the axe echoes far and wide.

In the first place the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and hang the buckets under. The boy watches all these operations with the greatest interest.

He wishes that some time when a hole is bored into a tree that the sap would spout out in a stream, as it does when a cider-barrel is tapped.

But it never does, it only drops, sometimes almost in a stream, but on the whole slowly, and the boy learns that the sweet things of the world have to be patiently waited for, and do not usually come otherwise than drop by drop.

Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is re-covered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them.

Forked sticks are set at each end, and a

long pole is laid on them, and on this are hung the great iron kettles. The huge hogsheads are turned right side up, and cleaned out to receive the sap that is gathered.

The great fire that is kindled is never allowed to go out, night or day, so long as the season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap.

Somebody is required to watch the kettles that they do not boil over, and to fill them. It is not the boy, however; he is too busy with things in general to be of any use in details.

He has his own little sap-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling-place of his own, with small logs and a tiny kettle.

Directions for Reading.—In the second line of the lesson, after the word *more*, a pause should be made for the purpose of giving special effect to the words which follow. This is called a *rhetorical pause.*

In the third and fourth lines, point out the *rhetorical pauses.*

Language Lesson.—Let some pupil explain the meaning of the third paragraph of the lesson.

Change the verbs in the last paragraph so as to indicate *future time.*

LESSON LXX.

grīm′y, *dirty.*
rē al i zā′tion, *the act of coming true.*
in vĕnt′ed, *found out; contrived.*
per mĭt′ted, *allowed.*
diş şŏlvẹd′, *melted; broken up.*
a vĭd′i ty, *eagerness.*
re dūçẹd′, *made smaller in quantity.*
sen sā′tion, *feeling.*
crȳs′tal līzẹ, *change into hard particles of a regular shape.*

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

PART II.

In the great kettles the boiling of the sap goes on slowly, and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to another, until in the end kettle it is reduced to syrup, and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar off."

To "sugar off" is to boil the syrup until it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event, and is only done once in two or three days.

But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" all the time. He boils his kettle down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes.

He is apt to burn his sugar; but if he can get enough to make a little wax on the snow, or to scrape from the bottom of

the kettle with his wooden paddle, he is happy.

A great deal is wasted on his hands, and the outside of his face, and on his clothes, but he does not care; he is not stingy.

To watch the operations of the big fire gives him constant pleasure. Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles, with a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass when it threatens to go over.

He is constantly tasting of it, however, to see if it is not almost syrup. He has a long, round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for this purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue.

The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes; he is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness, that his own mother wouldn't know him.

He likes to boil eggs with the hired man in the hot sap; he likes to roast potatoes in the ashes, and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted.

To sleep there with the men, and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees, and see the sparks fly up to the sky,

is a perfect realization of all the stories of adventures he has ever read.

He tells the other boys afterward that he heard something in the night that sounded very much like a bear. The hired man says that he was very much scared by the hooting of an owl.

The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of "sugaring off." Sometimes this used to be done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp.

The neighbors were invited; sometimes even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter, were there, too.

The tree branches all show distinctly in the light of the fire, which lights up the bough shanty, the hogsheads, the buckets on the trees, and the group about the boiling kettles, until the scene is like something taken out of a fairy play.

At these sugar parties every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible; and those who are practiced in it can eat a great deal.

It is a peculiar fact about eating warm

maple sugar, that though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick, you will want it the next day more than ever.

At the "sugaring off" they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed into a sort of wax, which I suppose is the most delicious substance that was ever invented. And it takes a great while to eat it.

If you should close your teeth firmly on a lump of it, you would be unable to open your mouth until it dissolved. The sensation while it is melting is very pleasant, but it will not do to try to talk, for you can not.

The boy used to make a big lump of it and give it to the dog, who seized it with great avidity, and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will on any thing.

It was funny the next moment to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog's face when he found that he could not open his jaws.

He shook his head; he sat down in despair; he ran round in a circle; he dashed into the woods and back again.

He did every thing except climb a tree,

and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled. But that was the one thing he could not do.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils change the verbs in the following lines, so that they will indicate *present time.*

"He shook his head; he sat down in despair; he ran around in a circle; he dashed into the woods and back again."

Suggestion.—Let the teacher, from time to time, select stories, and have them read before the class. After the reading, let pupils make oral *analyses.* The stories should be short, and the exercise conducted without the use of pencils or paper.

LESSON LXXI.

ĕn′sīgn, *flag.*
dis măn′tled, *stripped of masts, sails, and guns.*
pā′tri ŏt′ic, *full of love for one's country.*
hŭlk, *a dismantled ship.*
frĭg′ate, *a ship of war.*
tăt′tered, *torn.*
mē′te or, *a fiery body in the heavens.*
văn′quished, *conquered; overcome.*
här′pies, *destroyers.*
măn′ned, *supplied with men.*

OLD IRONSIDES.

During our second war with Great Britain, which began in the year 1812, many battles were fought both on land and sea.

Among the ships of war belonging to the United States Government, was a frigate

named the Constitution. She was built about the beginning of the present century, and owing to her good fortune in many engagements, her seamen gave her the name of "Old Ironsides."

She was in active service throughout the entire war, and captured five ships of war from the British, two of which were frigates.

In all her service, her success was remarkable. She never lost her masts, never went ashore, and though so often in battle, no very serious loss of life ever occurred on her decks. Her entire career was that of what is called in the navy "a lucky ship." Perhaps this may be explained by the fact that she always had excellent commanders, and that she probably possessed as fine a ship's company as ever manned a frigate.

In 1829, the Government ordered the Constitution to be dismantled and taken to pieces, because she had become unfit for service.

At that time, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who has since become famous as a writer, was a young man twenty years of age,

about completing his studies at Harvard College.

When he heard of the intended destruction of "Old Ironsides," he went directly to his room, and, inspired by patriotic feelings, wrote the following poem.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
  Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
  That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout
  And burst the cannons' roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
  Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
  Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
  And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victors' tread,
  Or know the conquered knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
  The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
  Should sink beneath the wave!—
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
  And there should be her grave.

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning, and the gale!

The effect of this poem upon the people was so great that a general outcry arose against the destruction of the gallant old ship.

The Government was induced to reconsider its determination. The old ship was saved, repaired, and for many years has delighted the eyes of thousands of people who have visited her.

At present, she is used as a receiving-ship at the United States Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Directions for Reading.—With what tone of voice should the prose part of the lesson be read?

Read the poetry—first, slowly and quietly; then, in a loud tone of voice, expressing the feeling of anger.

Which method of reading the poem do the pupils prefer?

Which do they think represents the poet's feelings?

Let pupils pronounce in concert, and singly, the following words: ***hero, year, people, deep, eagle, knee, serious, meteor, complete, pieces.***

Language Lesson.—Let pupils point out and explain the unusual expressions found in the first two stanzas, writing out a list of the changes made.

LESSON LXXII.

vĕr′tic al, *upright.*
căt′a ract, *a great fall of water over a precipice.*
pro vĭs′ions, *stock of food.*
con strŭct′ed, *made; formed.*
in crĕd′i blĕ, *not easily believed.*
stā′tion a ry, *not moving; fixed.*
ex tĭnct′, *inactive; dead.*
de pŏs′it, *that which is laid or thrown down.*
ăp′er tūre, *an opening.*
dī ăm′e ter, *distance across or through.*
com prīs′es, *includes; contains.*

NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA.

PART I.

Within the vast extent of territory belonging to the United States, there are many wonderful natural curiosities which attract visitors from all parts of the world.

A short description of some of the principal attractions is here given, with the hope that many who read this lesson, may at some time visit a part or all that are noticed.

GEYSERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The Yellowstone Park is a tract of country fifty-five by sixty-five miles in extent, lying mainly in the northwest corner of the Territory of Wyoming, but including a narrow belt in southern Montana. It contains

nearly thirty-six hundred square miles, and is nearly three times as large as the State of Rhode Island. No equal extent of country on the globe comprises such a union of grand and wonderful scenery.

Numerous hot springs, steam jets, and extinct geyser cones exist in the Yellowstone basin. Just beyond the western rim of the basin, lies the grand geyser region of Fire-Hole River.

Scattered along both banks of this stream are boiling springs from two to twelve feet across, all in active operation.

One of the most noted geysers of this district is "Old Faithful." It stands on a mound thirty feet high, the crater rising some six feet higher still.

The eruptions take place about once an hour, and continue fifteen or twenty minutes, the column of water shooting upward with terrific force, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet.

The great mass of water falls directly back into the basin, flowing over the edges and down the sides in large streams. When the action ceases, the water recedes from sight, and nothing is heard but an occa-

sional escape of steam until another eruption occurs.

Just across the river and close to the margin a small conical mound is observed, about three feet high, and five feet in diameter at the base.

No one would suspect it to be an active geyser. But in 1871, a column of water entirely filling the crater shot from it, which by actual measurement was found to be two hundred and nineteen feet high.

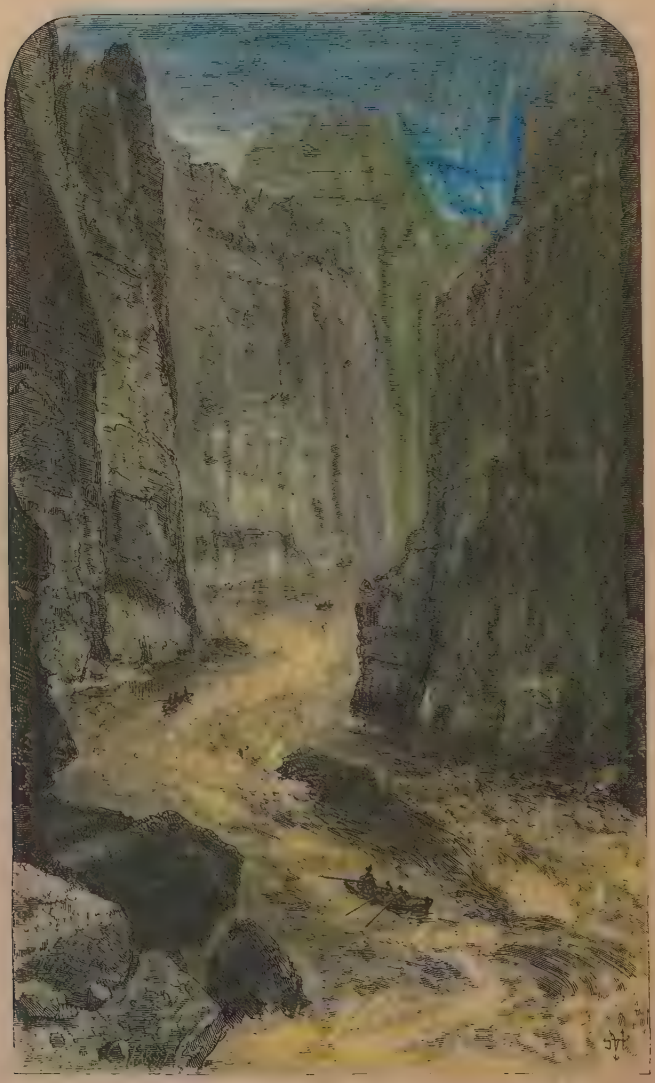
Not more than a hundred yards from the river, there is a large oval aperture

eighteen feet wide and twenty-five feet long. The sides are covered with a grayish-white deposit which is distinctly visible at a depth of a hundred feet below the surface.

This geyser is known as the "Giantess," and a visitor in describing it states that "no water could be discovered on the first approach, but it could be distinctly heard gurgling and boiling at a great distance below. Suddenly it began to rise, spluttering and sending out huge volumes of steam, causing a general scattering of our company.

"When within about forty feet of the surface, it became stationary, and we returned to look upon it. All at once it rose with incredible rapidity, the hot water bursting from the opening with terrific force, rising in a column the full size of this immense aperture to the height of sixty feet.

"Through, and out of the top of this mass, five or six lesser jets or round columns of water, varying in size from six to fifteen inches in diameter, were projected to the marvelous height of two hundred and fifty feet."



View in the Grand Cañon

THE CAÑONS OF THE COLORADO RIVER.

The length of the Colorado River, from the sources of the Green River, is about two thousand miles.

For five hundred miles of this distance, the river has worn deep cuts or gorges through the soft rock, called cañons.

The rocky sides of these cañons form lofty vertical walls, which, in some places, rise to a height of more than a mile above the surface of the water.

The largest and most noted of these vast gorges is the Grand Cañon, which extends a distance of more than two hundred miles. The height of the walls of this cañon varies from four thousand to seven thousand feet.

The river, as it runs through it, is from fifty to three hundred feet wide. So swift is the current, that it is almost impossible to float a boat down the stream without having it dashed to pieces against the rocky walls on either side.

The first descent through these cañons was made in 1867, from a point on Grand River, about thirty miles above its junction with Green River.

Three men were prospecting for gold, and being attacked by Indians and one of their number killed, the other two decided to attempt the descent of the river, rather than retrace their steps through a country where Indians were numerous.

They constructed a raft of a few pieces of drift-wood, and having secured their arms and provisions, commenced their journey down the stream.

A few days afterward, while the raft was descending a cataract, one of the men was drowned and all the provisions were washed overboard.

The third man, hemmed in by the walls of the cañon, continued the journey alone amid great perils from cataracts, rocks, and whirlpools.

For ten days he pursued his lonely way, tasting food but twice during the whole time. Once he obtained a few green pods and leaves from bushes growing along the stream, and the second time from some friendly Indians.

At last he succeeded in reaching Callville in safety, after having floated several hundred miles.

LESSON LXXIII.

pro pōr′ tions, *relations of parts to each other.*
in tē′ ri or, *the inside.*
ăl a băs′ter, *a kind of whitish stone.*
chăsm, *a deep opening.*
ā′ rē ȧ, *any surface, as the floor of a room.*
ān′cient, *belonging to past ages.*
un ex ăm′pled, *without a similar case.*
ĕo lŏs′sal, *of great size.*
fēat′ ūre, *any thing worthy of notice.*
drā′per y, *hangings of any kind.*
o ver awed′, *held in a state of fear.*
sur pass′ing, *exceeding others.*

NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA.

PART II.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

In the year 1809, a hunter named Hutchins, while pursuing a bear in Edmondson County, Kentucky, was surprised to see the animal disappear into a small opening in the side of a hill.

Upon examining the spot, Hutchins found that the opening led into a cave. Following up the examination soon after, it was discovered that the cave was immense in its proportions.

On account of its great size, it was named Mammoth Cave. It has an area of several hundred square miles, and two hundred and twenty-three known and numbered ave-

nues, with a united length of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles.

The interior of this cave is divided by huge columns and walls of stone into chambers of various shapes and sizes. Some of these are large enough to afford standing room for thousands of people.

One of the largest of these chambers is called Mammoth Dome. This room is four hundred feet long, one hundred and fifty feet wide, and two hundred and fifty feet in height.

The walls of this grand room are curtained by alabaster drapery in vertical folds and present to the eye a scene of unexampled beauty and grandeur.

A large gateway at one end of this room opens into another room, in which the position of the huge stone pillars, reminds one of the ruins of some ancient temple.

Six colossal columns, or pillars, eighty feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter, standing in a half circle, are among the imposing attractions of this wonderful room.

Another striking feature of Mammoth Cave is what is called the Dead Sea. This

body of water is four hundred feet long, forty feet wide, and very deep.

A curious fish is found in this dark lake. It is without eyes, and, in form and color, is different from any fish found outside the cave.

There are found also a blind grasshopper, without wings, and a blind crayfish of a whitish color, both of which are very curious and interesting.

The fact that these living creatures are blind would seem to indicate that nature had produced them for the distinct purpose of inhabiting this dark cave.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Of all the sights to be seen on this continent, there is none that equals the great Falls of Niagara River, situated about twelve miles north of Buffalo, in the State of New York.

On first beholding this most wonderful of all known cataracts, one is overawed by its surpassing grandeur, "and stunned by the sound of the falling waters as by a roar of thunder."

For quite a distance above the falls, the

Niagara River is about one mile wide, and flows with great swiftness.

Just at the edge of the cataract stands Goat Island, which divides the waters of the river, and makes two distinct cataracts; one on the Canadian side, and one on the American side of the river.

The one on the Canadian side, called from its shape the Horse-shoe Fall, is eighteen hundred feet wide, and one hundred and fifty-eight feet high. The other, called the American Fall, is six hundred feet wide, and one hundred and sixty-four feet high.

As the immense body of water leaps over this vast precipice, it breaks into a soft spray, which waves like a plume in the wind. At times, when the rays of the sun strike this spray, a rainbow is formed which stretches itself across the deep chasm, and produces a beautiful effect.

During the winter, much of the water and spray freezes, and as each moment adds to the frozen mass, some curious and wonderful ice formations are produced.

Sometimes, during a very cold winter, the ice at the foot of the falls forms a complete bridge from one shore to the other,

An interesting feature of a visit to these falls is a descent to the level of the foot of the cataract behind the great sheet of water.

A long flight of steps leads down to a secure footing between the rocky precipice and the falling torrent. By a narrow foot-path, it is possible for the visitor to pass between this column of water and the wall of rock.

Once behind the sheet of water, the roar is deafening. One can only cling to the narrow railing or his guide, as he picks his way for more than a hundred feet behind the roaring torrent.

A single misstep, a slip, or a fall, and nothing remains but a horrible death by being dashed to pieces upon the jagged rocks below.

Directions for Reading.— Point out four places in the lesson where words would likely be run together by a careless reader.

The word *cañon* is pronounced *kăn' yŏn.*

Language Lesson.— Give rules for marks of punctuation and capital letters used in the first paragraph of the account of Niagara Falls.

Let pupils make out an *analysis* in five or six parts, treating some well-known scene.

LESSON LXXIV.

vo rā′ cious, *greedy; very hungry.*
ō ver whelmed′, *overcome by force of numbers.*
a bound′ing, *existing in large numbers.*
as çend′ing, *going up.*
hĕr′ ald ed, *gave notice of.*
im pĕt′ ū ous, *furious; without care for what happens.*
erĭm′ i nals, *those who have broken the law.*
eŏn′ çen trāte, *gather in a large mass.*
in tŏl′ er a ble, *not to be borne.*
ir re sĭst′ i ble, *can not be opposed.*

AFRICAN ANTS.

A strange kind of ant is very abundant in the whole region I have traveled over in Africa, and is the most voracious creature I ever met. It is the dread of all living animals, from the leopard to the smallest insect.

I do not think that these ants build nests or homes of any kind. At any rate they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long, regular line—a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order.

If they come to a place where there are

no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they can not bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day, or during a storm.

When they grow hungry the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased.

They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate with great speed their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and

after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, that had got into my clothes.

When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kill a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured.

They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful, as well as dangerous, to the natives, who have their huts cleaned of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

When on their march the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of an ant-army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey.

Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly the strong pincers are fast-

ened, and they let go only when the piece gives way.

At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite of these ants is very painful.

The natives relate that in former times it was the custom to expose criminals in the path of these ants, as the most cruel way that was known of putting them to death.

Directions for Reading.—Name the ***emphatic words*** in the last paragraph of the lesson, and mark the ***inflections.***

In determining upon the ***emphasis*** to be given to the words of a sentence, the only guide we have to follow is the ***meaning.*** We must ask ourselves, "Which words are of special importance to the meaning?"

Language Lesson.—Change each of the sentences given below to ***statements,*** expressing as nearly as possible the same meaning.

"What troubles you to-day?"

"Tell me at once what the matter is!"

"Let us shout for Meccatina, and its mountains bare and brown!"

Model.—"What is your name?" changed to the form of a ***statement,*** becomes—"I wish you to tell me your name."

Let pupils write four ***questions,*** and then change them to ***statements,*** expressing as nearly as possible the same meaning.

LESSON LXXV.

plŭn'dered, *stripped of their goods by force.*
sûrġe, *a rolling swell of water; billows.*
vĕrġe, *extreme side or edge.*
sheer, *straight up and down.*
frăg'ments, *pieces; small portions.*
vĭs'ion, *scene; imaginary picture.*
a bys', *chasm; deep space.*
phăn'tom, *ghost; airy spirit.*

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold, and next to life,
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood.
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot,
Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
"La Illah' illa Allah'!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
Carry me this peril through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O, life of mine,
Leap and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss,
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tassled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
  Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
  As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment, like the glare
  Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
  Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
  Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he. "In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
  As this Robber Kurroglou!"

Directions for Reading.—Let pupils point out where changes in tone of voice occur in reading this lesson.

What lines in the last two stanzas are to be joined in reading?

Keep the lungs sufficiently full of air to avoid stopping to breathe at such places as would injure the sense.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils select a subject, and then make out an ***analysis*** to use in treating it.

LESSON LXXVI.

mu ṣē′um, *a place where curiosities are exhibited.*
băn′daġẹd, *bound with strips of cloth.*
dȳ′nas tĭẹṣ, *governments; families of kings.*
ex plōrẹd′, *searched; examined.*
pŏp′u lāt ed, *peopled; filled with people.*
ġĕn er ā′tionṣ, *succession of families or peoples.*
e rĕct′ed, *raised; built.*
ĕăl′cu lāt ed, *estimated.*
flẹŭr′ishẹd, *prospered; thrived*

EGYPT AND ITS RUINS.

PART I.

Egypt embraces that part of Africa occupied by the valley of the River Nile. For many centuries, it was a thickly populated country, and at one time possessed great influence and wealth, and had reached an advanced state of civilization.

The history of Egypt extends through a period of about six thousand years. During this time great cities were built which flourished for hundreds of years.

Owing to wars and changes of government many of these cities were destroyed. and nothing of them now remains but massive and extensive ruins.

Pyramids were built, obelisks erected, canals projected, and many other vast enterprises were carried out.

Remains of these are to be seen to-day, some in ruins, some fairly preserved, and, altogether, they give present generations an

idea of the wealth and power of the different dynasties under which they were built.

Not far from Cairo, which is now the principal city of Egypt, are the famous

pyramids. These are of such immense proportions, that from a distance their tops seem to reach the clouds.

They are constructed of blocks of stone. Some of these blocks are of great size, and how the builders ever put them into their places, is a question we can not answer.

It is supposed that the construction of one of these pyramids required more than twenty years' labor from thousands of men.

The largest pyramid is four hundred and sixty-one feet high, seven hundred and forty-six feet long at the base, and covers more than twelve acres of ground. In all, sixty-seven of these pyramids have been discovered and explored.

They are the tombs in which the ancient kings and their families were buried. In the interior of these pyramids, many chambers were constructed to contain their stone coffins.

It has been calculated that one of the principal pyramids could contain three thousand seven hundred rooms of large size.

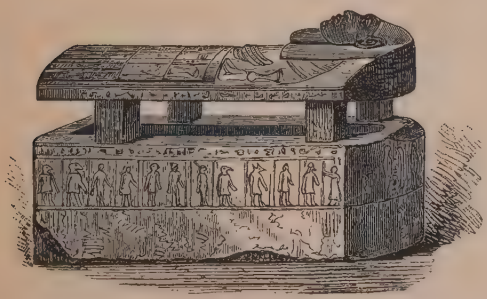
The bodies of those who were buried in the pyramids were preserved from decay

by a secret process, known only to the priests.

After the bodies were prepared, they were wrapped in bands of fine linen, and on the inside of these was spread a peculiar kind of gum. There were sometimes a thousand yards of these bands on a single body.

After they were thus prepared, a soft substance was placed around the bandaged body. This covering, when it hardened, kept the body in a complete state of preservation.

These coverings are now called mummy-cases, and the bodies they inclose, mummies.



These bodies were finally placed in huge stone coffins, many of which were covered with curious carvings.

Some of these mummies have been found, that are said to be over three thousand

years old. However, when the wrappings are removed from them, many of the bodies have been so well preserved, as to exhibit the appearance of the features as in life.

Large numbers of these mummies have been carried to other countries and placed on exhibition in museums.

Among the mummies brought to this country, are some of the best specimens which have yet been discovered.

Directions for Reading.—Let pupils mark the ***inflection*** and point out ***emphatic words*** in the first two paragraphs of the lesson.

Show positions of the ***rhetorical pauses*** in the first paragraph on page 363.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils review, as a written exercise, the spelling of the following words.

receding	principal	rubbish	punctual
precipice	council	orphan	microscope
justice	civilized	threshold	muscles
precious	merchandise	especially	traveler
physician	recognize	anecdote	marvelous
sufficient	apologize	character	benefited
vicious	poisonous	tremendous	intelligent

Let pupils select a subject and make out an ***analysis*** for its treatment.

Each point in the ***analysis*** will require a separate paragraph for its treatment.

Be careful to use capital letters and marks of punctuation correctly.

LESSON LXXVII.

de vīç'eş, *curious marks or shapes.*
in seŕip'tion, *any thing cut or written on a solid substance.*
trans lāt'ing, *expressing in another language.*
mĕm'o ra blę, *worthy of being remembered.*
spĕç'i meng, *small portions of things.*
ín ġe nū'i ty, *skill in inventing.*
tọ̣ur'ists, *travelers; sight-seers.*
dĕd'i ca̵t ed, *set apart for a special purpose.*
çĕr'e mo nĭęs, *forms; special customs.*
sītę, *the place where any thing is fixed.*
mŏn'o lith, *a column consisting of a single stone.*
o rĭġ'i nal ly, *in the first place.*

EGYPT AND ITS RUINS.

PART II.

The ancient Egyptians erected many obelisks in various parts of their country. These were monuments made from single pieces of hard stone, and in some cases reached a height of more than a hundred feet.

They were placed before gateways leading to the principal temples and palaces, and were covered with curious carvings in the stone, which represented the language of the people at that time.

It thus appears that their written language was not composed of letters and words alone, like our own; but that they used pictures of animals, including birds,

human figures, and other devices of a singular nature, to express their thoughts and ideas.

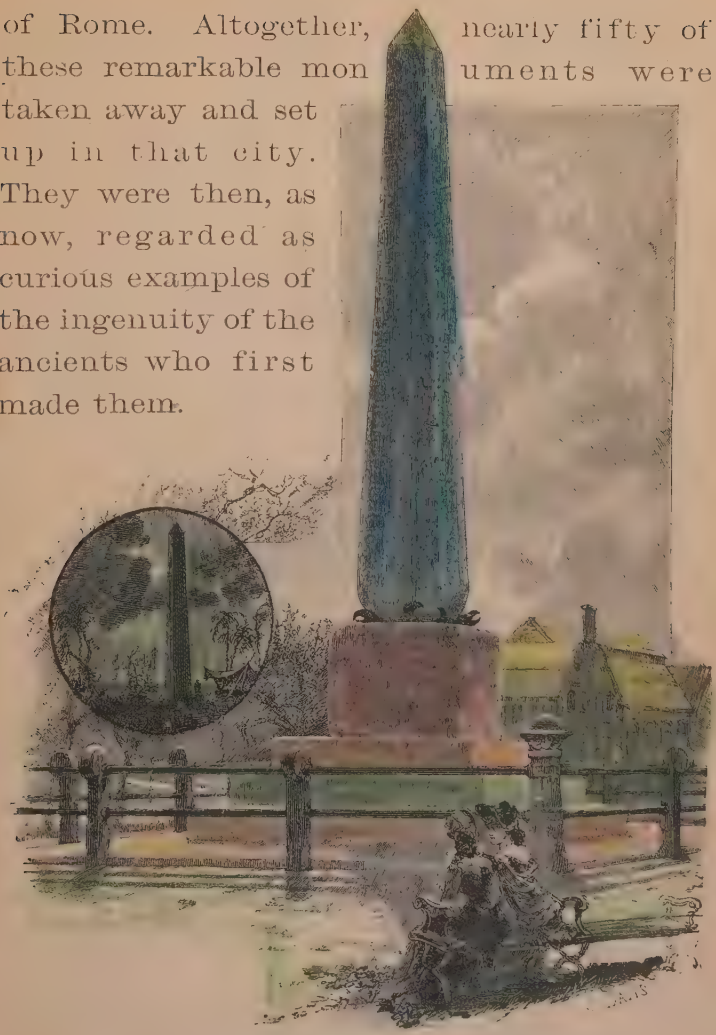
Until the year 1799, it was impossible for the scholars of modern nations to read this strange language. In that year, however, a stone tablet was discovered by a French engineer, containing an inscription written in three languages.

One of these was in the characters of the ancient Egyptian, and another in those of the Greek. Upon translating the Greek writing, it was discovered to be a copy of the inscription in the Egyptian language.

By comparing the words of these inscriptions with many others, the formation of this peculiar language was ascertained. It was then learned that the inscriptions on these obelisks were the records of memorable events, and the heroic deeds of their kings and heroes.

Many of these obelisks have been taken from their positions in Egypt and transported with great labor to other countries. Nearly two thousand years ago the Roman emperors began to carry them to the city

of Rome. Altogether, nearly fifty of these remarkable monuments were taken away and set up in that city. They were then, as now, regarded as curious examples of the ingenuity of the ancients who first made them.



The Obelisk in Central Park, New York, and as it appeared in Egypt.

In later years, specimens were taken to

Paris and London, and more recently one was brought to America, and set up in the Central Park, New York City.

This one belongs to the largest class, being nearly seventy feet high and about eight feet square at the base.

The accompanying cut shows the position of this obelisk as it appeared when standing near the city of Alexandria, Egypt.

The difficulty of transporting one of these huge stone columns is so great, that for a long time it was thought impossible to remove it from Egypt to this country.

In their large cities, the Egyptians built massive temples which were dedicated to religious ceremonies. Some of them, although now in ruins, are considered to be among the most remarkable productions of the ancients.

Tourists who nowadays sail up the River Nile and visit the site of the city of Thebes, the ancient capital of Egypt, are struck with amazement at the vast ruins surrounding them.

On the eastern side of the Nile lies what is left of the temple of Karnak.

Imagine a long line of courts, gateways,

and halls; here and there an obelisk rising above the ruins, and shutting off the view of the forest of columns!

This mass of ruins, some lying in huge heaps of stone, others perfect and pointed as when they were first built, is approached on every side by avenues and gateways of colossal grandeur.

The temple originally covered an area of two hundred and seventy acres, inclosed within a wall of brick. Parts of this wall are still visible, while the rest lies crumbled and broken.

It is difficult to realize the grand appearance of the thirty rows of stone columns standing within the wall. Some of them that are still perfect, are capped with enormous monolith capitals, and it is said that one hundred men could stand on one of them without crowding.

The hall itself is four hundred and twenty-two feet long by one hundred and sixty-five feet broad. The stones of the ceiling are supported by one hundred and thirty-four columns, which are still standing, and of which the largest measures ten feet in diameter, and more than seventy-

two feet in height. They are covered with carvings and paintings whose colors are still bright, even after a lapse of forty centuries.

Gazing on what he sees around, the traveler becomes lost in an effort to form some idea of the grandeur and vastness of the original.

Directions for Reading.—Let pupils read one or more of the paragraphs in a whisper, so as to improve ***articulation.***

Mark ***rhetorical pauses*** in the last paragraph of the lesson.

Name ***emphatic words*** in the same paragraph, and state whether the ***rhetorical pauses*** occur before or after these words.

Language Lesson.—Let pupils write ***statements,*** each containing one of the following words, used in such a manner as to show its proper meaning: ***haul, hall; site, sight; piece, peace; our, hour; sum, some.***

Rules for the Analysis of a Subject.—Select such points as are necessary to make the treatment of the subject complete.

Add such points as will increase the interest felt in the subject.

Arrange the points in a natural and easy order.

Note.—In treating an historical subject, it is necessary to arrange the points in the order in which they occurred. In description, it is best to adopt some plan of treatment, and arrange the points according to the plan decided upon.

DEFINITIONS

OF NEW WORDS USED IN THIS BOOK, THAT DO NOT APPEAR AT THE HEADS OF THE LESSONS.

A

a bōȧrd′, *on board of.*
ac çĕpt′, *take; receive.*
ăc′çi dents, *effects; unusual results.*
ac côrd′ing ly, *agreeably to a plan.*
ac count′, *statement of facts; bill.*
ad mĭt′tançe, *permission to enter; entrance.*
ad vīçe′, *opinion worthy to be followed; counsel.*
af fōrd′, *give; produce.*
ā′ġen çy, *office of an agent; action.*
āi̯d, *help; assistance.*
a̤l to ġĕth′er, *with united action; completely.*
a mĭd′, *in the midst of; surrounded by.*
anx ī′e ty (ang zi′e ty), *concern respecting some future event.*
ap plau̯se′, *praise.*
ap plȳ′, *suit; agree.*
ärch′es, *places made of stone, brick, etc.*
ärt, *skill.*
a shāmed′, *affected by a feeling of shame.*
as sĭst′ing, *helping; aiding.*
as su̯re′, *tell truly; make sure or certain.*
at tĕmpt′, *try; make an effort.*
at tĕn′tion, *care; notice.*
ăv′e nūes, *broad streets; openings.*
a wāi̯t′ed, *waited for.*
a wâre′, *informed.*
a̤wk′ward, *clumsy; ungraceful.*
ăy, *yes.*

B

bădе, *said.*
băn′dĭt, *robber.*
băn′ner, *flag.*
bāse, *lower part.*
bĭd′ding, *command; order.*
bĭl′lōw̆s, *large waves.*
bŏn′ny, *handsome; beautiful.*
bŏr′rōw̆, *to receive from another with the intention of returning.*

bōrȩ, *carried.*
bôr′derş, *edges; outer parts.*
brāçȩd, *took a firm stand.*
brāi̯d′ed, *woven or twined together.*
brĭcḳ, *a body made of clay and water and hardened by fire.*
brĭ′er, *a prickly plant or shrub.*
brĭg, *a vessel with two masts, square-rigged.*
brĭl′iant, *splendid; shining.*
brĭm′ming, *full; nearly overflowing.*
brĭs′tling, *standing erect.*
bu̯l′let, *small ball of lead.*
bûr′dȩn, *that which is carried.*
bŭt′ter flȳ, *a winged insect of many colors*

C

că′cḳling, *sharp and broken in sounds.*
ca năl̨′, *water-courses made by man.*
cā′per ing, *playing; dancing.*
căpp̨ȩd, *covered over at the top.*
cap tĭv′i ty, *state of being a prisoner.*
căr′go, *burden; load.*
căs′ters, *rollers or small wheels.*
çēi̯l′ing, *the upper surface of a room.*
çĕn′ter, *the middle point of any thing.*
çĕn′ti pēdȩş, *a kind of insect having a great number of feet.*
çĕnt′ū ry, *one hundred years.*
chăn′nel, *the regular course of a river.*
chēi̯t′ed, *taken unfair advantage of; robbed.*
chōşȩ, *wished; desired.*
çĭn′derş, *small pieces of coal or wood partly burned.*
çĭr′cu lar, *round; shaped like a circle.*
cli′mate, *state or condition of the air as regards heat, cold, and moisture.*
clĭn̨k, *sharp ringing sound.*
clŭm′şy, *awkward; ungraceful.*
clŭs′ter, *number of things of the same kind growing together.*
cŏcḳ′rōi̯ch eş, *insects with long, flattish bodies.*
cŏf′finş, *cases in which dead bodies are placed.*
coin, *piece of stamped metal used for money.*
cŏl′umn̨, *a dark cloud of regular shape; a shaft of stone.*
com mănd′ed, *had charge of; ordered.*
com plāi̯nt′, *expression of anger.*
com plētȩ′, *entire; perfect.*
con clūdȩ′, *make up one's mind.*
cŏn′duct, *manner of action.*
con fīn̨d′, *kept within limits.*
con nĕct′ed, *joined.*
cŏn̨′quered, *subdued; overcome.*
cŏn̨′quest, *act of taking by force.*
con sĭd′er a bly, *in a manner worthy of notice.*
con sĭd′er ing, *thinking; regarding.*
cŏn′stant ly, *all the time.*
cŏn′tact, *touching; meeting.*

con tāi̯nẹd′, *held.*
cŏn′ti nent, *a great extent of land unbroken by water.*
con tĭn′ū al ly, *all the time.*
con vērsẹ′, *talk.*
cọ̆ŭr′aģẹ, *boldness.*
cow′ard, *one who lacks courage.*
crăcḳ′ling, *sharp noises.*
crēḛḳ, *a small river or brook; a bay.*
crew (krụ), *the sailors who man a ship.*
crōa̯k′ing, *making a hoarse noise.*
croo̯k′ed, *not straight.*
crŏp, *what grows in a season.*
cūrẹd, *made well.*
cū ri ŏs′i ty, *eager desire to find out something.*
cŭr′rent, *motion of a river.*
cŭs′tom, *way of acting; habit.*
cŭt′ter, *small boat used by ships of war.*

D

dāmẹs, *women.*
dĕḇt, *that which is owed.*
dē′çent, *fit; suitable.*
de clârẹ′, *say with firmness.*
dēẹd, *act; that which is done.*
de fĕnçẹ′, *protection.*
dĕnsẹ, *thick; close.*
de scrĭp′tion, *an account.*
de sẹrt′ed, *left; given up.*
de strŭc′tion, *ruin.*
de tẽr′mĭnẹ, *decided; resolved.*
dĭ′et, *what is eaten or drunk.*
dĭ rĕct′ly, *instantly; immediately.*
dĭs ap point′ed, *grieved; filled with regret.*
dis ăs′ters, *unfortunate events.*
dis ēa̯sẹ′, *illness; sickness.*
dis ḥŏn′est, *not honest; faithless.*
dis mĭsḥ′ing, *putting or sending away.*
dĭs o bey̆ẹd′, *went contrary to orders.*
dis pōsẹ′, *sell; part with.*
dĭs re gärd′, *lose sight of.*
dĭs′triet, *part of a country; region.*
dĭ vīdẹ′, *separate into equal shares or parts.*
dōmẹ, *very high and broad roof.*
drăg, *pull; draw.*
drā̆y̆s, *kinds of carts.*
drĕa̯d′fụl, *full of terror.*
drĭft, *borne along by the current of a river.*
drĭz′zling, *falling in very small drops.*
drownẹd, *deprived of life by water.*
dŭcḳ′ing, *plunging into water.*

E

ēa̯rth′quākẹ, *a shaking or trembling of the earth.*
ĕcḥ′ōes, *is heard.*
ef fĕcts′, *results.*
ĕf′fort (furt), *struggle; attempt.*
em brāçẹ′, *clasp; grasp.*
ĕm′pīrẹ, *the country of an emperor.*
ĕn′e my, *one who hates another.*
en gāģẹd′, *occupied; taken.*
ĕn′ģĭnes, *machines used for applying force.*

en rāġ'ĕd', *made very angry.*
en tīr'ē', *whole.*
êr'ē, *before.*
ĕr'rand, *short journeys on business.*
ex ăm'plē, *a pattern; a copy.*
ĕx'çel lent (ek), *very good.*
ex çĕp'tion, *that which is left out or omitted.*
ex çīte'ment, *intense feeling.*
ĕx cla mā'tion, *a cry; that which is cried out.*
ĕx'er çīse, *bodily exertion.*
ĕx hi bī'tion, *show; display.*
ĕx pla nā'tion, *that which makes clear.*
ex tĕn'sĭve ly, *widely; largely.*
ĕx'trȧ, *more than usual.*

F

făc'to rĭes, *places where things are made.*
fâre wĕll', *good-by.*
fā'vors, *kind acts.*
fēar'less ly, *without fear.*
fēast, *a joyous meal.*
fēat, *a difficult act.*
fēe'ble, *weak; sickly.*
fĕr'ry, *a place to cross a river.*
fĭg'ūred, *ornamented with marks.*
fīle, *a row of soldiers ranged behind one another.*
flănks, *the fleshy parts of the sides of animals.*
flēe, *to run away.*
flŏŏd, *great flow of water.*
flour, *ground wheat.*
flū'id, *water, or any liquid.*
fŏŏt'men, *male servants.*
for mā'tions, *things of certain shape or form.*
fôr'tress, *a fort; a castle.*
fôrt'ūne, *chance; luck.*
frŏl'ic sŏme, *merry; playful.*
fū'el, *material for fire.*

G

găl'lop, *a rapid movement, as of horses.*
găr'ret, *the upper room of a house.*
ġĕms, *precious stones.*
ġĕn'er al ly, *usually; commonly.*
glēam'ing, *shining brightly.*
glēe, *joy; happiness.*
glĭm'mer, *a faint light.*
glĭs'ten ing, *sparkling; shining.*
glōbe, *the earth; a round body.*
glō'ri ŭs, *grand; splendid.*
glŏs'sy, *smooth; shining.*
gôr'ġes, *narrow passages.*
gŏs'sip, *foolish talk.*
gŏv'ern ment, *the power that controls a people.*
grănd, *large; imposing.*
grŭm'bled, *complained; found fault with.*
gŭard, *that which protects.*
gŭests, *visitors.*
gûr'gling, *flowing in a noisy current.*

H

hătch, *the cover for an opening in a vessel's deck.*
hēath, *a meadow; cheerless tract of country.*
hĕdġ'es, *thickets of bushes.*

hĕm'mẹd, *shut in; surrounded.*
hĕnçe fōrth', *hereafter.*
hē'ro, *a brave man.*
hīgh'wāy, *a public road.*
hĭnt, *something intended to give notice.*
hĭtchĕd, *tied; fastened.*
hĭth'er, *in this direction.*
hŏgs'hĕad, *a large cask.*
hōōt'ing, *crying; shouting.*
hŏr'ri blę, *dreadful; terrible.*
howl'ing, *crying like a dog or wolf.*
hŭb'bŭb, *a great noise; uproar.*
hŭsk, *the outside covering of certain fruits.*
hŭs'tlę, *shake; push roughly.*

I

ī dē'ą, *thought.*
ĭll'-nāt ūrd, *cross; bad-tempered.*
im ăg'ĭnę, *think; consider.*
im mē'di ate ly, *without delay.*
im pŏs'si blę, *not possible.*
ĭn de pĕnd'ençe, *the state of being free.*
ĭn for mā'tion, *news; knowledge.*
in fôrmĕd', *told; gave notice of.*
in hăb'i tants, *persons living in a place.*
ĭn'jūrd, *hurt; harmed.*
ĭn'stant ly, *at once; without loss of time.*
in tĕnt', *eager; anxious.*
ĭn vi tā'tions, *requests for one's company.*
ĭs'sụe (ĭsh'shụ), *come forth; flow out.*

J

jăg'ĕd, *having sharp points.*
jew'elş (jū'ĕlş), *precious stones.*
jĭng'gling, *giving forth fine, sharp sounds.*

K

kĕrn'el, *the eatable part of a nut; a little grain or corn.*

L

lā'bor, *work; toil.*
lăpsę, *passing away.*
lăs'sĭę, *a young girl; a lass.*
lăt'ter, *last-named; nearer.*
läụnchĕd, *put into the water.*
lạwş, *rules of action.*
lĕąth'er, *the skins of animals prepared for use.*
lĕdġę, *shelf of rocks.*
lēę'ward, *that part toward which the wind blows.*
lĕọp'ard, *a large animal of the cat kind.*
lĕst, *for fear that.*
lĕv'el, *smooth and flat; of equal height.*
lĭn'ing, *inside covering.*
lĭnt, *linen scraped into a soft substance.*
lĭq'uid, *any fluid, like water.*
lĭsp'ing ly, *with a lisp.*
lĭv'er y, *a peculiar dress.*
lōąd'stōnę, *a kind of magnetic ore.*
lŏft'y, *very high.*

lō͡w′er͡ed, *let down.*
lŭb′ber, *a heavy, clumsy fellow.*
lŭc͡k′y, *fortunate; meeting with good success.*
lŭm′ber, *timber sawed or split for use; boards.*

M

mā͡n′ly, *mostly; chiefly.*
măm′moth, *of great size.*
măn′a͡g͡ed, *controlled; brought to do one's wishes.*
mān͡e, *the long hair on a horse's neck.*
măn′t͡el, *a narrow shelf over a fire-place, with its support.*
mär′ġin, *edge; border.*
märk′et, *a place where things are sold.*
märk′ings, *marks; stamped places.*
mē͡an′tīm͡e, *during the interval; meanwhile.*
mĕl′lō͡w ing, *ripening; growing soft.*
mĕlt′ed, *changed to a liquid form by the action of heat.*
mĕm′o ry, *the power of recalling past events.*
mĕr′chants, *those who buy goods to sell again.*
mĭl′i ta ry, *belonging to soldiers, to arms, or to war.*
mĭs̱′er y, *great unhappiness; extreme pain.*
mŏd′ern, *of recent date; belonging to the present time.*
mŏn′ster, *something of unusual size, shape, or quality.*
mŏn′ū ments, *those things which stand to remind us of the past.*
mound, *a small hill, natural or artificial.*
mō′tion, *movement; change of position.*
mŭst′y, *spoiled by age; of a sour smell.*

N

ne͡i͡g͡h′bor, *a person who lives near one.*
nēr͡v͡ed, *strengthened; supplied with force.*
nī͡g͡h′-mâr͡e, *an unpleasant sensation during sleep.*
nĭm′bly, *actively; in a nimble manner.*

O

o bē′di enç͡e, *willingness to submit to commands.*
o blī͡g͡ed′, *forced; compelled.*
ŏc͡′cu pī͡ed, *taken possession of; employed.*
ŏf′fi çer, *one who holds an office.*
ŏḟ̱′ing, *a part of the sea at a distance from the shore.*
ŏm′ni bŭs es̱, *large, four-wheeled carriages.*
ŏn′ion (ŭn′yŭn), *a root much used for food.*
out′pōsts, *advanced stations, as of an army.*
ō ver c͡ōm͡e′, *affected; overpowered by force.*

P

pā͡ç͡e, *rate of movement.*

păl'açe, *a splendid dwelling, as of a king.*

par tāke', *share; take part in.*

păt̷ch, *small piece of any thing, as of ground.*

pa̤u̷s'es, *short stops; rests.*

pāve'ments, *coverings for streets, of stone or solid materials.*

pĕb'bles, *small, roundish stones, worn by the action of water.*

per cŭs'sion, *requiring to be struck; the act of striking.*

pēr'fūme, *scent or odor of sweet-smelling substances.*

pē'ri od, *portion of time; an interval.*

pĕr'ished, *died; were destroyed.*

per mĭs'sion, *the act of allowing; consent.*

pĭc'nĭck ing, *having an out-door party.*

pi̤ēr, *a landing-place for vessels.*

pi̤ērce, *force a way into or through an object.*

pĭl'lars, *columns; huge masses.*

pĭn'çers, *jaws; pinchers.*

pĭt'e ȣŭs, *fitted to excite pity; sorrowful.*

pĭt'fa̤ll̷s, *pits slightly covered for concealment.*

plan tā'tions, *farms of great extent.*

plŏts, *small pieces of ground, as garden plots.*

plŭck'ed, *pulled out or off.*

plŭng'ed, *dove; fell.*

pō'et, *a maker of verses.*

pŏl'ished, *made bright and smooth by rubbing.*

po līte', *obliging; pleasant in manner.*

pōr'tion, *a part; that which is divided off.*

prăt'tling, *childish; talking like a child.*

prēach'ing, *speaking in public upon a religious subject.*

prĕs'ent ly, *soon; in a short time.*

prey, *any thing taken by force from an enemy.*

prī'vate, *not publicly known; peculiar to one's self.*

pro çĕs'sion, *regular movement, as of soldiers.*

prŏd'uets, *fruits; that which is brought forth.*

pro̤ve̤d, *turned out; showed the truth of.*

pro vīd'ed, *furnished; supplied with necessary articles.*

pŭff'ing, *swelling with air; blowing in short, sudden whiffs.*

pūre, *clear; free from other matter.*

Q

quĭlt'ed, *stitched together with some soft substance between.*

quo tā'tions, *portions of writings.*

R

rāng'e, *reach, as of a gun.*

răn̤ks, *regular rows or lines, as of soldiers.*

ray, *light; a line of light or heat proceeding from a certain point.*

rĕa̤d′i ly, *without trouble or difficulty; easily.*
rēa̤p, *gather by cutting, as a harvest.*
re ca̤ll′ing, *thinking of; bringing back to mind.*
rē con sĭd′er, *think of again; change one's mind.*
rĕc′ords, *stories; descriptions of events.*
re gärd′ed, *considered; looked at earnestly.*
re lāte′, *tell.*
re lĭg′iŏŭs, *relating to religion.*
re māin′der, *the rest; what is left.*
re mīnd′, *call attention to for a second time.*
re mo̤ved′, *moved away; took off.*
rĕnt′ed, *gave possession of for pay.*
re pâirĕd′, *mended.*
re plāçĕd′, *put in place of another.*
rĕp re sĕnt′, *picture; tell about in an effective manner.*
re quīre′, *need; demand.*
re sĭst′, *stand against; oppose with force.*
re spĕct′, *regard.*
re tīre′, *withdraw; turn back.*
re vŏlv′er, *a fire-arm with several chambers or barrels.*
rĭd, *free.*
rĭdg′es, *a long range of hills; steep places.*
rī′flĕ, *a gun having the inside of the barrel grooved.*
rīnd, *the outside coat, as of fruit.*
rĭsk, *danger; peril.*
rĭv′ū let, *a small river or brook.*
rŏb′ber, *one who commits a robbery.*
ro măn′tic, *strange and interesting, as a romantic story.*
rouse, *awake; excite.*
ru̇′in, *that change of any thing which destroys it.*
rŭst′y, *covered with rust on account of long disuse.*

S

sāke, *purpose; reason.*
săp, *the juice of plants.*
săt′in, *a glossy cloth made of silk.*
scēne, *picture; view.*
scho̤ŏl′ars, *men of learning; those who attend school.*
scôrch′ing, *burning slightly; affecting by heat.*
scourĕd, *made clean and bright.*
scrăm′blĕd, *moved with difficulty.*
scŭm, *that which rises to the surface; worthless matter.*
sē′ri o̤ŭs, *severe; sad in appearance.*
sĕrv′içe, *duty, as of a soldier.*
se vēre′, *violent; hard.*
shăb′by, *worn to rags; poor in appearance.*
shăg′gy, *rough.*
shăl′lōws, *places where the water is not deep.*
shăt′terĕd, *broken; broken at once into many pieces.*
shēa̤th, *a covering for a sword.*

shĕp'ẖerd, *one who has the care of sheep.*
shi̊ēld, *a broad piece of armor carried on the arm.*
shŏc̱k, *a sudden striking against.*
shri̊ēk, *a sharp, shrill cry on account of surprise or pain.*
si̊ēġe̱, *a closing in on all sides of a fortified place.*
sīg̱hs̱, *stifled groans; long breaths.*
ske̱in, *a number of threads of silk or yarn.*
skĕl'e ton, *bony frame-work of the body.*
skŭl̆, *the bony case which encloses the brain.*
slēe̱t, *frozen mist.*
slōpe̱s, *declines by degrees.*
slŭm'ber, *sleep.*
slȳ'nes̱s, *cunning; artfulness.*
smītes̱, *strikes, as with a weapon.*
snôrt'ing, *forcing the air through the nose with a loud noise.*
sōa̱kĕd, *moistened throughout.*
sōa̱r, *fly high.*
sought (sawt), *tried; went in search of.*
spârĕd, *saved from death or punishment.*
splŭt'ter ing, *boiling noisily; speaking hastily.*
spout, *run out with force.*
sprāi̊nĕd, *injured by straining.*
spûr̆ĕd, *urged; encouraged.*
stāle̱, *not new; not fresh.*
stēe̱'ples̱, *high towers ending in a point.*
stērn, *hind part of a boat.*
stŏc̱k, *supply on hand.*
stout, *large; broad.*
strāi̊n'ing, *exerting to the utmost.*
strĭct, *severe; exact.*
stŭb'by, *short and thick.*
sŭb'stan çes̱, *bodies; matters.*
sue çēe̱d'ed, *obtained the object desired.*
sŭf'ferĕd, *felt pain.*
sŭl'try, *very hot; burning.*
sup pōrt', *prop; pillar.*
sus pĕct'ed, *thought; considered quite probable.*
sus pi̊'ci o̱ŭs, *indicating fear; inclined to suspect.*

T

tăb'let, *a flat piece of stone.*
tăc'ties, *disciplined movements.*
tĕm'per, *way of acting.*
tĕm'ple̱, *a place for worship.*
tĕn'drils̱, *tender branches of plants.*
tĕr'ri fīe̱d, *filled with fear.*
tĕr'ri to ry, *a large tract of land.*
tĕr'ror, *fear; dread.*
thi̊ēves̱, *persons who steal.*
thĭrst, *strong desire for drink.*
thĭth'er, *to that place.*
thôrns̱, *woody points on some trees and shrubs.*
thôr'ō u̱g̱h, *complete; perfect.*
thrĕa̱d'bâre, *worn out.*
thrīves̱, *prospers; flourishes.*
ti̊l̆'er, *the bar used to turn the rudder of a boat.*
tī'tle̱, *a name.*
tŏr'rid, *violently hot.*
trāçe̱, *mark; appearance.*

trăct, *a region.*
trĕb'l̤s, *the higher parts in music.*
trĭc̤k'l̤d, *flowed in drops.*
trŏp'ic al, *belonging to the tropics.*
tŭft, *a cluster or bunch.*
tŭn'nel̤s, *passages; openings.*
twĭng̣e, *a sudden, sharp pain.*
twĭn̤k'ling, *a quick movement.*
twĭt'ter ing, *a trembling noise.*

U

un c̤óm'fort a bl̤e, *causing uneasiness; not pleasant.*
ŭn der nēa̤th', *below; beneath.*
ŭn der tāk̤', *attempt.*
un ēa̤'si nes̤, *want of ease.*
un grāt̤e'fu̱l, *not thankful.*
u nīt'ed, *joined; combined.*
un măn'ly, *not worthy of a man.*
un ru̱'ly, *not submissive.*
un sc̤ärr̤ed', *not marked.*
ûrg̣'ing, *encouraging.*
ŭt'mōst, *to the furthest point.*

V

văl'ū a bl̤e, *of great value.*
vĕl'vet, *a soft material woven from silk.*
vēr'min, *little animals or insects.*
vi̱c̤'tims̤, *persons destroyed in pursuit of an object.*
vi̱c̤'tor, *one who conquers.*
vī'o lenç̤e, *force; power.*
vīrt'ū o̱ŭs, *inclined to do right.*

W

wā'g̣es̤, *what is paid for services.*
wa̱'ter br̤e̱āk (breakwater), *that which breaks the force of water.*
wĕa̱p'on, *any thing to be used against an enemy.*
whĕnç̤e, *from which or what place.*
whĭf̱, *a quick puff of air.*
whĭth'er, *to what place.*
wĭg, *a covering for the head, made of hair.*
wīn̤e, *a liquor made from grapes.*
wĭts, *powers of the mind.*
w̱rĭg'g̱l̤ed, *moved or twisted.*
w̱rŭng, *distressed; twisted about.*

Y

ya̱w̱ns̤, *opens wide.*
yo̱u̱th'fu̱l, *young; belonging to early life.*